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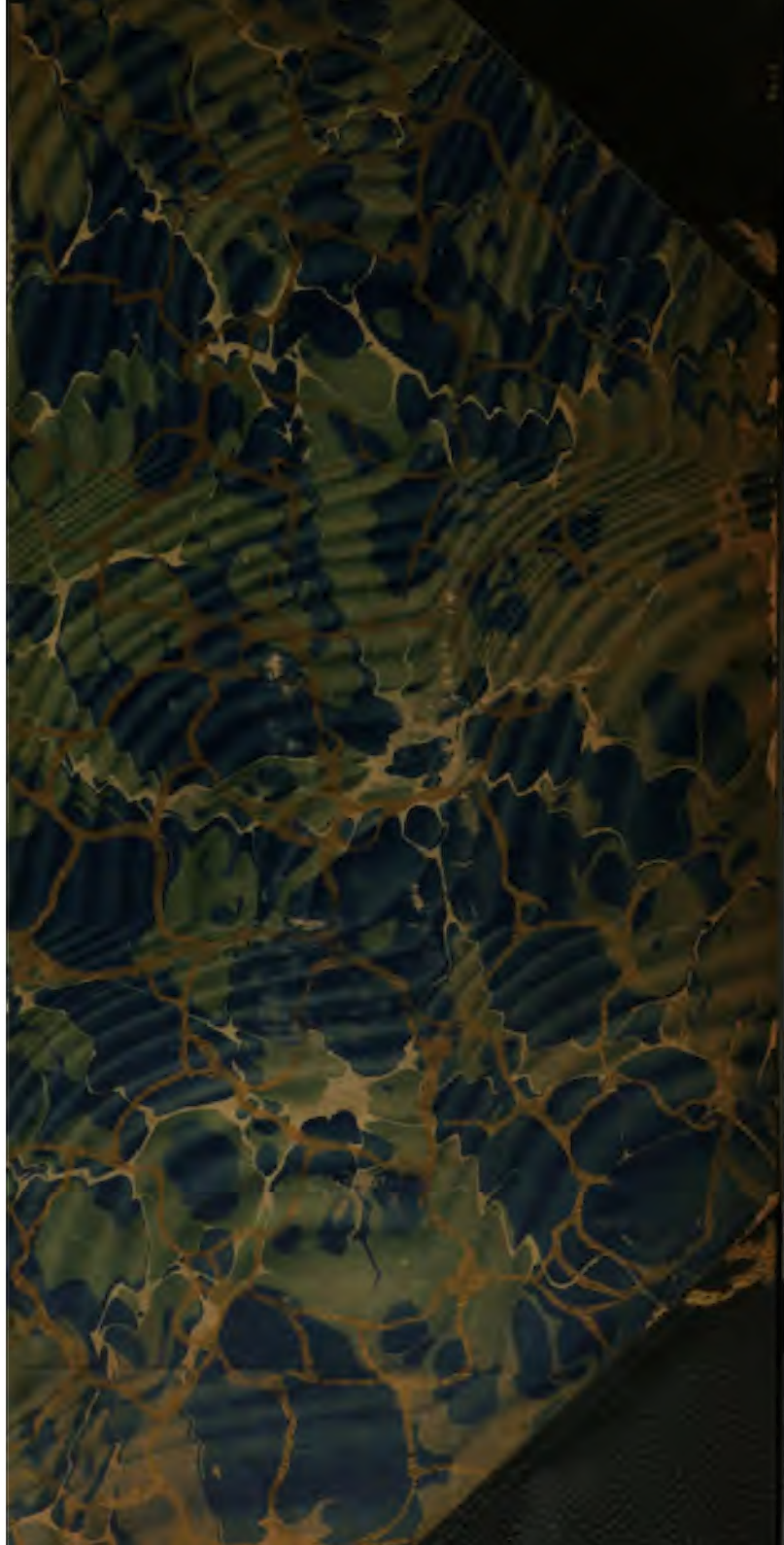
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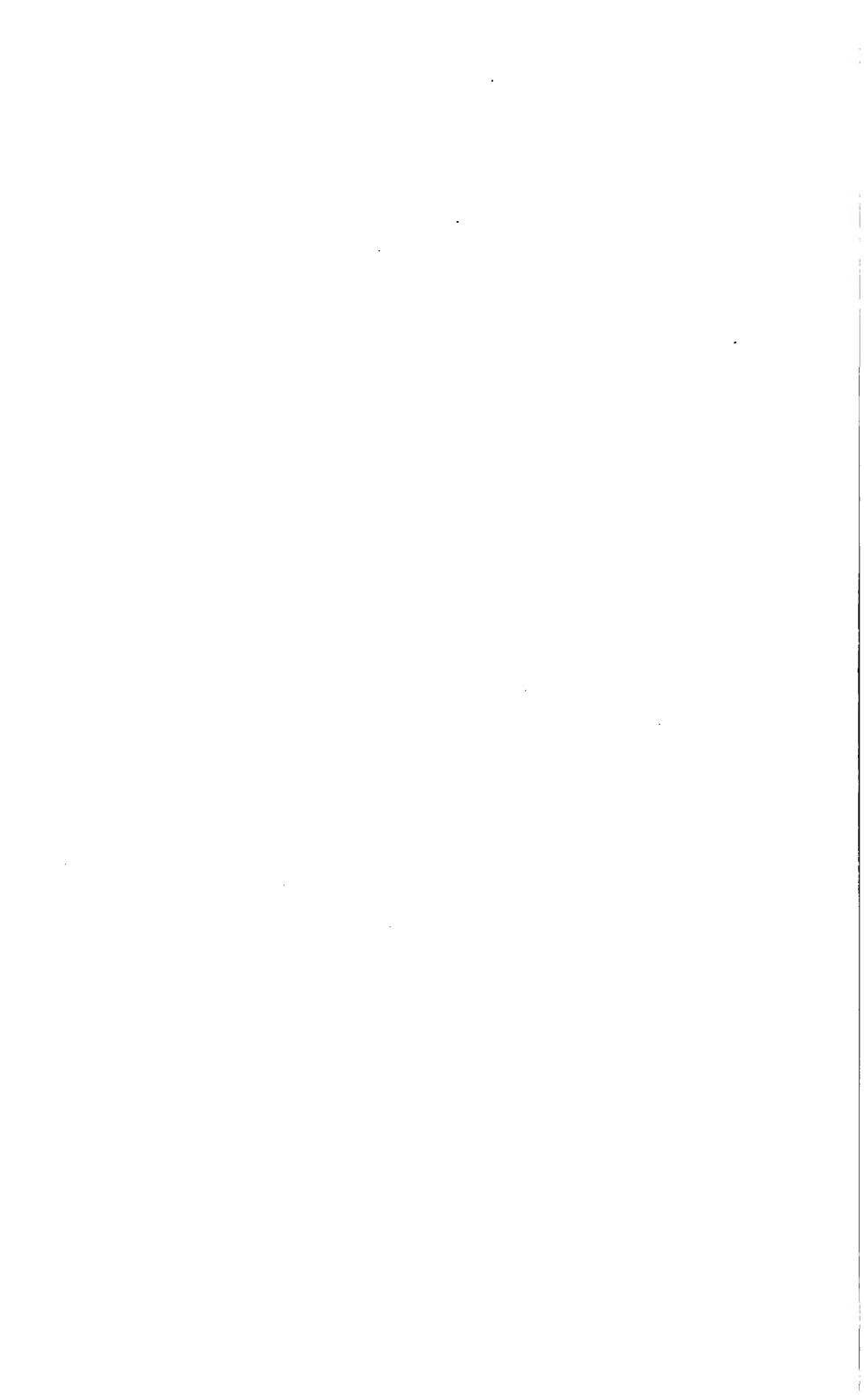
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PARCH. WALTER DAVIES, A.

(GWALLTER MECHAIN).

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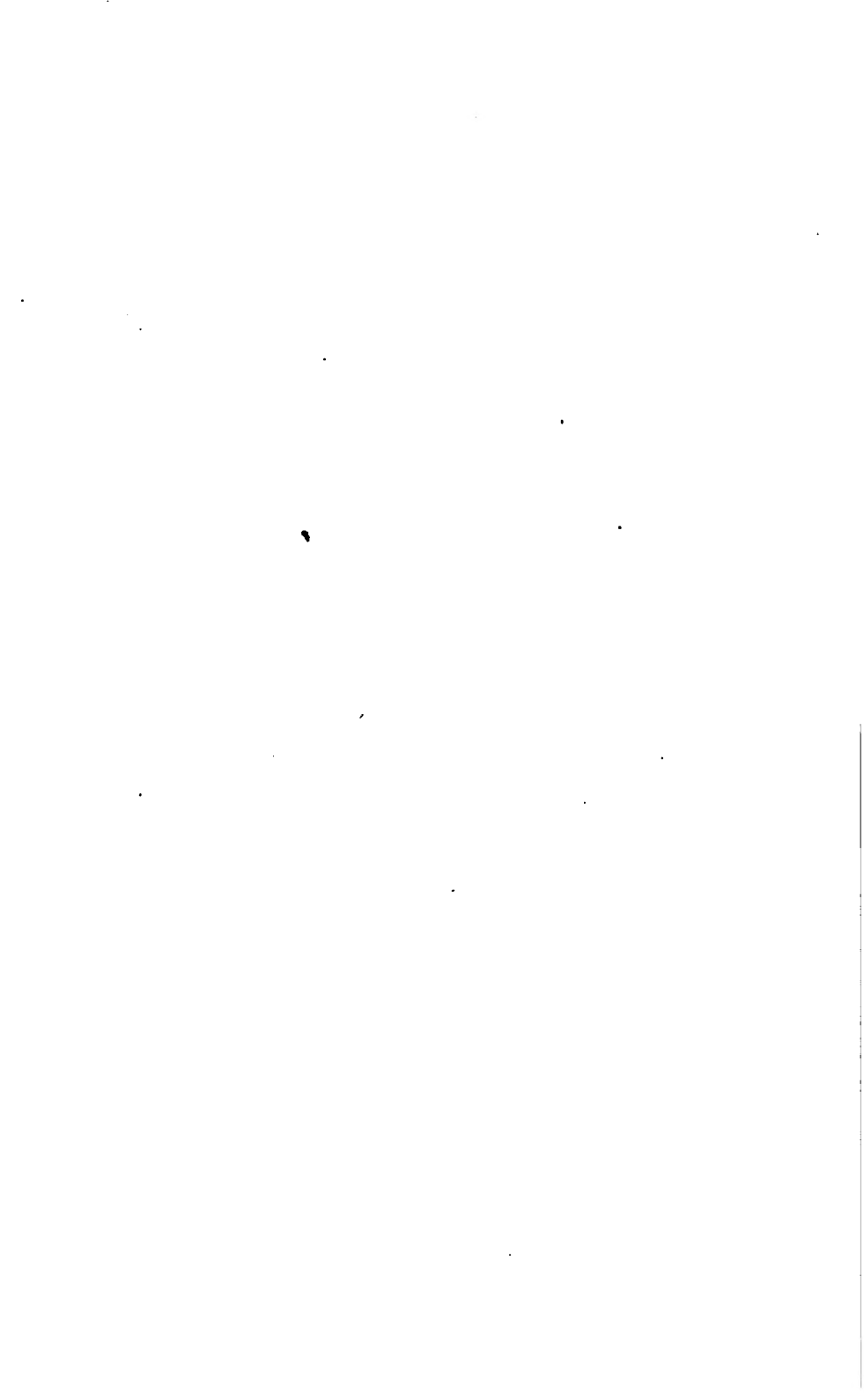
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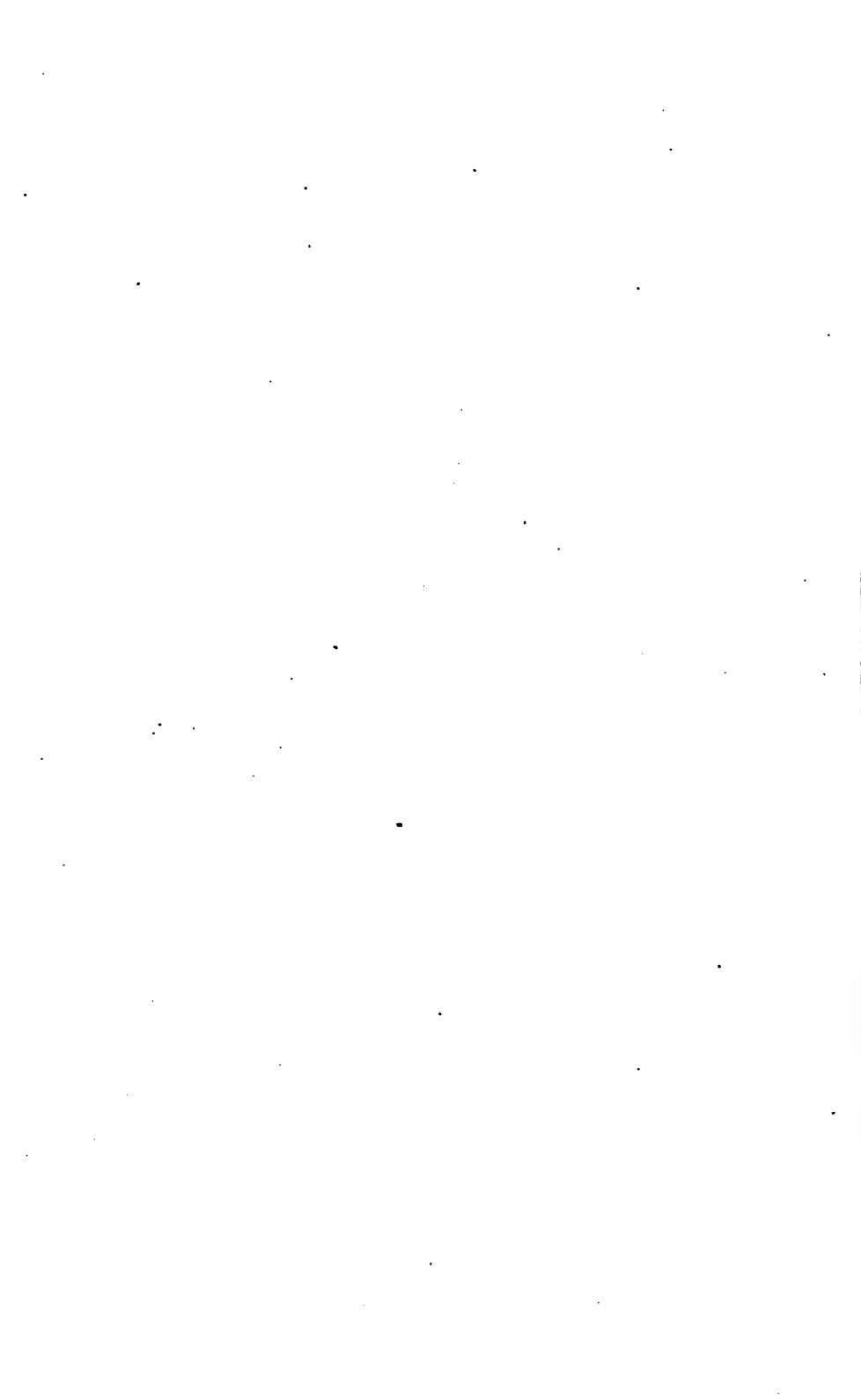
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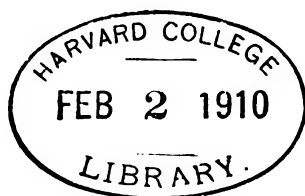
THE  
ENGLISH WORKS  
OF THE  
REV. WALTER DAVIES, M.A.  
(*GWALLTER MECHAIN*),  
LATE VICAR OF LLANRHAIADR HOCHWANT, DENBIGHSHIRE.

EDITED BY THE  
REV. D. SILVAN EVANS, B.D.  
RECTOR OF LLAN YN MAWDDWY, MERRIONETHSHIRE.



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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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**THIS** volume, which forms the third of the collected Works of the late Rev. Walter Davies, consists, with a few exceptions, of his miscellaneous English writings.

The longer pieces were, for the most part, contributed at various times to different periodical publications connected with the Principality, and their high merit has been universally acknowledged by all competent judges.

The Letters, of which a considerable number appear in the volume, mostly relate to Cambrian history, archæology, and general literature; and, while they are calculated to throw light on many of those subjects, it is hoped that they are not altogether devoid of interest for general readers.

The Editor's Notes, to distinguish them from those of the Author, are, in this and the preceding volumes, put within brackets.

D. S. E.



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# PAROCHIAL HISTORY.

## A STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THE PARISH OF LLANYMYNEICH.<sup>1</sup>

### SECTION I.

#### TOPOGRAPHY.

*Name.*—THE first interpretation of Llanymyneich, that strikes the mind, is the *Village of the Monks*; but upon a second thought, when we find no religious foundation to have ever been in this neighbourhood, and that, if the benefice had been once appropriated to a monastery, it would have been still either a vicarage in succession from the vicars appointed by that body, or a lay impropriation by sale at the general dissolution: neither of these being the case,<sup>2</sup> I shall not hesitate to acquiesce that *Llanymyneich* signifies the *Village of Miners*, to which appellation it has not perhaps forfeited its claim since the times of the Romans in Britain.<sup>3</sup> We have other places of the same name, and for the same reason, such as *Craig y Mwyn*, near

<sup>1</sup> [Contributed to the *Cambrian Register* for the year 1795.]

<sup>2</sup> See Section II.

<sup>3</sup> See Section VIII.

Pistyll Rhaiadr, in Montgomeryshire; and *Mwyn-glawdd*, near Wrexham.

*Situation.*—The parish is about three miles long, and one and half broad. It contains three townships, Careg Hwva, Llwyn Tydmon, and Treprenal, the former a detached part of Denbighshire; the two latter separated from it by Offa's Dike, and are situate in Shropshire. The river Tanat washes its western side, dividing it from the parishes of Llanymlodvoel and Llansainffraid; then, joining the Vyrnwy, it bounds its southern part, dividing it from the parishes of Llan-sainffraid and Llandyssilio. The Vyrnwy now becomes navigable for barges of forty or fifty tons burthen in the winter months. Great quantities of the Llangynog slate have been sent from hence to Bristol; and of late years, ores of lead and zinc, raised in this parish, have been conveyed by the Stourport Canal to Birmingham, Macclesfield, and other places. The river Vyrnwy, says Mr. Pennant, "merits the title of *Piscosus amnis*, as much as any I know. The number of fish which inhabit it animate the waters, and add greatly to its beauty." He reckons twenty different species of finny tribes which frequent this branch of the aquatic kingdom.<sup>1</sup> The river Morda<sup>2</sup> divides it on the east from Kinnersley, and on the north it joins the parish of Oswestry.

## SECTION II.

### CHURCH—POPULATION—CARE OF THE POOR.

THE church is said to be dedicated to St. Agatha. Its chancel contains the relics of a wife and a daughter of George Griffith, bishop of St. Asaph, who had been rector of this parish, whilst canon of that chapter.

<sup>1</sup> *Tour of Wales*, p. 384.

<sup>2</sup> See Glossary, Section X, word *Morlas*.



He was ejected by the Parliament committee from all his preferments; but by his writings he defended the regal government during all the time of the usurpation, disputing with Dissenters, and keeping up the offices and discipline of the Church; and as a reward of his merit, he was mitred by Charles the Second at his restoration. In 1662 he concurred with the clergy in convocation in drawing up the Act of Uniformity, and making certain alterations in the liturgy then set out; and it is said that the office of baptizing them of riper years was of his composing. He died Nov. 28th, 1666, and was buried in the choir of the Cathedral Church of St. Asaph.

The only inscription worth transcribing is the following, on a neat marble monument, on the north side of the communion table: "Here lyeth the body of Charles Pindar, Esquire, second son of Sir Peter Pindar, of Edinshaw, in the county of Chester, Baronnet, Barrister at law, of the Inner Temple, London, Recorder of the ancient corporation of Great Wenlock, in the county of Salop, who died Aug. 30, 1692, in in the three and thirtieth year of his age."<sup>1</sup>

The benefice is a rectory in the gift of the bishop of St. Asaph: the present incumbent is the Rev. William Crowe, B.C.L. of New College, and Public Orator in the University of Oxford.

The parish contains about 109 houses, 28 of which are farm-houses, which upon an average of 5 persons to a family (which by the by is much too small) the population amounts to 545.

Careg Hwva township maintains its poor at their own houses; this year's lewn is two shillings per pound.<sup>2</sup> The townships of Llwyn Tydmon and Tre-prenal have, about four years ago, joined with several neighbouring parishes, to erect a house of industry

<sup>1</sup> He is said to have died on a visit to Sir Thomas Jones, Judge of Assize, who then lived in this parish.

<sup>2</sup> The pound rate on some lands is about one half, on others about two-thirds of the rack rent.

near Oswestry, and to send their poor thither, which, from the present prospects, will be both much more comfortable to the poor, and in time much less expensive to their maintainers.

### SECTION III.

#### AGRICULTURE.

*Soil.*—THE soil is of various qualities; in the upper part gravelly, and most friendly to tillage; in the lower parts, loamy sand and clay, producing also excellent pasturage.

*Climate.*—The climate is favourable both to animal and vegetable life. The seasons of sowing are as follow: wheat in October, pease in February, and the beginning of March, oats in March, barley in April and May, and harvest in August and September.

*Tillage.*—The land-holders, in general, are only indifferent farmers; but we ought to consider the obstacles that impede their progress towards improvement.<sup>1</sup> “Rack rent is the instrument of torture which cramps and dislocates the sinews and joints of labour and industry. It checks even the thought of attempting at any improvements in tillage, or in any other branch of husbandry; for who would risk his property in the amelioration of another person’s land, out of which he is always liable to be ejected? Leases (which, when drawn on liberal terms and for a good

<sup>1</sup> Lest I should, under this article of tillage, from my inexperience in practical agriculture, be thought to assume too much of the dictatorial, I have taken the advantage of screening myself under the wing of a celebrated writer on agriculture, Dr. Anderson, from whose essays I have extracted the substance of the above reflections on rack rent. I would not, at the same time, be understood that the above is more peculiarly the case of the farmers in Llanymyneich than of those in any other part of Wales or England; the evil is general, and its consequences obvious. Objections may be made, that the late and present enormous price of every article which the farmer brings to market more than fully compensates for all the shackles which the landlord is capable of impeding him with. The answer is short: the *salve* is but temporary; the *sore* permanent.

number of years, give the greatest encouragement to farmers, and reciprocally benefit both the landlord and tenant) are seldom granted; and when they are, the term of years is so short, the operations of the experienced tiller so controlled, his hands as it were tied up by restrictive clauses from following his own good sense; so that these seldom fail of embarrassing or impoverishing the tenant; and at the same time are never conducive to the benefit of the landlord. To this we owe the general torpidity and aversion to agricultural enquiry, which is common to most of our farmers. To this we owe the same dull routine of white crops, without intermission and without manure, until the fructiferous quality of the soil be quite exhausted; and the sterility of the farm must end in the bankruptcy of the tenant."

This evil might be remedied, even to the advantage of the landlord, if perpetual leases were granted according to a plan devised by the celebrated Lord Kames.

The best farmers here observe the following rotation of crops: 1. Summer fallow and manure, then wheat. 2. Barley. 3. Pease. 4. Wheat with manure. 5. Barley with clover and ryegrass seeds. 6. Hay, &c.

#### SECTION IV.

##### ROADS.

THE roads, leading from Oswestry to Welshpool, and from Llanvyllin to Shrewsbury, intersect each other at right angles in the centre of the village. The road from Oswestry here is good; but from hence to Welshpool, owing to the scantiness of hard materials, and the constant heavy carriage thereon, it is intolerably bad. But, however, its badness has been exaggerated in a report made thereof to the board of agriculture,

by a Mr. Kay, who was sent by them to survey the agricultural state of North Wales in the year 1794. His words are, "The roads in Montgomeryshire are in a most wretched state. There was one practice which I observed that destroyed the roads *prodigiously*, viz., the manner in which the waggon wheels are shod. They are abundantly broad, but the iron is drove on, in short pieces, with large headed nails, projecting *two or three inches*,<sup>1</sup> which not only tear up the roads, but also add great resistance to the draught. This mode of shoeing wheels is very common throughout North Wales, and may, in a great degree, account for the number of horses used in the carts and waggons; besides, the roads are continually harrowed up, if I may use the expression."

## SECTION V.

### CANAL.

BUT there is a prospect of having good roads here, when the Montgomeryshire branch is completed, and joined to the grand trunk of the navigable canal, which is to open a communication between the rivers Severn, Dee, and Mersey, extending from Shrewsbury, to Chester and Liverpool. The above branch passes through this parish, and crosses the river Vyrnwy, at the new bridge, in an aqueduct contracted to be made for £4500. Seven hundred men were employed last summer on this branch from hence to Welshpool, being only nine miles distant. The whole of this great undertaking is expected to be finished in about three years.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Kay ought to have favoured us with some directions how to reduce these inches of his own into English measure; otherwise we are at a loss to know what he means. And had he not assured us, by his own mouth, of his being a Transtweedian, we might, by this part of the report, suppose him to be a native of the banks of the Banna.

Numerous are the advantages which may be expected to accrue from this work of such public utility. The roads, which are now expensive and bad, will then be good at a trifling expense, from the necessary diminution of wheel carriage. Now the farmer, at 45 miles distance, in the extremity of the county, is about four days in procuring two tons or less of lime or coal, at a vast expense, and the labour of two men and five horses: he may then have 25 tons at once, at a much less comparative expense, and the labour of only one man and one horse. The expense of rearing and keeping draught horses will then be needless. Oxen will answer the purposes of tillage much better; and when these useful animals have performed their labour, they will at last, instead of being like horses thrown to dogs, either furnish their owners' tables with beef, or line their pockets with gold.

## SECTION VI.

### BREED OF HORSES, CATTLE, &c.

**B**eing on the borders of England, they have here an excellent breed both of horses and cattle. They are not, like their neighbours in the upper parts of the country, prepossessed with the opinion of the superior hardiness of their puny breed. Those do not consider that every beast, of whatever kind, is the native of the climate wherein it is calved or foaled, which the good and wise Lawgiver of nature has providently made friendly to its growth. Edward Corbet,<sup>1</sup> Esq., of Ynys y Maengwyn, who has made more experiments in the breeding and crossing of the breed of cattle, as well as in many other branches of agriculture, than any in North Wales, finds the mixed breed full as hardy

<sup>1</sup> [For a notice of this eccentric gentleman, see *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, i. 388.]

as the pure native; and that they are much more profitable, he shewed me last summer, by a striking contrast in the growth of two cows of the same age, and reared together. That of the Merionethshire breed was worth only about £6; the English was worth £13.

## SECTION VII.

### ANTIQUITIES, HISTORY, &c.

THE bigoted antiquary may fret at the disappointment of not being gratified with a view of the ruins of the castle of Careg Hwva, which once stood in this parish, on the bank of the Vyrnwy: but when the levelness and fertility of the soil are considered, the genius of agriculture must be honourably acquitted upon the plea of superior utility, although it has left no vestige of the castle remaining, save the foss which guarded it to the east. There is but little account of this refuge of the turbulent in history, save that in the year 1162 it was taken and spoiled by the two cousin-germans, Owain Cyveiliog and Owain ap Madoc, which latter kept possession of it for twenty-five years, at which time he was besieged there and slain in the night by his relations Gwenwynwyn and Cadwallon, sons of Owain Cyveiliog, his former colleague in plunder and devastation.

Within half a mile of this castle lies *Gwern y Vign*, where a battle was fought about the year 1202.

## SECTION VIII.

### MINERALOGY.

IN the north west part of this parish is situated an insulated hill well worth our notice. From the south

it exhibits a cuneiform appearance, its western extremity being lofty, and of almost a perpendicular descent; from thence sloping downwards to the east, it gradually loses itself in the plain. The Romans found it their interest to anatomize the bowels of this hill. One vestige of their mining is an immense level branching out in different directions, as they were led by the veins of copper ore. Its windings are so numerous and intricate, that some years back two men of this parish, endeavouring to explore its mazes, were so bewildered in its labyrinths, that, when they were found by some miners who were in search of them, they had lain themselves down in despair of ever seeing any more the light of day. It is now called the *Ogov*, about which the neighbouring peasantry abound with fairy legends too ridiculous to enumerate.<sup>1</sup>

About forty years back, some miners in search of more copper, found in the recesses of the *Ogov* several skeletons lying in their natural order. When alive, they seemed to have dragged a life of misery in this gloomy mansion for some time; for there were some culinary utensils, a fire-place, and a small hatchet found near them. There was also found a number of Roman coins, Antoninus and Faustina, and others. One skeleton had a bracelet of glass beads, like those Druid-

<sup>1</sup> Although the light of science has within these few years made a rapid progress in the illumination of the minds of the literate, yet the vulgar have never experienced its benign influence: they are still chained in the dungeon of superstition. Is not endeavouring the emancipation of these prisoners, fettered in the double chain of prejudice and ignorance, wandering in a more than a Cimbrian darkness,—is it not, I say, a duty incumbent upon every philanthropic heart, and more obligatory so upon all whose office is the instruction of others? The man who feels not the natural obligation of promoting the happiness of his fellow creatures is fit only “to howl as a tiger on the Indian shore.” But it is to be feared that some physicians have need to cure themselves of the malady before they can administer relief to others. And perhaps it may be a policy, according to the Romish maxim, to keep the people in ignorance: or, there may be a pleasure in being ignorant which none but the ignorant know; and to deprive them of superstition would be robbing such minds of amusements, who are incapable of higher enjoyments.



ical rings called *glain neidr*, the *ova anguinum* of Pliny, around his left wrist, and a battle-axe by his side.

About fifteen years after this first discovery, other miners found several human bones there; and a golden bracelet, clasping about the wrist. The selfishness and ignorance of the master-miners have deprived us at present of a view of those curious relics. All that I could find of them, by a diligent enquiry, was one glass bead and one copper coin, now in the possession of Mr. Robert Baugh,<sup>1</sup> in this parish. The Romans followed this vein of copper from the Ogov the whole length of the hill towards the east, which is evident from innumerable cavities now in the surface, and in that direction. Both copper and lead ores are still dug up here; but the work has been in a declining state for some years. I have seen here nodules (called by the miners tumblers) of pure Galæna, weighing above one hundred pounds each. Besides this sulphate of lead, I have found here some of its white and yellow carbonate. Copper mulm has been worked here, but it did not well pay the expense. Here are other ores which the Romans never knew: I mean zinc, in both its unions, with the carbonic and sulphuric acids; the former very plentifully. They are known here by the common names of calamine and black jack. They smelted the ores in open hearths, which appears from vitrifications found on the summit. Nature seems to have been profuse in the variety with which she had stored this hill; but the pilferer Art has by this time almost emptied her cabinet. The matrix of these various ores is limestone, of the best quality, both for mortar and manure, much of which is a pearl-coloured marble, variegated with red and white veins, and highly polishable. The quarries of this hill supply almost all Montgomeryshire, to the distance

<sup>1</sup> The ingenious engraver of the Map of North Wales, published by John Evans, of Llwyn y Groes, Esq.

of 45 miles, and a good part of Shropshire, with lime. About 150 workmen are generally employed here in the burning of lime during summer, and about fifty in raising and breaking of stone during winter. Last summer the exportation, or, to speak more technically, the exrockation, amounted to about eight thousand tons. The season of carriage continues from March to October. After the improvement of the Montgomeryshire roads, by the turnpike act, the increase of lime carried hence for manure was tenfold. We may guess the progress of agriculture by the last five years' increase being about one-eighth. In five years more we may expect it to become double, when the canals are completed.

In some of the best quarries, from twelve to twenty layers of limestone may be seen at one perpendicular view. Their position is horizontal, except in some instances it is curvilinear; and in one place, by some violent convulsion, as if a prop which supported the rock had been broken, the strata all bend downward, and make an obtuse angle of about 50 degrees. To each of these strata they have given names expressive of their different qualities. The workmen speaking both English and Welsh indifferently, one bed is known by an English name, and perhaps the next by a Welsh one. I here join a table of the names of the several strata, taken at two quarries, with the thickness of each, by which the depth of the whole rock in view may be known.

MR. E. BAUGH'S QUARRY.

No.	Names.	Thickness in feet.
1.	Red Bed ... ..	6
2.	White Bed ... ..	5
3.	Little Iron Bed ... ..	1½
4.	Gwely Gwrthban ... ..	4

No.	Names.	Thickness in feet.
5.	{ Shaly Beds }	... 4
6.		
7.	{ Croen Diawl Talcen Tarw }	Big Iron Bed ... 6
8.		
9.		
10.	Egg Bed, so called from large oval stones being found in it; the transverse diameter of which is about seven feet, the conjugate about four. Their position is the transverse diameter parallel to the horizon ... 6	
11.	{ Four Stone Bed }	... 8
12.		
13.		
14.		
15.	Flummery Bed; this kind of stone is used in some forges as a flux for iron ore ... 3	
16.	Iron Bed ... 2	
17.	Big Low Bed ... 6	
18.	Breech Bed ... 3	
19.	Big Curly Bed ... 5	
20.	Blood Vein, being a kind of variegated marble ... 3	

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## MR. E. POOL'S QUARRY.

No.	Names.	Thickness in feet.
1.	Gingerbread Bed ...	4
2.	Red Bed ...	12
3.	White Bed ...	6
4.	Yellow Bed ...	8
5.	Shale ...	3
6.	Yellow Bed ...	9
7.	Big Red Bed ...	9
8.	Croen Diawl ...	2

No.	Names.				Thickness in feet.
9.	{ White Beds }				
10.		...	...	...	6
11.	Iron Bed ...	...	...	...	2
12.	Four Stone Bed ...	...	...	...	6
					<hr/>
					67

The different calcareous species found here, besides the proper limestone, are stalactites in abundance, and that again in the process of being converted into lac lunæ or mineral agaric; formed shells, entrochi, &c. Last summer I saw here a hemispherical coralline, called by the workmen the *bee-hive*, from its similar shape and honeycomb-like appearance. I lately called there to make further observations upon its dimensions, &c., but found it had been burnt into lime among the common mass of stones.

Beside calcareous earth, this hill affords some pure and some mixed or aerated argil. And miners in search of calamine, having sunk a shaft through about thirty-five yards of limestone, found the substratum to consist wholly of a kind of red bolar earth.

## SECTION IX.

### OFFA'S DIKE, CROMLECH, &c.

BESIDES the Roman vestiges above mentioned, we have also upon this hill a memento of our slavery under the Saxon yoke; the boundary dike, raised by the Mercian Offa, which dissects this parish into nearly two equal parts, and continues its course, as some suppose, to Basingwerk in Flintshire: but the ingenious John Evans, Esq., of Llwyn y Groes, in his survey of North Wales, discovered that Offa discontinued his dike near Treuddyn in Flintshire; and that the foss, which is

found to terminate on the Dee, near Basingwerk, has its beginning at Maesbury, near Oswestry, about one mile below Offa's Dike, and is called Watt's Dike, from which Wattstay, now Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkin William Wynn, Bart., had its name.

Parallel with two other dikes, across this hill, runs a stupendous rampart of loose stones, accompanied with a deep foss, which turning, follows the brow of the hill, and encompasses about one half of its whole extent. This is probably Roman, to guard the passages and accessible parts, when their ores lay exposed to the plunder of the Britons.

This hill, lest it should all be made subservient to Roman avarice, had one spot of it consecrated to religion. On its eastern brow once stood a *cromlech*, measuring seven feet by six, and about eighteen inches thick. It is called by the vulgar *Bedd y Cawr*; and it was the voice of immemorial tradition, that a giant had buried his wife under this stone, with a golden torque about her neck. This report caused three brothers who lived in the neighbourhood, some years back, to overturn the stone from its pedestals in search for the treasure; in which position it now lies. Thus we see how avarice stimulates men to deeds of villany, not even to spare, but sacrilegiously to overturn, the altars of the Gods. The neighbours will tell you how this vile act did not escape the vengeance of Heaven, but ended in the destruction of its perpetrators.

## SECTION X.

### VIEWS FROM THE HILL.

BEING on the summit of the hill, I am not willing to descend without taking a view of distant objects, and recurring in thought to the transactions of former days. Beneath me on the plain, extending from north

to east, with a mixture of pain and delight, I trace the several scenes of action, in which the aged *Llywarch*, exiled from his Cumbrian throne, lost many a beloved son, who bled in the cause of freedom.

From my intimacy with the poems of that bardic prince, and my knowledge of the places mentioned in his elegies, I am enabled to join here a glossary of the names of such places as are within view of this hill. I think it may not be amiss, cursorily to acquaint the reader, that *Llywarch Hen* was a prince of the North of England, in the sixth century. He had been always active, though unfortunate, in opposing the encroachments of the Northumbrian Saxons; in which contest he lost his patrimonial territories, and the greater number of his four-and-twenty sons; with the remainder he fled thence, and took refuge under the hospitable roof of *Cynddylan*, Prince of Powys, who had his residence at or near Shrewsbury; after whose defeat and death, our bard, worn out with age and misery, retired into the wilds of Powysland, where he sank under his misfortunes, being about 150 years old. For further information on this subject, I refer the reader to *Llywarch Hen's Poems*, lately published, with an English translation and notes, by Mr. William Owen.<sup>1</sup> The places mentioned in his elegies, and which I mean to illustrate in the following glossary, lie in a group near Oswestry, in Shropshire.

#### GLOSSARY.

*Argoed*.—" *Gwŷr Argoed erioed am porthes*," page 118.

There is a place called *Argoed* in the parish of Kinnersley and county of Salop; but this here, I would rather suppose to be another *Argoed*, near Overton

<sup>1</sup> ["The Heroic Elegies and other pieces of *Llywarch Hen*, Prince of the Cumbrian Britons: with a Literal Translation, by William Owen" [=W. Owen Pughe, D.C.L.] London, 1792, 8vo.]

in Flintshire. By "*gwŷr* Argoed," must be meant some clan in that neighbourhood, or the garrison of an encampment there. Near this Argoed is a place called Careg y Ffrancod, probably from a monument once there, in memory of a defeat given to a party of the Teutonic invaders, who might have assumed the name of Franks, in imitation of their brethren on the continent: for we know that our invaders consisted of several plundering tribes, Saxons, Jutes, and Angles: why not also of Franks? Our bard frequently in his poems calls his enemies *Franks*. We have a pass in the Clwydian hills, called Bwlch Ffrancon, and a dingle in Snowdon called Nant Ffrancon; though some fanciful etymologists think the latter should be *Nant yr Afancwn*, being once, they say, the resort of beavers.

*Basa*.—"Elgwysau Basa," p. 82, now called Basechurch, near Oswestry, where Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, chief of the men of Argoed, and our bard's patron and friend, was buried, after his defeat and death by the Franco-Saxons.

*Clegyr*.—"Llyr wrth glegyr." Ness Cliff, near Oswestry, called by the Welsh, Tal y Clegyr.

*Dinlle*.—"Vrecon," p. 94, from *bre* and *cyn*, the first or chief hill; called by the Romans *Uriconium*, and by the Saxons *Wrecon-cester*, now Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury.

*Dre Wen*.—"Y dre wen rhwng Tren a Thraval," p. 86, i. e. the white town between Tren and Traval. The white town is now called Whittington, and by the Welsh Drewen, near Oswestry; the Blanchville of the Anglo-norman writers. The Lords Marchers, the Peverells, and their succeeding petty despots, had a castle here, to check the depredatory incursions of the Welsh. The *Tern* flows into the Severn near Atcham; and the *Traval*, must have been a name formerly given to one of the branches of the Vyrnwy, from which Mathraval (Man-Traval), a seat of the Powysian Princes, took its name.

*Ercal*.—" *Tywarchen Ercal*," p. 92, now called High Ercal, near Shrewsbury.

*Gorsedd Orwynion*.—" *O orsedd orwynion*." "Have not my eyes gazed on a pleasant land, from the conspicuous seat of Gorwynion." *Mr. Owen's translation*, p. 95.

This, probably, is a hill near Sylattyn, now called *Yr Orsedd Wen*, which, agreeably to the description, commands a view of one of the richest vales in England, extending from the Dee to the Severn.

*Meisyr*—Sister to Prince Cynddylan, and sister-in-law to the bard. Her patrimony was Dyffryn Meisyr, now Maesbury, near Oswestry. Her palace gave name to the township now called by the Welsh, *Llys Veisyr*. Before Oswald's death, Oswestry was called by the Saxons, *Maserfeld*, from the same Meisyr.

*Morlas*.—" *Ar ryd Vorlas y llas Gwên*." Gwên, the most valiant of the bard's four and twenty sons, was slain on the ford of Morlas. Morlas is a rivulet rising near the *Orsedd Wen* above mentioned, and within a few yards of the source of Morda, another rivulet. The former falls into the Ceiriog, then into the Dee, and at last into the sea at Chester. The latter taking a contrary direction, joins the Vyrnwy, then the Severn, and falls into the sea at Chepstow.

Prysg Gwên, a gentleman's seat, within about two hundred yards of the Morlas, has evidently taken its name from our hero. The inhabitants of these parts are now all English, but these Welsh names of places are nevertheless still retained. Prysg Gwên, Pryshenlle, Glyn Morlas, Bryn Gwyllo, Rhos y Gadva, Gwern-henlle; all in St. Martin's Parish, which contains only two townships, called Ifton-*Rhum* and Weston-*Rhum*.

*Tomen Rhodwydd*.—Is it not the *Redwith* Bank, on which is a wharf on the Canal, south of Llynclys, and full in view from Llanymyneich Rock? See Furnival's Map.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Author's MS. Additions.]



## SECTION XI.

## MANSION HOUSES—BIOGRAPHY, &amp;c.

THE savage ferocity of our ancestors in the mutual dilaniation of each other, which for ages deluged these fertile plains with blood, so degrading to human nature, and so disgraceful to our annals, is too poignant a reflection to a sensible mind. Let the thought glance instantaneously, without one moment's intermediate contemplation, from the days of the grief-worn Llywarch, to the better contrast of the present times. Behold the vale, which formerly bristled with glittering pikes and brandished spears, and other hell-forged engines of destruction, now displays a more pleasing view of luxuriant crops; the lowing herd, the bleating flock, the bustle of laborious industry; how infinitely more grateful to a civilized ear than the clangor of discord "to arms!" The genius of Britain has exiled the demon of domestic war, never, it is to be hoped, to sound the onset of havoc any more in our land. Industry reigns in this tranquil seat of happiness and perennial plenty, crowning its votaries with garlands of reward.

I retain still my observatory, and to the south-east behold *Llwyn y Groes*, the seat of John Evans, whose death we have to regret as one of the events of the current year, the only resident esquire of our parish, and the worthy and ingenious editor of the lately-published Map of North Wales, which, for correctness and elegance, will transmit his name with honour to posterity.

To the south-west lies Careg Hwva; in the last century the country seat of Sir Thomas Jones, one of the judges of assize; and now the property of his namesake and descendant, who has a considerable property in this parish.

Further to the south-west, on the confines of the parish, is situated Pentre Heilyn, formerly the seat of the Heilyns, who took this for their cognomen, from their being hereditary cupbearers to the princes of Powys. It seems they were also purse-bearers, and ministers of finance, and their extravagance of the public money gave rise to the proverb—"Hael Heilyn o god y wlad." Heilyn is generous out of the public purse.

In the family of Heilyns I find three that will not disgrace our Cambrian Biography. The first was Grono ab Heilyn, chosen by our last Llewelyn to treat with the commissioners of Edward Longshanks, for the concluding of a final peace; which was done, and the terms observed for a while, until the oppression of the English became no longer tolerable. Thus driven to the last extremity, despair strung Cambria's bow; Snowdon re-echoed with "death or freedom;" its lord fell by the hand of an assassin, and with him expired liberty.

The second was Mr. Rowland Heilyn, alderman and sheriff of London; who dying in the year 1634, without male issue, one of his daughters marrying a Congreve, the estate was transferred to that family. "This Rowland Heilyn was a man of singular goodness. He caused the Welsh Bible to be printed at his own charge, in a portable volume, for the benefit of his countrymen; which was before in a large church folio. He also published the Practice of Piety in Welsh; and a Welsh Dictionary, for the benefit of his countrymen. The Welsh Bibles before were rare and costly, but now grown common in every man's hand, and in his own mother's tongue."<sup>1</sup>

The third was Dr. Peter Heylin, nephew to the above mentioned Rowland. The Doctor's name and works are so well known, that I need say no more respecting him here, save that he died in the year 1662.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Peter Heylin's *Life*, by Barnard and Vernon, 1663. See also Dr. Llewelyn's Account of the Welsh Bible.

Under the western brow of this hill lies Abertanat, formerly the seat of the Tanats, and after them of the Godolphins of Coed Dolffin in Cornwall. The last Godolphin left this estate from its lawful heir, to Lord Osborne.

A little farther towards the north, stands *Blodvoel*, formerly a frequent bardic theme, when residence of Gwer-vul Hael. It is now the property of Lord Bradford.

## SECTION XII.

### RELIGION—MANNERS—LANGUAGE—AND MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

THERE are no professed Dissenters in the parish. They are all either of the established religion, or of no religion at all.

There is scarce an inhabitant here who is not able, with the greatest ease and indifference to speak both English and Welsh. The Welsh language being still spoken on the confines of Offa's Dike, is a proof of its permanency, however anxious some of the mixed or bastard tribe may be for its total extinction. The arguments brought by those who plead that one general language only should be spoken by all his majesty's subjects, may be specious enough. It would be convenient to a *few travellers*, if "his majesty's good subjects in Wales were all English: but however, it can hardly be desired that a whole nation should forget their own tongue and learn another for them; the only reasonable method for removing this inconvenience would be for such persons, before they go into that country, to take care to learn Welsh."<sup>1</sup>

Some advocates for the abolition of the Welsh tongue, are vain enough to prognosticate a near approaching day, when it will be numbered among the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Llewelyn.

dead. They see some few families upon the borders, and about a dozen innkeepers upon the post roads, who speak English only: but there are thousands, and tens of thousands in the wilds of Wales, "who have learned the language of their parents, and of their country, as naturally and as innocently as they sucked their mother's breasts, or breathed the common air: they have neither opportunity nor inclination to learn any other tongue." This is the impregnable fortress of the Welsh language, where a riveted, cordial antipathy against the English tongue, caused by the cruelties of Edward I. and of the Lancastrian family, dwells as commander in chief. Storm this garrison, and overturn Snowdon from its base.<sup>1</sup>

Having already hinted at the purity of the dialects spoken by the people of these parts, permit me to repeat it again. The Welsh and English, though as it were blended together for these thousand years past, yet both when separately spoken are uncommonly pure. The former is equal to any in the most interior and inaccessible parts of Wales; the latter has neither that barbarism of diction we hear in our metropolis, nor the awkwardness of expression we meet with among the peasantry of the English counties.

That the Welsh commit such egregious blunders in endeavouring to speak English, so as to use the feminine pronoun *her* instead of the first person singular *I*, is false, without the least foundation. They commit, it is true, just as many blunders in speaking English, as the English themselves would do in speaking French or Irish before they were taught; and no more.<sup>2</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> See the spirited reply of an old Welshman to Henry II. respecting the duration of his vernacular tongue, preserved by Giraldus Cambrensis.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hucks, in his *Pedestrian Tour of Wales*, published 1795, at page 25, accuses the Welsh of using the verb of the *third* person, for the verb of the *first*. *I knows*, is a general characteristic of the common dialect in England, but it is never heard in Wales. Their solecisms consist of far different peculiarities.—With submission to Mr. Hucks's ingenuity, and veneration for his philanthropic liberality of sentiment, I propose the following corrections to be observed in the second edition of his *Tour*, to which it fairly bids claim:—

mode of burlesquing the Welsh originated in the ridicule with which the Saxon victors illiberally treated their conquered vassals; and which is still carried on in spite of reason and liberality, by the folly and ignorance of the descendants of our once insulting foes. By folly and ignorance it may be repeated; for the insult now never occurs, save from the mouth of the rudest Goth, the pen of the paltry pamphleteer, or common ballad-monger. The immortal Shakspeare, it is to be regretted, in compliance with the bad taste of his age, interlarded the most angelic poetry, with the most grovelling nonsense, in ridicule of a brave but vanquished people, that ever disgraced the dramatic page; and all, perhaps, without ever hearing a Welshman speak.

Strength, courage, and activity, have always been the characteristics of the men of this parish; but unfortunately, too often applied to sinister purposes. It is a melancholy fact, that more coroners' inquests have been held here, within these thirty years, than have been perhaps in any other parish in Wales. The source

Page 19.—"The hills about Llangynog are *sandy*."

The hills are chiefly of a shaly slate; there is no sand within twenty miles of the place.

Page 31.—"The vale of Llangollen wooded with *beech*."

This must be a mistake for *birch*; beech is not a native of any part of North Wales.

Page 35.—"Miners and smoke of *furnaces* below Llangollen."

They must be *lime-men*, and smoke of *lime-kilns*.

Page 70.—"Abber Conwy."

The town of Conway itself and no other, is called by the Welsh Aber Conwy, or the mouth of the Conway; the little village of Aber, is called Abergwynnregyn, from the quantity of cockles found there.—Gwynnregyn means literally *white shells*.

Page 87.—"*Gwynndy*, a place of hospitality."

It may be so, but the name Gwynndy expresses neither more nor less than a *white-washed house*.

Ibid.—"Hoel don ferry."

The right name is *Moel y Don*.

Page 88.—"Caer-ar-fon means a walled town."

*Caer* means as much itself. *Caer-yn-Arvon*, is a town situate in the district of Arvon.

Page 108.—"Tin Sarsenick, meaning *no Saxon*."

What they say is, *dim Seisneg*, meaning *no English*.

Page 112.—"Avon vawr."

The name of the river is *Maw*, from which *Barmouth*, rectè *Aber Maw*, takes its name.

of these misfortunes must be the prevailing vice of drunkenness.

The disposition of the people in general is open-hearted and communicative. Nature has not been niggard in the endowment of their minds, although the ingenious Mr. Pinkerton asserts that the Welsh, wild Irish, and Highland Scotch, are a distinct species of people, ignorant in the extreme, and incapable of improvement. This is flying in the face of reason, common sense, and experience. The sons of Ireland and Scotland occupy the shrillest notes that are founded on the clarion of fame. They have supplied the armies of Europe with valiant and experienced officers; they have furnished the cabinets of princes with ministers of state; the courts of justice, with orators; and the libraries of England, with authors, who have adorned the various departments of science. And yet these, Mr. Pinkerton says, are *Celts*, incapable of mental culture; and under the same parallel of natural endowments with the Laplanders, Samojedes, and Hottentots. It is no wonder that his Gothic dissertation has never been answered; for who in his senses could believe him to be in earnest? or if he did, silence is the most manifest indication of contempt.

It may be urged, that the Scotch who have been or are eminent, are Lowlanders: they may be so by birth, but their names prove their Gaelic descent.

I must confess, that the Welsh have not had such a spirit of enterprise to rouse their dormant powers into action. But the Scotch were never conquered by the English, consequently the energy of their character was never broken like that of the former. Vanquished and dejected, the natives of Cambria sunk into mental listlessness; like Israel in Babylon, they hung up the harp of science in despair. A combination of circumstances conspired to overcast Wales with a cloud of obscurity. Depression produces indolence, which becomes a parent of the most tyrannical of natural evils, poverty. And where poverty wields the sceptre,

abilities are chained, and rendered useless. Wealth without abilities, and abilities without means of coming to light, are ciphers. In Wales they seldom meet; in England often, and never fail to shine. Are we then to conclude that the Welsh, for want of exertion, are totally destitute of natural endowments? The God of nature forbid it. Fire lies hidden in flint, until steel makes the discovery. Abilities are born and buried with men, unobserved by the liberal eye of encouragement.

Free schools in England are numerous, well endowed and well conducted. These are chisels in the hand of the sculptor Providence, which form the Apollo Belvidere, the Thracian Mars, the Socratic Hercules, and the Parnassian nine, out of the marble block. We have no endowed schools worth notice in Wales; and until we have, we must remain in ignorance and obscurity, and that for ever.

If Wales cannot boast of a philosophic Bacon, an experimental Boyle, or an historic Gibbon, are we then to condemn the whole of its inhabitants as an inferior race of men? The voice of reason reiterates the negative; and its unjaundiced eye perceives that if the great Newton, that luminary of the scientific world, had been a native of Wales, and consequently subject to all its concomitant disadvantages, his strong-winged genius would not probably have soared above the sphere of a common arithmetician.

It is not the few comets of literature, who move in eccentric orbits, but the mass of the people, undisguised and uncultivated nature, that should compose the criteria of national character. Wales has no need to hesitate this test. But the judges should understand the language of the nation at the bar; otherwise like an English tourist in Wales, asking the natives a question in an unknown tongue, he would construe their silence into ignorance and sullenness.

From Mr. Pinkerton's partial decision, between the manners of the two nations, it seems that his circle

of observation in England, reached no lower than the *great*, the *polite*, and the *learned*; and that in Wales, his connection soared no higher than drunkards, tinkers, and the like. Had it been otherwise, he could not have formed such a contrast between his brutish Celts and his noble Goths. In his travels through England, his philosophic mind must have excited in him a curiosity to converse a little with the peasantry of his own nation; if he did, in the name of candour, how could he ever after accuse any other nation of "extreme ignorance, and incapacity of improvement?" Their boorishness has no rival; and of their ignorance, a clergyman of their own gives us satisfaction, who, a few years ago, on coming to his parish, within twenty miles of the metropolis, could get no answer from several of his parishioners, to a very plain question, viz., "Who was Christ?" Can we find such ignorance in Wales, the wilds of Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland?

To conclude: as despotic laws require violent means to put them in execution, so absurd theories require preposterous arguments to support them; and Mr. Pinkerton would have saved himself the trouble of much reading and writing, if he had reduced his whole dissertation into this plain, though bold hypothesis; namely, "that the poor, the illiterate, the mean, the idiot of whatever nation, are *Celts*; and that the rich, the learned, the noble, the philosophic, of whatever kindred or tongue, are *Goths*." This would have been a knock-down argument indeed, and hardly more absurd than the other.



# PARISH OF LLANSILIN,

IN THE COUNTY OF DENBIGH.<sup>1</sup>

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## SECTION I.

### NAME, &c.

A COMPOUND of *Llan*, a Church, a Church Village, &c., and *Silin*, the Saint to whom the Church is supposed to have been dedicated at its foundation. It may now be difficult, and not very useful, to account how this St. Silin, alias Sulien, came to occupy four several festivals in our old calendars.

<sup>1</sup> [Contributed to the *Cambro-Briton*, 1820.]

1. May 13th is denominated the festival of Mael and Sulien, two missionaries, who, in company with about a dozen more, came into this island from Armorica, under the superintendence of Cadvan, who became abbot of the monastery of Bardsey, and is recorded to have been buried at Tywyn Meirionydd, in the sixth century. The Churches of Corwen in Edeyrnion, and Cwm in Tegengl, were dedicated to the tutelary saints, Mael and Sulien; and the annual commemoration, or wake, in those parishes, was customarily held on the Sunday next after the 13th of May, O. S.

2. September 1st is noted as the festival of St. Silin. Dr. Thomas Williams, in his copy of *Bonedd y Saint*, informs us that there was a Capel Silin at Wrexham; and the editor of Brown Willis's *St. Asaph*, says that Wrexham Church is dedicated to St. Giles, and the wake observed on the Sunday following the 1st of September. The correct Ecton, in his *Thesaurus*, has "Llan-Silin—St. Giles, *Wallice* Silin." If Silin or Sulien must be foreignized, it is more agreeable to the Welsh idiom to have it converted into Julian than Giles. This latter name, whatever is meant by it, has been applied in a Latin dress to this parish of Llansilin, in a comment on an article in Pope Nicholas's Taxation (Brown Willis, by Edwards, vol. ii. 59): "Ecclesia de *Lanselyn*, Decanat. de *Kynleith* (dicta Ecclesia Sti. Egidii, anno 1296)." Thus we find *Silin* metamorphosed into *Giles*, and *Giles* into *Egidius*!

3. September 2nd—St. Sulien. These two festivals on two successive days, and with a trifling variation in the name of the saint, may have originated in error.

4. October 1st—Silin and Garmon. It was natural to unite Sulien with Mael, on the 13th of May, as they were cotemporary saints, fellow travellers from the continent, and, probably, fellow labourers in preaching the Gospel to our ancestors; but here (Oct. 1st) Silin is joined, in our calendar, to Garmon (Germanus), who had ceased from his labours about a century before.

But they were of the same zealous family: Silin, a grandson to Emyr Llydaw (Emyr the American); and Garmon, a maternal uncle to the same personage.

The latter festival is that which has generally obtained in the parish. The benefice is a vicarage in the patronage of the Bishop of St. Asaph, to whom, and the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, the rectorial tithes belong.

The Church is of superior appearance to country Churches in general; consisting of a nave, and an aisle on the north side, set off with a lofty conical spire, furnished with three bells. Only two mural monuments present themselves; the first, that of Sir William Williams, Bart., Speaker of the House of Commons and Solicitor-General; the second, that of David Maurice, Esq., and his son Edward Maurice, Esq., of Glan Cynllaith; both to be more particularly noticed in the sequel, when I come to treat of their respective houses.

According to a MS. memorandum left by Mr. John Davies, of Rhiwlas, the author of *Heraldry Displayed*, published in 1716, "the great window in the chancel of our Lady's Church in Llansilin, was begun by Ieuan Vychan" (Davies's ancestor in seven degrees), "and finished by his widow, Gwenwyvar (daughter of Ieuan Vychan, of Moeliwrch).<sup>1</sup> Their names were artificially wrought in the painted glass, and seen in the memory of this age; until the window was destroyed in the time of the late unhappy wars between King Charles the First and his unnatural subjects." —J. D.

We are informed by a MS. left by Mr. William Maurice, of Llansilin, that the Church was converted into a barrack by a detachment of the Parliamentary army stationed at Montgomery.<sup>2</sup> This accounts for the destruction of the chancel window, as well as for the disappearance of a statue of St. Silin, mentioned

<sup>1</sup> Ieuan Vychan lived about the conclusion of the 14th century.

<sup>2</sup> A more detailed account of the occupation of Llansilin Church by the Parliamentary forces will be given in the Appendix A.

in section 8 of this survey, as in being in the year 1534, opposite to a seat or pew belonging to Thomas ab Llewelyn of Cevn y Braich.

VICARS OF LLANSILIN FROM THE YEAR 1537.

1. Thomas Kyffin ab Meredydd, collated by Bishop Warton ... ..	1537
2. Davydd Morus, schoolmaster of Oswestry, by R. Davies ... ..	1561
3. Risiart ab Ieuan, by T. Davies ...	1562
4. Thomas Llwyd, by Hughes ...	1592
5. Simon Llwyd, Vicar Choral, by Parry ...	1615
6. Richard Mucklestone, by the same ...	1615
7. J. Kyffin, by Hanmer ...	1625
8. Richard Jervase, by the King ...	1627
9. Edward Tanat, ejected by the Parliament from his Vicarage of St. Michael in Blodvoel, collated to Llansilin by Bishop Griffith ...	1661
10. J. Jones, by Glenham ...	1667
11. J. Wynn, by Beveridge ...	1706
12. J. Skye, by Drummond ...	1755
13. T. Hughes, LL.B., schoolmaster at Ruthin, and afterwards rector of Llanvwrog, by Newcome ... ..	1763
14. Richard Maurice, by Shipley ...	1776
15. Turner Edwards, by Bagot ...	1802
16. ——— Jones, curate of Rhuddlan, by Horsley ... ..	1803
17. John Mason, curate of Denbigh, by Cleaver ... ..	1809
18. John Jones, curate of Wrexham, by the same ... ..	1811
19. David Richards, curate, by Luxmoore ...	1819
Besides this Llan of Silin, and the former Capel of Silin at Wrexham, there are a Church and a Vicarage called Silin or Sulien in Cardiganshire, near Llan Bedr, on the Teivy, a mansion in Caernarvonshire	

called Bod Silin, and a place in Cornwall called Tre' Silian, the supposed residence of the Sulien of our Brut,<sup>1</sup> the Fulgenius of its Latin copies, who opposed the Roman Power under Severus, and, according to Dr. Stukeley (*Palæogr.*), Silvanus, the father of Carawn (Carausius), the Nelson of the British seas, about the year 300.

## SECTION II.

### SITUATION AND EXTENT.

LLANSILIN lieth in the south-eastern corner of Denbighshire, abutted by Shropshire on the east, and by Montgomeryshire on the south. Its outline toucheth upon ten parishes; three in Shropshire, six in Denbighshire, and one in Montgomeryshire. The body of the parish constitutes a considerable plain, of a somewhat undulated surface, and tending to an oval form, with two wings; the southern consisting of the township of Sycharth, extending to the river Tanat on the border of Montgomeryshire; and the northern containing the township of Rhiwlas, stretching beyond the Ceiriog, in the valley of that name. Its dimension, in this north and south direction, may be from seven to eight miles; and in a transverse line from west to east, from four to five miles. Its townships (taking Rhiwlas Is-voel and Uwch-voel as one) are ten in number, enumerated in the following alphabetical order. 1, Bodlith; 2, Llan; 3, Lledrod; 4, Lloran; 5, Llys Dynwallawn; 6, Moelvre; 7, Pribwll; 8, Rhiwlas; 9, Sycharth; 10, Sychdin: the nine former in Denbighshire, and the tenth in Shropshire. In Pope Nicholas's Taxation (1291), this parish, with its neighbour Llan Armon, constituted the Deanery of Kynleith; but both now form but a small portion of the Deanery of Marchia, in the Diocese of St.

<sup>1</sup> *Brut y Breninoedd*, or History of the Kings of Britain.

Asaph. According to the political divisions of those days, Llansilin was in the Cwmmwd of Cynllaith, a part of Cantrev y Rhaiadr, now called the Hundred of Chirk. Nine of the townships are included in the manor or lordship of Cynllaith, once the entire patrimony of its paramount lord, but in after times divided into two unequal portions, as shall be shewn in a future section. The smaller portion, called Cynllaith Owain, now belongs to the Llan Gedwyn estate, the property of Sir W. W. Wynn; and the larger, called Cynllaith yr Iarll, is a part of the Chirk Castle estate. The tenth township, Sychdin, is in the manor of Du-parts, which belongs to the representative of the house of Powys. On the hill, above Pyllau y Meirch, is a large cubic stone, about three feet to a side, called *Bwrdd y tri Arglwydd*, owing to the three lordships meeting thereabout in a point; and withal creating a supposition that the three lords once met, and dined upon the monument.

### SECTION III.

#### SOIL, SUBSTRATA, MINERALS.

THE soil is chiefly a hazle mould, or ferny soil, on dry substrata; and clay, or peat, in hollows and elevated situations. The substrata of the western, by far the greater portion of the parish, are of the shale or brittle slate kind; with occasional veins or riders of the more indurated grey mountain rock, for building and other purposes. That portion of Sycharth, lying east of the rivulet Cynllaith, hath its rocks of a silicious quality; amorphous whin, some of a porphyritic, and some of a chertzose appearance. These silicious rocks lie between the shale of the western part and the limestone of Sychdin, and, running northward, form very abrupt and picturesque precipices about Melin Deirw, in the valley

of Ceiriog. To the east of Nant Mawr, the lime rocks appear regularly stratified, dipping eastwardly, under the sandstone and coal strata of Trev y Clawdd, and forming generally an angle of about 30 degrees with the horizon. Many of the strata are of the species called *flummery* stone. One bed of this kind, of several feet depth, was observed to contain nodules, of several feet dimensions, of a spherical form, of the common species of limestone, imbedded in it. This latter stone exhibits occasionally marks of marine exuvizæ, which are never found in the other.

The ore called sulphate of zinc, or black jack, has been found, in small quantities, in the common or splintery limestone of Sychdin; and calamine, the carbonate of zinc, in large quantities, has been procured for several years together, from the *flummery* limestone of the Moelydd rocks in the township of Trev y Clawdd, in the adjoining parish of Oswestry.

#### SECTION IV.

##### ROADS.

THE by-roads of this parish, of many miles extent, as those of other parishes alike circumstanced, are extremely inconvenient. Two turnpike roads, leading from Oswestry to the village, are in moderate repair; and from thence they unite, and proceed to join, at Llan Gedwyn, the main road from Shrewsbury, through Knockin and Llan Gynog, to Bala, Dolgellau, &c.

Thus far about Welsh roads: the Roman Watling-street, leading from Rutunium<sup>1</sup> to Mons Eriri<sup>2</sup> and Segontium,<sup>3</sup> according to modern writers, passed through the skirt of this parish; and the long-lost Mediolanum

<sup>1</sup> Rowton, near Shrewsbury.

<sup>2</sup> Tomen y Mur, near Tan y Bwlch.

<sup>3</sup> Near Caernarvon.

has been fixed within the township of Sycharth. Sir Richard C. Hoare, Bart., in preparing his splendid edition of Giraldus Cambrensis's *Topography of Wales*,—not satisfied with the conclusions and surmises of Leland, Camden, Gale, Stukeley, Horsley, &c., who had placed Mediolanum according to their respective fancies, some at Meivod, some at Llan Vyllin, some at Drayton, and others in a point between the two former places, where, according to a mathematical hypothesis, the southern Watling-street above mentioned, and the Via Devana from Nidum<sup>4</sup> to Deva,<sup>5</sup> necessarily crossed each other,—became persuaded, upon well-grounded reasons, that the lost Roman station lay considerably more northward than either Meivod or Llan Vyllin.<sup>6</sup> Directed by this opinion, he made three successive journeys from Stour-Head into the Vale of the Tanat, which he explored attentively and anxiously, but without success. This brought Sir Richard to the *dernier resort* of concluding that the rapid Tanat had, in the course of ages, destroyed every vestige of the station. The editors of the '*Beauties of England and Wales*' could not be satisfied with such a disappointment; they therefore cut the Gordian knot, which Sir Richard had so anxiously, though unsuccessfully, endeavoured to untie. They cry "*Ecce Mediolanum!*" at Pen y Bont, the extremity of the southern wing of this parish, upon the junction of the Cynllaith with the Tanat. This is the spot fixed upon in the body of the work, but in the map of the stations, &c., prefixed, Mediolanum is not put down at Pen y Bont, but at Clawdd Coch, several miles to the south-east, and in the Denbighshire part of the parish of Llanymyneich. The late learned Mr. Peter Roberts had viewed this spot, and would fain insist, in conversation, that it was the identical spot where Mediolanum once quartered the legions of ambitious Rome. I am not aware that he ever committed

<sup>4</sup> Neath, in Glamorganshire.

<sup>5</sup> Chester, on the Dee.

<sup>6</sup> [See *Cambrian Reg.* vol. i. p. 126—*Ed. Cambro-Briton.*]



his opinion to paper; however, the editors of the *Beauties* caught the flying report. I had myself, some years before, been rather sanguine on the subject; and, in consequence of preconceived ideas, hastened to Clawdd Coch full of expectations. When I arrived, I found, fortunately, a team in the field ploughing; and the farmer declared that he had seen the piece ploughed and harrowed occasionally for upwards of forty years past, but had never seen nor heard of any Roman relics, coins, brick, or utensils, the indispensable accompaniments of Roman stations. The site, it must be confessed, is very promising, when viewed at a distance from some adjacent eminence; being such as might be imagined to have caught the attention of a Roman engineer, as it is on the most eligible line of road from Rutunium to Miltir Geryg, Tram y Sarn, Bala, &c., on a table-land elevation, and near the angle of junction of the Tanat and Vyrnwy. Some Welsh chieftain had built a mansion on the spot, called Careg Hwva Castle, which was demolished about the beginning of the 13th century; and being apparently built of wood, though in the country of stone and marble, not the least vestige of the building, not a cinder, now remains; a foss, to guard the most accessible approach on the east, being the only index left. From these data I am led to conclude, that Mediolanum is still among the *terras incognitæ*.

## SECTION V.

### WATER.

THE river Tanat bounds the southern, and the mountain torrent, Ceiriog, rushes through the northern wing of the parish. The native streams are the Gwenlas,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Gwenlas, near Rhyd Lios,"—called Cennin in the Charter of Chirk. Gwenlas also is the name of the Rhaiadr before it rushes down the cataract called Pistyll Rhaiadr.

Gwenffrwd, Ogwy, and Nant-gwy; these, uniting, form the rivulet Cynllaith, which formerly gave name to the commot, the lordship, and the deanery. This stream, taking its course southward, soon mingles its water with that of the Tanat, near the ancient mansion of Glan Cynllaith (Pen y Bont) on the borders of the counties of Montgomery and Salop. Llyn Moelvre is a lake of about one mile in circumference, situate at the foot of the western escarpment of Gwrn Moelvre, a prominent feature of the parish, to be noticed in the following section. The lake seems to have been originally formed by an avalanche from the adjoining escarpment, which by its fall dammed the rivulet, and caused the body of stagnant water now under consideration. It is stocked with carp and pike, and is the property of the lord of the manor of Cynllaith Owain.

## SECTION VI.

### MOUNTAINS.

GWRN Moelvre stands on the northern side of the oval basin of Silin, on the verge of the parish of Llan Gadwaladr. It is perfectly isolated, having no connection with any other eminence; which makes its pyramidal head conspicuous to most places in Montgomeryshire. Its elevation, at its western extremity, where it seems to hang nearly in a precipice over Moelvre lake, is 1714 feet. From this apex its outline forms a regular inclined plane of about 7000 feet, in an eastern direction, until it loses itself in the plain. The body of the mountain consists of a schistose shale, having some sand in its composition; with some masses of more indurated and amorphous grey mountain rock. The summit is covered with heath (*erica*) growing upon an useless peat soil. The sides and lower parts

afford excellent summer pasture for sheep and store cattle. From its peak may be enjoyed a most varied and extensive view. Among the nearer objects, to the south-east and south, appear the limestone hills of Sychdin and Pentre' Gaer, and the silicious rocks of Sycharth, exhibiting the peculiar boldness which forms their characteristic feature; to the south and west the uniformly tame and grassy hills covering the shaly strata; to the north the dreary range of the Berwyn group. At some little distance appears Cader Verwyn, its loftiest summit within the slate tract, which by Furnival's Map is of the height of ... 2563 feet.

To the S. W. Pumlumon ... 2463

To the S. Cevn Digoll .. 1330

To the S. Rodney's Pillar,<sup>1</sup> ... 1199

To the S. E. the Shropshire Wrekin... 1320

The Broxton Hills and Beeston Castle, in Cheshire, close the scene to the east.

The vale of Silin is not to be viewed to advantage from the summit; but, in descending, about half-way, it exhibits a scene not frequently equalled. The accompaniments wanting, to render it truly picturesque, are more wood and water; the lake of Moelvre being behind the curtain.

## SECTION VII.

### ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

OF ancient monuments we have but few. On ascending from Sycharth, the celebrated mansion of Owain Glyndwr, to Mynydd y Bryn, we come to a part of it called Craig y Caws. According to Camden, Michael's Mount in Cornwall was anciently called by

<sup>1</sup> On the Bre-ddin.

the inhabitants Careg Cowse, which he interpreted "hoary rock," but how justly, we must leave the critics in the Cornish tongue to decide. Under Craig y Caws, to the south-east, are seven or eight *carneddau*, or heaps of loose stones; and at a little distance are as many more; and in the centre, between them, is a perfect circle of loose stones, about 40 paces in diameter, the area perfectly level, without any traces of additional stones within. On inquiry, we found, by one peasant, that the name of the circle was Buarth y Geini; and by another, Buarth y Geivr; either of which may afford a precious "morsel of criticism" for the ingenious mythologist. These monuments are in the silicious tract; and on an eminence above Pentre' y Gaer we found Caer Rhuddwyn, an ancient camp, surrounded with a rampart of loose limestone, inclosing several acres. Within its area is a mound of earth, &c., called Bedd y Cawr (the Giant's Grave). Its dimensions may be learned from the following odd advertisement by Mr. "William Maurice *Llansilinensis*," in the year 1678:—"An unheard of morrice dance is to be celebrated on the grave mount of Rhuddwyn Gawr Mawr, a Kymerian giant, of sixty feet in length, and nine in height above the ground, by Marsli Hen, aged 140." Llyn Rhuddwyn is a lake of considerable dimensions, close under the encampment. Still eastward lieth Caer Myvyr, a similar rampart of loose sandstone, inclosing about three acres. There is nothing Druidic in the appearance of these two monuments; they are simply camps, and relics of the rude mode of warfare used by the aborigines of the island. Among the answers to Mr. Edward Lluyd's parochial queries, in the year 1699, there is a Welsh letter from the parish of Oswestry, enumerating three of these camps,—"*Clawdd ceryg ym mhen Caer Myvyr, un arall ym mhen Tre y Gaer, a'r trydydd yn y Pant caregog yng Nghraig Vordav.*" In the fairy tales of yore there is a triad of giants, who were brothers:—1, Cawr Myvyr; 2, Cawr Rhuddwyn; 3, Cawr Berwyn.

We have described the camps of the two former personages; but where the third pitched his tent, we do not know.

In the township of Rhiwlas, there is a stone of considerable magnitude, which was formerly styled *Maen Tyssilio*. It was used to be the rallying point of the strong and the active from several parts, in order to strive for superiority in their rural Olympics of the *Saith Gwrol Gamp*. The times are changed, and the name of the spot has been converted into *Pant Tyssilio*. In 1699 there was a well in the parish of Oswestry, called *Ffynnon Maen Tyssilio*, where the inhabitants resorted to celebrate their annual wake.

## SECTION VIII.

### ANCIENT HOUSES, MEN OF NOTE, &c.

I NOW come to the historical account of the mansion houses of this parish, which some centuries ago were the residence either of warlike chieftains, or of the liberal patrons of the tuneful Bards. In an alphabetical order they may be arranged thus:—1, Glasgoed; 2, Lloran; 3, Moelvre; 4, Moeliwrch; 5, Plas Newydd, or Bodlith; and 6, Sycharth. All these, excepting the latter, are still standing, though not in their original state. In order to render this subject more intelligible, it may be proper to take, cursorily, a retrospective view of former times, commencing with the occurrences of the eleventh century; when

“Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, bob cwys,  
Ei hun bioedd hen Bowys.”

This Prince was slain in the year 1073; and his son Meredydd eventually took possession of the whole principality of Powys, which he divided before his death, in 1132, into two moieties. Powys Vaelawr, or

the eastern, north of the river Tanat, to his son Madog; and Powys Gyveiliog, or the western, south of the Tanat, to his grandson Owain Cyveiliog. According to the customary usage of gavel-kind, Madog again divided his moiety into six parts, amongst as many sons. The lot of his son Einion, surnamed Evell, or the twin, fell in Cynllaith, a lordship of which this parish of Silin formed the greater part. The residence of Einion is said to have been at Llwyn y Maen in the adjoining parish of Oswestry. He died in 1196, and was succeeded by his son Rhun; and he by his son Cuhelyn. We are informed by two verses, still extant, that in the year 1230 this Cuhelyn rebuilt the mansion-house of Lloran Uchav in this parish. These verses are attributed<sup>1</sup> to Einion ab Gwalchmai, a celebrated Bard of the isle of Anglesey; but he seems to be too early for the period in question, and especially for the construction of this species of verse.<sup>2</sup> Ieva, the son of Cuhelyn, is represented as still residing at Llwyn y Maen; and before his death he gavelled his inheritance between his two sons: Madog Goch had Lloran Uchav and its appendages; and Ieva Vychan, the younger son, according to prescriptive right, had the paternal mansion of Llwyn y Maen. The son of Madog Goch of Lloran was another Madog, surnamed Kyffin, by way of distinction, from a place of that name where he had been nursed.<sup>3</sup> From him, in after times, numerous families of his descendants assumed the name.<sup>4</sup> This first of the Kyffins was succeeded by his son Ieuan,

<sup>1</sup> Davies's *Heraldry Displayed*, 12mo. 1716, p. 36.

<sup>2</sup> Deuddeg cant rhuglant rhagflaen—a thri deg

Oedd oed y Mab cywraïn;

Seiliodd Cuhelyn sylfaen,

Uchel mawr, o galch a maen.

Cododd, arlwyodd ar lan—dwr Barog,

Ody a bery'r byd allan;

Eurer glod i'r eryr glân

Nudd llwyr yn neuadd Lloran.

<sup>3</sup> Kyffin, a township in the parish of Llan Gadvan, Montgomeryshire.

<sup>4</sup> Richard Vaughan, son of Richard Vaughan, of Golden Grove, created Earl of Carbery by Charles I, was lineally descended from Madog Kyffin in the eighth degree.

surnamed *Gethin* (terrible). Gethin had four sons, Ieuan Vychan, Morus, Iolyn, and Gruffydd. Of these, and their descendants, I shall treat in the above order of succession.

1. Ieuan Vychan, the eldest, took his residence at Moeliwrch, a house loftily situated on the southern brow of Gwrn Moelvre, within about a mile of the village of Silin, where his descendants continued for several generations, the dispensers of unbounded hospitality, and the liberal patrons of their cotemporary bards.

Hywel, the son of Ieuan Vychan, is the first that I find celebrated in song. His principal bards were Guto y Glyn, and Ieuan Gru. Llywelyn, who flourished from 1400 to 1460. The former has a poem on the re-building of Moeliwrch house, of which he says,

"Cymry a'i gwel fry, gwal fraith,  
Caer gan-llofft y carw o Gynllaith;  
Nef im' yw o Naf a main,  
Neuadd fel seren Owain."

This must have been composed subsequently to the year 1402, when the comet alluded to in this couplet appeared, which the bards would have the people believe was a forerunner of some propitious revolution in the nation under the auspices of their illustrious hero. In another poem the bard says, that he had published the banns of friendship between himself and his hospitable patron at Moeliwrch in thirteen poems, composed, it may be presumed, at thirteen different festivals; and that though the Abbot David of Llan Egwest (Valle Crucis) had urgently pressed the bard to spend the Christmas with him, yet neither abbot, nor priest, nor bishop, nor pope, should be able to hasten his departure from the hall of Moeliwrch.

"Duw Tad, wedi dau oed hydd,  
A'th briodes a'th brydydd,  
Rhoi'n dystion, rhan dwy osted,  
Ydd wyf dri chwydd ar ddeg;

\*\* Y mae deupen carennydd  
Y rhôm, nad awn byth yn rhydd;  
Er bod rhof a'r abad draw,  
Ammodau i ymadaw;  
Nid micar a'n hysgar ni,  
Na brawd a wnai briodi;  
Nid eagob, enw dewis-gair,  
Nid Pab, onid Mab Mair."

Hywel's successor was his son Ieuan, whose bard, Hywel Kilan, flourished from 1460 to 1490.

Ieuan's son was Llywelyn o Voeliwrch, more popular among the bards than any of his predecessors. Deio ab Ieuan Bwl addresses a poem to him in behalf of a friend for a brace of greyhounds, in which he is styled,

"Llew o fewn maes, â'r llafn main,  
A thŷm Cynllaith Owain."

Another of Llywelyn's domestic bards was Ieuan ab Gruffydd Leiav, who wrote from 1500 to 1530.

Llywelyn died about 1534; and the act for the union of England and Wales (26th Hen. VIII.) passing about the same time, a dispute arose between his sons as to the disposition of their father's estate; the eldest claiming, by the new law, the right of primogeniture; and the youngest insisting upon the gavel-kind division, as directed by the laws of Hywel Dda, and sanctioned by immemorial usage. After much litigation, the case was referred. I have a copy of the bond of arbitration, and the award thereupon, now before me. By the award, Morus Wynn, the elder son, succeeded to maintain hospitality at the Plas ym Moeliwrch; Tomas ab Llywelyn, his brother, was to have two tenements in Llys Dynwallon, and at his own cost and charge to divide all the rest of the possessions of their said father, in Cynllaith Owain, Cynllaith yr Iarll, and Careg Hwva, in the lordships of Chirk and Oswestry, or elsewhere, into two equal parts; and Morus Wynn to have his choice of the moieties: "Morus to have a seat in our Lady's chancel within the Church of Llansilin, and



Tomas to have a seat in the same Church anynce St. Silin."

Among the bards who wrote elegies to the memory of Llywelyn, were Morus ab Hywel ab Tudur, and Wiliam Alaw. The latter says,—

"Milwr a chawr Moelyrch aeth—  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Llan a'i dug allan o'i dai,  
 Llywelyn—llu a wylai;—\*\*\*  
 Mil a wyl am Lywelyn,  
 Mae ei ras i'w aer—Morus Wynn.  
 Yn ei ol ef, ni wyl iaith  
 Fath ganllaw fyth i Gynllaith;  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Caf sy waeth—cefaei ei win,  
 Cerais alarch côr Silin."

The bard mentions four sons, though the award notices only two:—

"Pum mroder—pwy ym Mhrydain,  
 Ym mraich rhiw, mor wych a rhai'n?"

He then advises them to agree amicably for their father's possessions, and to abide by a reference to their friends and relations, rather than having recourse to the "glorious uncertainty of the law." Excellent advice!

"Rhoed y broder ar geraint,  
 At wŷr eu bro, eu tŷr a'u braint."

Morus Wynn having gained the paternal mansion, supported the wonted hospitality without abatement. His bards were Huw Ceiriog, Wiliam Cynwal, Huw Arwystl, and Gruffydd Hiraethog; who flourished from 1520 to 1580. The latter bard, in going his rounds to Moeliwrch, said,—

"Tynu'r wyl, tan araf-hynt,  
 Treiglo lle bu'r Guto gynt.\*\*\*  
 Pawb yno—pob awenydd,  
 Yno can bawb, canu bydd!  
 Yno gwan cerdd, nid gwiw cel,  
 Tewach na'r Guto i Hywel.' \*\*\*

<sup>1</sup> Guto y Glyn, about a century before, was the favourite bard of Hywel, who was great grandfather to Morus Wynn.

Llew iawn yn cadw llawenydd  
Llan Silyn, Morus Wynn sydd."

Of the hospitable mansion, and the multiplicity of its visitors, Huw Ceiriog says,—

"Ty mawl a gwin—ty aml gyrch,  
Tair mil at dŷrau Moelyrch."

Great was the lamentation when this *last* of the patrons of the Cambrian muse, at Moeliwrch, went to the "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

"Duodd a rhewodd yr hin—ar Foeliwrch.  
Marfolæth breninllin;  
Llu â gwaedd lle y bu gwin,  
Am Forus hael o fro Silin!  
M. AB I. AB DAFYDD.

Hiraeth, trwm alaeth tramawr—y sydd  
I'n synn hyd Faelawr,  
Fyn'd Duw ei hun mewn unawr,  
A'r llewyrch o Foelyrch fawr!"  
GR. AB GR.

Morus Wynn, for his second wife, married his kinswoman and neighbour, the heiress of the house of Bodlith. Richard, their son, preferring the more sheltered situation of Bodlith, built a new house there, and made it his residence, which he called Plas Newydd. His daughter and heiress Gwenwyvar, a favourite family name, married Foulk Middleton, the seventh son of Richard, Governor of Denbigh Castle.

"In the porch of the Church of Whitchurch, near Denbigh (says Mr. Pennant), is a brass plate, on which are engraven, kneeling, Richard Middleton, Governor of Denbigh Castle, and Jane his wife, daughter of Hugh Dryhurst of Denbigh. She died Dec. 3, 1565, aged 40; he, Feb. 8, 1575, aged 67. Behind him are nine sons, behind her seven daughters, all kneeling." Rhys Cain, in an elegy on the Governor and his lady, mentions the number of their offspring:—

"Mae cedyrn am eu codi,  
Ac o ryw hon a'i gwr hi:  
Naw mab rhoed, ym mhob rhediad,  
A saith loer—urddas wy'h wiad."

The third son in this numerous progeny was the celebrated Captain William Middleton, the Gwilym Ganoldrev of Welsh literature and prosody.

The fourth son was Sir Thomas Middleton, Lord Mayor of London, and the purchaser of the Chirk Castle estate from a Lord St. John of Bletso.

The sixth in my MS. (the fifth according to Mr. Pennant and Mr. Yorke) was Sir Hugh, the great miner and engineer; who, though dying poor himself, enriched thousands, by bringing the New River to London.

Foulk Middleton, of Plas Newydd, was succeeded by his son Richard, who was followed by two more in succession of the same name. Huw Morus, the bard of Ceiriog, whom Mr. Lewis Morris styles the "Comet of the 17th century," was a welcome and frequent visitor with the Middletons of Plas Newydd. An ode to Richard Middleton, an elegy on the death of his wife, Barbara Wynn of Melai, and a beautiful new year's *calendarium*, to Miss Ann Middleton, are among his manifold and excellent productions. This branch of the Middletons ended in an heiress, the sister of the last Richard, who married Thomas Meredi, Esq., of Pentre' Bychan, near Wrexham; from whom this ancient property was transferred to the Myddeltous of Chirk Castle, where it continued until the late unfortunate division in the family, when Moeliwrch and Plas Newydd came into the possession of the present hospitable inhabitants.

Two of the Middletons of Plas Newydd were sheriffs for the County of Denbigh; Foulk Middleton in 1619, and Richard Middleton in 1650. Huw Morus, in one of his poems, says, that the latter had suffered much in the service of his sovereign;<sup>1</sup> therefore his sheriffalty must be considered as an acknowledgement

<sup>1</sup> I chwi, Risiart wych rasawl,  
Miltwn, daw miliwn & mawl:  
Enaid y Miltyniaid da,  
A'u cu flaenor cyflawna';  
Da oedd ffydd, er dyoddef ffin,  
Gwaed eich bron gyda'ch brenin.

of his services from the then ruling power, the Parliament.

Thomas ab Llywelyn, the younger son of Moeliwrch, on the division of the estate, as before related, settled upon the portion awarded to him in Llys Dynwallawn. The third in lineal descent from him was William Maurice, of Cevn y Braich, an able antiquary, and the industrious collector of the library of manuscripts now at Wynnstay. He was descended maternally from Lowri, sister of Owain Glyndwr; and what is singularly coincident, he married Lætitia, a descendant of Glyndwr's successful opponent, Henry Bolinbroke. She was a Kynaston of Morton, descended from the Greys of Powys, and the Greys from Antigony, daughter of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, fourth son of Henry IV.

"Mae'r achau gorau yn grych—drwy 'gilydd  
 I'w gweled yn fynych;  
 O adrodd a hir edrych;  
 Y gwael sy'n deiryd i'r gwych."

Mr. William Maurice was so devoted to Welsh literature that he erected, close to his house at Cevn y Braich, a lofty pile of three stories high, for his library; where he immured himself the greater part of his time. It was called the "Study," but is now in ruins. From what I recollect of it, and of a print in an old Oxford Almanac of "Friar Bacon's Study" in that University, I judge the one to have been a *fac simile* of the other.

This assiduous antiquary died from about 1680 to 1690. His daughter and heiress, Lætitia, married David Williams, of Glan Alaw, in the isle of Anglesey, Esq. Their grand-daughter married one of the Meyricks of Bodorgan, who sold both estates. That in Llansilin is now the joint property of Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Poole.

I am aware that I have been rather tedious, and perhaps tiresome to my readers, in giving this historical sketch of the family of Ieuan Vychan of Moeliwrch, a

family so little known in the annals of war and turbulent politics; but, like the heroes of the Iliad, their deeds are perpetuated only in verse: and I cannot deny myself the pleasure of wishing that I could have been present when Hywel or Llywelyn presided at a Bardic Congress in the hall of Moeliwrch. One of the Bards,<sup>1</sup> in his poem, compares Hywel and his gifted associates with the far-famed Arthur and his knights, encircling the festive round table on the banks of the river Usk. As the present worthy Vicar of Silin<sup>2</sup> has access to most of the Moeliwrch poems, written in the 15th and 16th centuries, he would discharge a debt, due to the memory of the worthies who were the subjects of them, were he to publish the collection, illustrated with his notes, critical and historical.

I now proceed to other descendants of Ieuan Vychan, of Moeliwrch. His son Gruffydd married the heiress of Aber Tanat. For three generations his descendants assumed the surname of Llwyd.<sup>3</sup> The son of the last Llwyd, Thomas, took the name of Tanat, from the river flowing close below his house. From the Tanats the estate passed, by marriage, to the Godolphins, a Cornish family; and from them, by the will of Lord Godolphin, to the noble family of Osborne.

A collateral branch of the Tanats settled at Blodvoel; an heiress married a Mathews of Court; and the heiress of the Mathews a Bridgeman, ancestor of Lord Bradford, the present owner. The Tanats of Trewylan and Broxton were of the same stock. The family of Llan Gedwyn, whose last heiress, Catherine, married Owain Vychan, of Llwydiarth, the Powells, of Whittington, and the Maurices, of Trev Edryd, were of the same branch.

<sup>1</sup> Ieu. Gruff. Llywelyn.

<sup>2</sup> [The Rev. David Richards.—*Ed. Cambro-Briton.*]

<sup>3</sup> Af ddyw Sul, foddus aelwyd.  
Af ddydd Llun at Ddafydd Llwyd:  
Af ddyw-Mawrth fi odd yma.  
Af beunydd at Ddafydd dda.

Other scions of the Moeliwrch stock took root at Llwyth Ter, in Llan Armon, and at Pant Glas Isav, in the adjoining parish of Llan Gadwaladr. Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Morus Lewis, of Pant Glas Isav, married Morus Jones of Dôl in Edeyrnion, and were the ancestors of the Joneses, afterwards of Rhagat and Cevn Coch, in the Vale of Clwyd. The family of ——— Jones, Esq., of Bryn Eisteddvod, near Conway, by his first marriage, are descendants of this branch. From a brother of Morus Lewis, of Pant Glas, descended the Hugheses of Cevn Llyvnog, now represented by Mrs. Pryse, of Llan St. Ffraid, in Montgomeryshire. Mary, daughter of another brother of Morus Lewis, married E. Richards, of Pentre' Heilyn Uchav.

2. Morus, son of Ieuan Gethin:—His son Hywel married the heiress of Glasgoed, the fourth in descent from Einion Gethin o Gynllaith, and he the fifth from Rhiwallon, brother of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, who fell in the battle of Mechain, in the year 1060. John, the great grandson of Hywel, took the surname of Kyffin, from his ancestor Madog Kyffin. His grandson, John Kyffin, sold Glasgoed to his father's brother, Gruffydd Kyffin, the father of Watkin Kyffin, Esq., whose daughter Margaret married Sir William Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons in the two last Parliaments of Charles II, father of Sir William Williams, Bart., of Glan Vordav, the great grandfather of the present baronet, Sir W. W. Wynn, of Wynnstay. The first Sir William served in Parliament for the city of Chester, and the borough of Beaumaris, successively.<sup>1</sup> He died in London on the 10th of July, 1700, aged 66, and was buried in the chancel of Llansilin, where a noble monument has been erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription, copied at length in the Appendix to Mr. Yorke's *Royal Tribes*, No. XX. p. 175.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Yorke (*Royal Tribes*, p. 114) adds, that he also represented the county of Caernarvon; but I have it from good authority that the Member for Caernarvonshire at that time was another of the same name.

The bardic monuments, more durable than those either of marble or bronze,<sup>1</sup> erected to the memory of individuals of this family, are verses addressed to Sir William, the Speaker, on his abilities and success in his several legal avocations, by Huw Morus, and an elegy on the death of his lady, the heiress of Glasgoed, in the year 1705, by Elis Roland.

\* \* \* \* \*

Daw cu! ni fodeua coed  
Na glwys-gerdd yn y Glasgoed!  
Och ry gaeth! yn iach roi gwin,  
Llun na Sul yn Llansilin.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some MSS. inform us that the stock of this branch, Morus ab Ieuan Gethin, resided "in a stately mansion at Garth Eryr, in Mochnant. His son William succeeded him at Garth Eryr; and, owing to some act or intrigue of his in the cause of his country, it is said that the *Arghwyddi Gleision* were sent by the king with a commission to arrest him upon a plea of treason; and, when they failed of laying hands upon him, they set fire to his mansion, which was never rebuilt."—*Old MS.*

Other descendants from Morus ab Ieuan Gethin are the Kyffins of Maenan and St. Martin's, and the Lloyds of Aston and Maesbre.

The Lloyds of Bodlith have been already noticed as united to the Wynns of Moeliwrch.

The Lloyds of Moelvre are still in possession of their ancient inheritance.

The Lloyds of Lloran Isav, in this parish, were also descended from Morus. From the Lloyds the estate passed to the Griffiths. The last heiress of that name married — Powell, Esq., of Gungrog, near Welshpool, who left two daughters, coheiresses: the youngest married Robert Lloyd, Esq., of Oswestry,

<sup>1</sup> ——— monumentum ære perennius.—HOR.

and left no issue; and the latter married Jenkin Parry, Esq., of Main, near Meivod, whose daughter, Mrs. Margaret Parry, of Glan yr Avon, near Oswestry, is out of a numerous family, the only surviving representative of the house of Lloran Isav.

The Lloyds of Talwrn, in Llansilin, were descendants of Morus. Talwrn is now the property of T. Longueville Jones, Esq., of Oswestry.

Lloran Ganol estate, in this parish, was the property of John, son of Morus Goch o Gynllaith. Ieuan his son, upon some offence given by him to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, to whom Queen Elizabeth had granted the lordships of Denbigh, Chirk, and Cynllaith,<sup>1</sup> had his estate taken from him, and granted "by charter" to John Chaliner, senior. Thomas Chaliner was in possession thereof in the reign of Charles II. as there is one of Huw Morus's poems addressed to him.

Sir Robert Cotton, in his speech before the Lords of the Treasury, in the year 1695, when the lordships of Denbigh, Bromfield, and Yale, were about to be made over by a grant from King William to the Earl of Portland, said, that "when the Earl of Leicester had a grant of the lordships of Denbigh, &c., he was so oppressive to the gentry of the country, that he occasioned them to take up arms, and to oppose him; for which three or four of Lady Cotton's relations, the Salisburys, were hanged." If so, Ieuan of Lloran Ganol might have considered himself fortunate in escaping with only the confiscation of his landed property. The estate now belongs to Mrs. Davies, relict of the late Thomas Davies, Esq., of Oswestry.

3. From Iolyn, son of Ieuan Gethin, are descended the Kyffins of Bodvach. Davydd, the third in descent from Iolyn, married the heiress of Bodvach, the seventh in descent from Celynin of Llwydiarth, and he the sixth from Aleth vrenin Dyved. The heiress of the Kyffins married Adam Pryce, Esq., of Glan Miheli, a

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Powell's *History of Wales*, 1st ed., p. 214.



branch of the Pryces of New Town, and of the Royal Tribe of Elystan Glodrydd. The heiress of the Pryces of Bodvach and Glan Miheli was the mother of the present Sir Edward Pryce Lloyd, Bart., of Pengwern.

The Williamses of Maes Mochnant are also descended from Iolyn.

4. The youngest son of Ieuan Gethin was Gruffydd, who inherited the paternal mansion, and was the ancestor of the Maurices of Lloran Uchaf and Glan Cynllaith, both in this parish. By a monument in the northern aisle of the Church, to the memory of David Maurice, Esq., of the latter house, we are informed that Glan Cynllaith or Pen y Bont was the seat or share of the third branch of the ancient house of Lloran Uchav, upon a division of that estate amongst eight sons, about the year 1560; being the sixth division of the Lloran Uchav estate amongst sons from the year 1200 to the year 1560. David Maurice died in 1719. The Lloran Uchav estate fell by heirship to his son Edward, who died without issue in 1732. His mother, Elizabeth, second daughter of Robert Villiers, Lord Viscount Purbeck, and Baron of Stoke in the county of Bucks, erected the monument to the grateful memory of her husband and son. The united estates of Lloran and Pen y Bont or Glan Cynllaith, then became the property of the heir at law to both, Price Maurice, Esq., the father of the present proprietor, Edward Corbet, of Ynys y Maengwyn, Esq.

We have here an instance, or case in point, that the effects of the custom of gavel-kind are not, in all cases, so destructive to the entirety of estates as we may be led to imagine by a slight reflection. To the effects to be apprehended from such frequent divisions among brothers, Providence seems to have principles of counteraction in store, in failure of issue in some branches, and in the re-union of estates by marriages of heiresses of the same *gwehelyth*, or stock. The Lloran estate, when united to that of Glan Cynllaith, in the beginning of the last century, after such frequent divisions from

the 13th century downwards, was very ample in the counties of Denbigh and Montgomery; which tends to militate against the supposition, that anything like the *Spencean* system of minute division of landed property can ever become permanent.

In closing the account of the Kyffins of Glasgoed in this parish, I ought to have particularly noticed an ornament to his family and his country. Morus Kyffin was the second son of Richard Kyffin, Esq. J. his elder brother, sold Glasgoed, as before related, to his uncle Gruffydd, father of Watkin Kyffin, Esq. Thomas Kyffin, A.M., younger brother of Morus, was Vicar of Welshpool, in 1600, and of Aber-Rhiw (Barrow), the neighbouring parish, in 1608. He built the vicarage-house at the latter place, as appears by the initials of his name, T. K., and the year (1616) over the hall-door. He died in 1622. Morus Kyffin, the poet and linguist, in his younger years, translated Terence's *Andria* into English, and afterwards, Bishop Jewel's *Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* into Welsh. He dedicated the work to his friend and kinsman, William Meredith, and dated the preface, London, Oct. 1595. Two approved Welsh critics have lately given their estimate of his performance. In the *Cambrian Biography*, Mr. W. O. Pughe styles Morus Kyffin "the elegant translator," &c.; and I am informed that Mr. Edward Williams (Iolo Morganwg), on being asked at the Eisteddfod held at Caermarthen, in July, 1819, "What Welsh publication he considered as the ornament of the language?" answered without hesitation, "Morus Kyffin's translation of Bishop Jewel's *Apologia*." This excellent man, as we learn from his extensive library, intended a translation of the *Psalms* into Welsh, for the use of Churches. He has left a specimen of his proficiency in versification, in epigrams, &c. &c. of Crug-caeth in Caernarvonshire, and Nant-y-fon, an Avernian chasm in Cywellyn. I have already given an *englyn*, to welcome the cuckoo in spring, and now give a specimen:—

"(Croesaw, Gog odidog dy adail—coed,  
Croesaw, ceidwad glasddail.  
Croesaw, pencerdd bron werdd-ddail,  
Croesaw Duw—cares y dail."

Kyffin's *Apology* underwent a new edition, in Oxford, in 1671,<sup>1</sup> under the care, and at the expense, of another zealous friend to the Principality, and another native of this parish, viz.:—

Charles Edwards, of the family of Rhyd y Croesau, related to the Edwardses, of Great Ness, and Garth Eryr. He was a theological writer of respectability. His principal work was *Hanes y Ffydd*, or a History of Christianity, which passed through several editions. In an Appendix to one of them he has collected extracts from the works of the ancient Welsh bards, to shew that their tenets were orthodox; and that the primitive British Church was independent of that of Rome. In his comparisons between Hebrew and Welsh phrases, it does not appear that he has been more successful than others, who, upon such occasions, have given too loose reins to their fancy.

Huw Morus, the poet, as he is emphatically called, because he excelled all others in the smooth and flowing *Awen* of song writing, was also a native of this parish. He was born at Pont y Meibion, in the valley of Ceiriog, in the year 1622. He died in 1709, as appears from his tomb-stone in the Churchyard; having lived in six reigns, exclusive of the period of the Commonwealth. His songs, carols, and other pieces, some hundreds in number, and many of them adapted to the times, have been recently collected; and, as I am informed, will be speedily published.<sup>2</sup>

To these I add Roger Kyffin (o Swydd y Waen); Tomas Prys of Plas Iolyn, the Lucretius of his day, and himself a gentleman, enumerates this Kyffin as

<sup>1</sup> [The Rev. Thomas Charles published another edition in 1808; and a fourth appeared in 1849 under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *Cambro-Briton*, No. 6. p. 239.—*Ed. Cambro-Briton*.]

one out of forty-four in a catalogue of bards of respectability, in the reign of Elizabeth, who wrote for the sake of the pleasures of the *Awen*, and not for hire, like the itinerant rhymers.<sup>1</sup>

John Davies, author of a small tract, published in the year 1716, called *Heraldry Displayed*, was a native of Rhiwlas in this parish. His sister married Jacob Reynolds, of Chirk, whose son, John Reynolds, of Oswestry, having possession of his uncle John Davies's collection of MSS. published a 4to. Book of Pedigrees in 1739.

These two works, with Mr. Yorke's *Royal Tribes of Wales*, and the *Genealogy of King James the 1st*, are the only publications we have of the kind.

To the foregoing authors, natives of this parish, who have long ago rested from their labours, I am informed by a friend that I may add a late writer of celebrity, descended from Gruffydd, son of Ieuan Gethin, of Lloran Uchav, in this parish—the Rev. Thomas Maurice, formerly of University College, Oxford, the indefatigable learned author of *Indian Antiquities*, in seven volumes, 8vo., the *Ancient and Modern History of India*, in several volumes, 4to., with other productions in verse and prose.

Of the same house and name was the Very Rev. Andrew Maurice, Dean of St. Asaph. Anthony à Wood, and Brown Willis, say that he was “a gentleman's son of Denbighshire, of Oriel College, afterwards Chaplain of All Souls' College, Oxford, instituted Dean of St. Asaph, Aug. 28, 1634, on the nomination of Sir Maurice Abbot, Knt., executor of Archbishop Abbot, who took this deanery as his option, by Bishop John Owen. He had several other Church preferments, but was ejected out of all in the great rebellion, and, dying in 1653, was buried privately in the Cathedral Church of St. Asaph, as Bishop Owen

<sup>1</sup> See this Catalogue of authors within the four counties of Anglesey, Caernarvon, Denbigh, and Meirionydd, in the *Great*, No. 3, p. 105.

had been in 1651." To this account I may add, that Dean Maurice was the third son of Morus ab Meredydd, of Lloran Uchav, in this parish, the eighth in lineal descent from Ieuan Gethin. The Dean and his brothers were the first of the house that assumed Maurice as a permanent family surname.

## SECTION IX.

### OWAIN GLYNDWR.—HIS DESCENT AND CLAIM TO THE PRINCIPALITY.

AND, last of all, I trust I shall make it appear, that our illustrious countryman, Owain Glyndwr, was an inhabitant, at least, if not a native of this parish. Much obscurity veils the history of our chieftain's ancestors, from the year 1270, when Gruffydd, lord of Dinas Brân, died, down to the year 1400, when his descendant vigorously, though unsuccessfully, undertook to redress the galling grievances of his country. I shall, therefore, endeavour to throw some light upon the gloomy period, before I attend Iolo Goch, the bard of Llechryd, to the halls of the lord of Cynllaith, in this parish. The three points that I intend to discuss upon this occasion, are—

1st. The genealogy of Glyndwr; in opposition to an erroneous opinion entertained by Mr. William Maurice, of Cevn y Braich.

2nd. Glyndwr's natural right to the Principality of Wales, as heir to Llywelyn, the last prince, slain in 1282, in opposition to the assertions of the historians of Wales, Dr. Powell, Wynne, and Warrington.

3rd. The loco-position of the Sycharth of Glyndwr,—the "Sycharth, buarth y beirdd," of Iolo Goch, and fully described by him in his "*Invitation Poem*," "Addewais it' hyn ddwywaith," &c.; in opposition to all who have written upon the subject; the general opinion being, that Iolo Goch, in the above mentioned

poem, describes Glyndwr's seat in Glyndyvrwy, three miles below Corwen, on the Holyhead road. I shall proceed with the points in order.

1. I shall subjoin two parallel sketches of the genealogy of Glyndwr; that marked A being the one commonly adopted, both in manuscript books and printed history;<sup>1</sup> the other, marked B, is found in one MS. of the seventeenth century. Of this latter Mr. William Maurice says, "Here is the true pedigree of Owain Glyndwr, without including either Madog Gloff or Gruffydd Varwn Gwyn, as they are in common books; and this is grounded upon the authority of Iolo Goch, in his *Cywydd Achau O. Glyndwr*."

A.	B.
Gruffydd Maelor,	Gruffydd Maelor,
Madog,	Madog,
Gruffydd,	Gruffydd,
argl. Dinas Brân,	lord of Dinas Brân,
<i>Gruffydd Varwn Gwyn,</i>	Madog Vychan,
<i>Madog Gloff,</i>	Gruffydd o'r Rhuddallt,
Madog Vychan,	Gruffydd Vychan,
Gruffydd Vychan,	<i>Owain Glyndwr,</i>
Gruffydd Vychan,	
<i>Owain Glyndwr.</i>	

Unfortunately for Mr. W. Maurice, he produces his authority by quoting the poem of Iolo Goch, which,

<sup>1</sup> Excepting the Welsh account in the *Greal*, No. 1, which follows Mr. William Maurice's opinion.

contrary to his assertion, confirms the line marked A, and is, of course, incompatible with his substitute B. Iolo Goch's authority is this:—

“ Owain Gruffydd, Nudd in' yw,  
1. Ab Gruffydd llafn-rudd y llall,  
Gryf-gorff gymben ddigrif-gall;  
2. Gorwyr Madog, ior Mudeingl,  
Vychan, yn ymseingian seingl;  
3. Gorysgynydd Ruffydd rwydd  
Maelawr, gywir-glawr arglwydd.”

#### EXPLANATION.

1. Owain Glyndwr, son of Gruffydd Vychan.

2. Owain Glyndwr, great grandson of Madog Vychan.

3. Madog Vychan, the *gorysgynydd*, or fifth in descent, from Gruffydd Maelawr.

This explanation cannot with propriety be applied to the novel scheme. There are, moreover, several other arguments, that militate against the validity of the innovation.

1st. The books of pedigrees. The discarded links, Gruffydd Varwn Gwyn and Madog Gloff, are always inserted as parts of the genealogical chain, with their respective marriages, &c., which would never have been applied to nonentities. As, for instance, Madog Gloff married Margaret, daughter of Rhys Vychan, great grandson of the lord Rhys of Dinevawr, grandson of Rhys ab Tewdwr, prince of South Wales.

2ndly. In the adopted sketch (A) Madog Vychan is the son of Madog Gloff: in the substituted scheme (B) he is the son of Gruffydd, &c., which is contrary to the analogy of the times, as it is worthy of observation, that, in those days, *Vychan* (little or petty) was not assumed as a surname, save in cases where the son took it, in order that he might be distinguished from his father of the same name; as Gruffydd *Vychan*, son of Gruffydd o'r Rhuddallt, and Madog *Vychan*, son of Madog Gloff. The analogy is general; though there

may be, as usual, some few exceptions. Accept of a few instances by way of illustration:—

1. Rhys *Vychan*, son of Rhys Mechell, of South Wales.

2. Ieuan *Vychan*, son of Ieuan Gethin, of Moeliwrch.

3. Gronwy *Vychan*, son of Gronwy, son of Ednyved *Vychan*.

4. Ithel *Vychan*, son of Ithel Llwyd.

5. Llywarch *Vychan*, son of Llywarch Goch, son of Llywarch Holbwrch, &c., &c., &c.

*Vychan* did not become a permanent surname until about the time that the Mostyns, Tanats, Glyns, Llwyd, Wynn, &c., became also permanent surnames.

The only difficulty in admitting the line of descent marked A to be genuine is the number of generations between the year 1270, the death of Gruffydd of Dinas Brân, and the year 1354, the date of the birth of O. Glyndwr. This difficulty may be obviated in the sequel. When Gruffydd, the un-national lord of Dinas Brân, died, he did not leave his four sons in the state of infancy, as was formerly supposed; two of whom, according to tradition, were drowned in the river Dee, under Holt bridge, by the lords Warren and Mortimer. Those barons have cruelty and injustice enough imputed to them, to have their names held in execration to eternity, without this aggravation. Mr. Pennant, from the Sebright MSS., collected by our countryman Lhuyd, assures us, that he saw the deeds executed by the *four* sons, after their father's death, confirming, and even augmenting their mother (Emma Audley)'s dower. This could not have been the act of infants. There is, moreover, a deed published by Brown Willis, by which Gruffydd, the third son, grants land in Llan Degla to Anian, bishop of St. Asaph, and his successors, dated February, 1278. In this grant Gruffydd styles himself, "Griffinius Vychan, filius Griffini ab Madog, Dominus de Yâl." That this Gruffydd was the son of the lord of Dinas Brân may be presumed from an item in the grievances complained of by Llywelyn, the



last Prince, to Archbishop Peckham, in the year 1281; the 6th article of which complains, "that, in the peace concluded between the said Prince and Henry III, in 1277, it was stipulated that Gruffydd Vychan should do homage to the King for the land in Yâl, and to the Prince for the land in Edeyrnion: but, notwithstanding this, the King's justices brought the lady of Maelor<sup>1</sup> into the said lands of Edeyrnion; the knowledge of which cause appertained only to the Prince, and not to the said justices. And yet, for peace sake, the Prince did tolerate all this, being at all times ready to do justice to the said lady."

Gruffydd Vychan, it seems, was the appellation assumed by this lord himself; whilst at the same time, if not later, he was by others designated by the title of Gruffydd y Barwn Gwyn, the white or mild baron. And here I dare not venture to assert, that Cantrev y Barwn, consisting of the commots of Glyndyvrwy, Edeyrnion, and Dinmael, was not so called from him. The lordship of Yâl, at that time, may not have been thought worth the taking from Gruffydd Vychan, either by the King or the Lords Marchers: he was, however, in quiet possession of it in 1278, when he made the grant to Bishop Anian. The lordship of Glyndyvrwy was added to his possessions by a grant from Edward I, dated Rhuddlan, 12th of February, in the tenth year of his reign (1282<sup>2</sup>). It has already been shown that Gruffydd was lord of Edeyrnion in 1277: but we hear nothing of the lordships of his elder brother Madog, nor of his marriage, nor of his offspring. According to his father's will, he was to enjoy the lordship of Bromfield Upper, with the reversion of Moldsdale, Hopedale, and Bromfield Lower, on his mother Emma's demise. But all is silence about him; which brings us again, though reluctantly, to the suspicion of murder, the most base and ungrateful;

<sup>1</sup> Lady Emma Audley's claim of dower.—Powell, p. 281. In the Latin copy, in Wynne, 2nd Edit. p. 367, the "lady of Maelor" is omitted. Why?

<sup>2</sup> Rotuli Wallie, 87.

especially when we reflect that his possessions in Bromfield, &c., were granted by patent to Earl Warren in the same year (10th of Edward I.) as the grant of Glyndyvrwy had been made, as a peace-offering to conscience, to Gruffydd Vychan.<sup>1</sup> It can not be concealed, however, that opinions have been circulated, that Gruffydd and Llywelyn, sons of this Madog, were the infants drowned under Holt bridge,<sup>2</sup> and not their father and his brother.

About the same time (10th of Edward I.) as Glyndyvrwy was granted to Gruffydd Vychan, and almost the whole remaining part of Powys Vaelawr to Earl Warren, it may be presumed that the lordship of Cynllaith was also given to the fourth and youngest son of Gruffydd Dinas Brân. Earl Warren is thought to have acted generously upon this occasion, as mediator between Edward I. and Owain; but, according to the proverb, "Calon y Sais wrth Gymro,"<sup>3</sup> the earl first divided the lordship of Cynllaith into moieties, the greater part whereof he retained to his own use; and it is still a separate manor, called Cynllaith yr Iarll, and belonging to Chirk Castle: and the lesser portion he permitted Owain to hold, which is likewise still a separate manor, attached to the Llan Gedwyn estate, and called Cynllaith Owain. On the death of Owain, without issue, his portion of Cynllaith devolved on his brother Gruffydd Vychan, in whose line it continued until it was forfeited to the Crown by the insurrection of his descendant Glyndwr.

We know but little more of Llywelyn, the second son of Gruffydd the Baron of Dinas Brân, than we do of his elder brother Madog. The Rev. Thomas Ellis, in his *Memoirs* before quoted, says, "We read among the grievances of the Welsh, which were delivered to Archbishop Peckham, how that Llywelyn ab Gruffydd

<sup>1</sup> [See *Cambro-Briton*, No. 4, p. 139, in the Note.—*Ed. Cambro-Brit.*]

<sup>2</sup> See *Memoirs of Owain Glyndwr*, published by the Rev. J. Thomas, in the year 1775, out of a MS. written by the Rev. Thomas Ellis, formerly Rector of Dolgellau.

<sup>3</sup> [An Englishman's heart towards a Welshman.—*Ed. Cambro-Brit.*]

ab Madog complaineth, that the King granted certain letters unto a bastard, called Gruffydd Vychan of Cynllaith, to law with him for his whole Lordship and possessions."—"Quære—Whether this Gruffydd Vychan were not son of Gruffydd Lord of Dinas Brân, and half brother, by the father, unto the said Llywelyn?"—I wish some correspondent of the *Cambro-Briton* would answer this question; for my own part, I must confess, that I am puzzled with it. By referring to the "Grievances" in Powell's *History*, we are farther informed, that, "by the occasion of the King's letters above-mentioned, Llywelyn was under the necessity of spending 200 pounds sterling." Llywelyn farther complained, that three score of his men had been imprisoned, two of his gentlemen hanged without trial, himself detained, his oxen stolen, and that a third part of the town called Lledrod,<sup>1</sup> and his father's house, without any law, or right, or custom of the country, had been taken from him by the King's Justices, and Roger Strange, Constable of Oswald's Cross, &c., &c.

It is not improbable that Earl Warren, when he got a portion of Cynllaith granted to Owain, at the same time procured a permission for his brother Llywelyn to hold the other portion, now called Cynllaith yr Iarll, for his life only, with reversion to himself, the said earl, and his heirs. This suggestion is somewhat strengthened by the township of Lledrod (of which Llywelyn complained that a third part had been taken from him) being at this day included in the manor of Cynllaith yr Iarll, and no part of it in that of Cynllaith Owain. The line of demarcation between these two portions of Cynllaith is exceedingly arbitrary, without having much attention paid to natural boundaries; not only townships, but farms, and even fields and roads being divided by it. How such a division could have taken place originally, is a question of more curiosity than utility. The parish of Silin is at

<sup>1</sup> Lledrod, a township in the parish of Llansilin.

present thus divided, in townships, and parts of townships, between the two moieties of the original lordship.

## CYNLLAITH OWAIN.

1. Sycharth,
2. Pribwll,
3. Lloran.

## CYNLLAITH YR IARLL.

1. Lledrod.
2. Bodlith.

## TOWNSHIPS DIVIDED.

1. Rhiwlas,
2. Llys Dynwallawn,
3. Llansilin,
4. Moelvre; with Tre' Llywarch, in the parish of Llan Armon.

The chief-rent roll of Cynllaith yr Iarll, about the year 1690, was as followeth:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
In Llan Armon...	1	9	0	Lledrod...	4	10	9
— Tre' Geiriog...	2	19	4	Rhiwlas...	2	1	9½
Llys Dynwallawn omitted.				Bodlith...	2	18	7
				Llansilin..	4	2	2
				Moelvre...	0	10	4

2. The second point to be discussed is the claim that Owain Glyndwr had to the Principality of Wales, as being descended from its lawful and acknowledged Princes.

Dr. Powell says,<sup>1</sup> “By these pedigrees it is evident that the title which Owain Glyndwr pretended to the Principality of Wales, was all together frivolous; for he was not descended of the house of North Wales by his father, but of a younger brother of the house of Powys.” Again: “I know none, which are lawfully

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. of Wales*, 1st edition, p. 318.

descended from Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, but such as are come out of the house of Mortimer; in the which house, by order of descent, the right of the inheritance lieth."

From such assertions as these Dr. Powell appears to have been a Vicar of *Bray*, as well as *the* Vicar of *Rhiw-Vabon*.<sup>1</sup> He might have known, that some of the oldest and best genealogists maintain that Gruffydd, son of Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, was not base born, and that Davydd ab Llywelyn, his half brother, succeeded his father in the Principality, to the exclusion of Gruffydd, owing entirely to his superior interest with his uncle Henry III, king of England. Then, Gruffydd being legitimate, his son Llywelyn must have a claim paramount to that of the Mortimers descended from Gwladus, the sister of Gruffydd. Catherine, daughter of the last Llywelyn, by Eleanor, daughter of Simon de Montfort, married Philip ab Ivor, lord of Iscoed, in Cardiganshire, and had issue Eleanor Goch, who married Tomas ab Llywelyn, a lineal descendant of Rhys ab Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales, and had issue Helen, who married Gruffydd Vychan, lord of Glyndyvrddwy and Cynllaith, who had issue, among others, Owain Glyndwr.

When Owain Tudur married Catherine, widow of Henry V, much declamation was used to vilify his descent. Even, in later times, Rapin says, "It is pretended that this gentleman was descended from the ancient kings of Wales; but I do not know whether his extraction be well made out." His translator, Tindal, adds, "It is likewise said that he was the son of a brewer." To mend the matter a little, Tindal goes on, "But the meanness of his extraction was made up by the delicacy of his person, being reckoned the handsomest man of his time."<sup>2</sup> It seems that these historians knew nothing of the commission issued by Henry VII, and directed to the Abbot of Llaneg-

<sup>1</sup> [Commonly pronounced and spelt Ruabon.—*Ed. Cambro-Brit.*]

<sup>2</sup> Edit. 8vo., 1729. vol. v. p. 206.

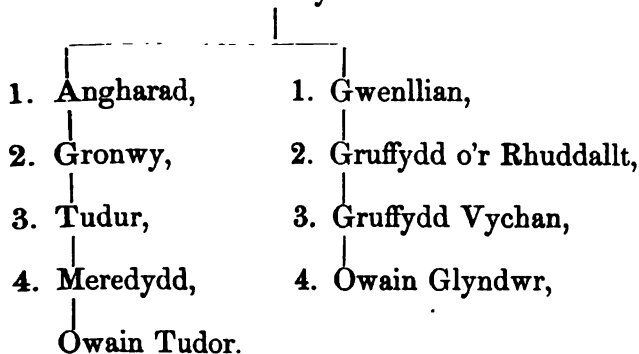
west, Dr. Owen Pool, Canon of Hereford, and others, to search diligently the archives of Wales, that he might know who his grandfather was. The commissioners made a full return, which has been published in an Appendix to Wynne's *History of Wales*: they did not find, it is true, that Owain Tudur was descended from the Great Mogul, or from the Khan of Tartary; but they found him of higher descent—from persons of the most exalted rank, princes and kings of their own country. A higher descent than this no son of Adam can boast.

What pedigrees were honourable to Owain Tudur, were equally so to Owain Glyndwr; for they were near relations, as is apparent from the following sketches.

Edwin, the sixth among the fifteen tribes of Wales, was styled Prince or King of Englefield. He was great grandson of Hywel Dda, Prince of Wales, and had his residence at Llys Llan Eurgain,<sup>1</sup> about the year 1041. From him descended Ithel Vychan, son of Ithel Llwyd.

## I.

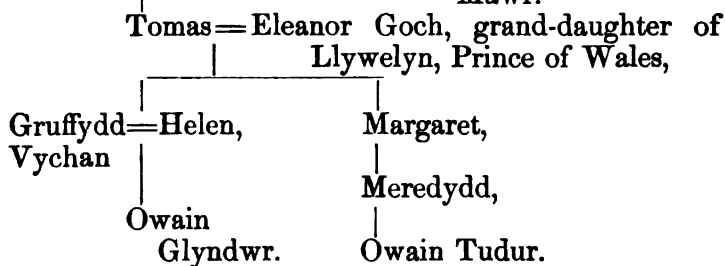
## Ithel Vychan.



<sup>1</sup> Northop, in Flintshire.

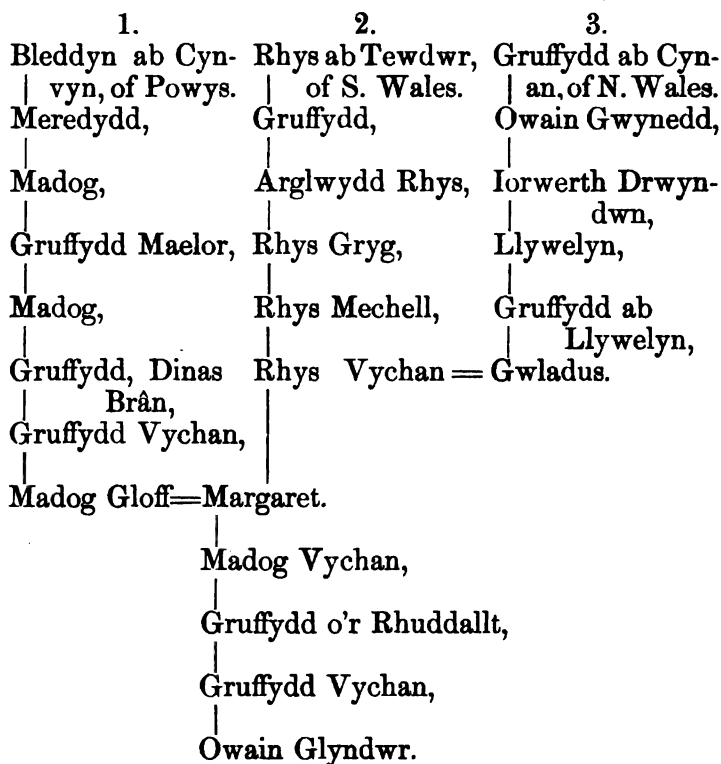
II.

Llywelyn ab Owain descended from Rhys ab Tewdwr Mawr.



III.

Three Royal Tribes centering in Owain Glyndwr.



More might be added; but these three are enow. Though Glyndwr descended maternally from the Princes of North and South Wales; yet, as the Salic law was never acknowledged in Britain, his natural right to the Principality was valid, in default of superior claims by collateral descendants in the male line.

3. We come now to the third point to be discussed, the loco-position of the "Sycharth, buarth y Beirdd," of Iolo Goch; which undoubtedly was a mansion of Owain Glyndwr. Mr. Pennant, in the Index to his *Tour of Wales*, has "Sycharth, the seat of Owain Glyndwr;" and, in following his reference to the page, we find him describing it as situate in the valley of the Dee, three miles below Corwen; and he makes no hesitation in concluding, that there the spirited chieftain was visited by his devoted bard.

In the year 1792, I had the curiosity to visit this spot in Glyndyvrwy, and also another place called, and universally known by the name of Sycharth, in this parish of Silin: and when I returned to Mr. Pennant's volume, I entered in the margin, opposite the name Sycharth, "Sycharth, the seat of Owain Glyndwr, described by Iolo Goch in his 'Invitation Poem,' is in the parish of Llansilin, about twelve miles to the south by east of Glyndyvrwy;" and I am still more and more confirmed in this opinion.

However, to bring this point to an issue, let us appeal to the written testimony of the 14th century, which is to be found in the poem by Iolo Goch. This visit by the bard was several years before the insurrection of 1400, as Glyndwr's children are described, in the "Invitation Poem," as infants and half-grown, introduced in pairs, by their mother, to the venerable stranger; whereas, during the conflict, which commenced in 1400, some of the daughters were married, and the sons were of age and courage to take the field, and to fall in their father's cause.

Let us examine the "Invitation Poem," &c., part by part.



1. The name of the mansion: in one poem the place is called "Sycharth, buarth y beirdd:" *i. e.*, "Sycharth, where bards throng." In the poem in question occurs, "Na syched fyth yn Sycharth:" *i. e.*, "Thirst is a privation unknown in Sycharth." As Owain was baron of two lordships, no one will deny his having a seat in each; one on the Dee, in Glyn-dyvr-dwy, the other on the Cynllaith, in this parish. The only question to be decided is, in which of the two mansions the chieftain resided when he was visited by the veteran bard who wrote the poem, so fully descriptive of the house and its appendages. The site of his seat in Llansilin has been called Sycharth time out of mind, and is not now known by any other name. The whole township is called Sycharth, in every court-leet, and in every parochial document. The site of his residence in Glyndyvr-dwy, or the moat surrounding it, is called Pwll Eïngl.<sup>1</sup> Since the publication of Mr. Pennant's *Tour of Wales*, and the Poem by Mr. Rhys Jones, both in the year 1773, the idea may have been considerably circulated, that this spot at Pwll Eïngl must have been the Sycharth described by Iolo Goch; as it was never suspected, not even by the eagle-eyed and correct Mr. Pennant, that the illustrious chieftain had any other baronial mansion than that in the valley, which gave him his surname of Glyndyvr-dwy, and contractedly Glyndwr.

2. "Ty pren glân, yn nhop bryn glas."

"A fair house of wood, on the summit of a green hillock."

At both places the site is surrounded by a moat. On the Dee the area, enclosed by it, is forty-six paces by twenty-six: "it is not on a tumulus, but the ground is a little raised." At Sycharth the site is a circle of thirty paces diameter; on the summit of an artificial

<sup>1</sup> I am obliged to the Rev. Mr. Beans, who resides near the spot, for much information on the subject under discussion.

tumulus, which is surrounded by the moat, six yards wide, and about the same in depth from the top of the mound. To the west, bordering on the moat, is a *propugnaculum* in the form of a *lunette*, about three hundred paces from point to point, and about thirty over, for the purpose of defending the bridge over the moat, when necessary: the whole on the summit of a natural round hillock, shelving on all sides. The bard has been very particular in describing the plan of the house, and its outbuildings, chapel, dove-house, &c. A person well acquainted with the varieties of ancient architecture might favour the readers of the *Cambro-Briton* with an ichnography and elevation of the mansion, from the helps afforded by the bard in this poem.

3. "Ger llaw'r llys ————  
Pawr ceirw mewn parc arall."

"The deer graze in another park, adjoining the palace."

"On the Dee, adjoining the site of the palace, are two inclosures; one is called Parc Isav, the other Parc. The Parc Isav is small, but the other Parc is from seventy to eighty acres."

In Cynllaith, the next house to Sycharth, on the south-east, is a place called Parc Sycharth, with a farm attached to it. This is at the southern end of an extensive wood, which occupies the escarpment of a rocky hill, also called Parc Sycharth, and may have been the Parc Cwning (the rabbit warren) of the bard. At the northern end of the same wood are a few houses called Pentrev y Cŵn, where the master of the buck-hounds to his barony and his assistants resided.

4. "Melin deg, ar ddifreg ddwr."  
"A fair mill on a perennial stream."

There are no vestiges of such an appendage on the Dee. At Sycharth there is, on the perennial rivulet Cynllaith, close at the foot of the hillock whereon the

palace stood, a mill, formerly called Melin Sycharth; but owing to the grist-mill being lately converted into a fulling-mill, it is now called Pandy Sycharth.

5. "Pysgodlyn —————  
A fo rhaid i fwrw rhwydau."  
"A fish-pond to cast nets into."

"On the Dee, there are no traces of fish-ponds." At Sycharth, between the palace and the wood (the "parc cwning") the ichnography of two fish-ponds, one above the other, is still visible; though now much filled with an accumulation, in a state of transition from aquatic vegetables into an imperfect peat. This matter is several feet deep on the original base of the ponds. The water could not be very abundant; and what formerly supplied the ponds has now been diverted into other channels, by the operation of draining. The fish, which stocked the ponds, the bard informs us, were pike and whiting; each species probably separate; the whiting, says Mr. Pennant, from Bala Lake.

6. "Dwyn blaenffrwyth cwrw Amwythig."

Among a variety of beverages enumerated by the bard, "Shrewsbury Ale" is included. That town, in former times, was much commended for its excellent mode of brewing. Even now its malt is in request in distant parts, "o Lundain i lyn Cawellyn." *Cwrw Amwythig* could be conveyed with greater facility to Sycharth than to Glyndyvrwy. At the latter mansion the bard would have had occasion, probably, to chant the encomium of *Cwrw Caer Lleon*.<sup>1</sup>

I trust that it will now be conceded by our neighbours on the banks of the Dee, that Owain Glyndwr

<sup>1</sup> But perhaps I may be mistaken on this point, as Chester Ale was not famous in former days. Hear a good judge on the subject:—

was, at least, an inhabitant of Cynllaith; especially at the time he was visited by the celebrated bard Iolo Goch, who in after times, by his war songs, roused the hero and his countrymen to arms.

A glossary on these war songs, by Iolo and others, would be curious and interesting; and for want of such a key many passages in them are dark and inexplicable.

How long his mansions stood at Glyndyvrddwy and Cynllaith, after the fall of their owner, is not now known. As they were of timber, and not inhabited, they must soon have fallen into decay. There are now no vestiges at either place. The site at Sycharth has of late been ploughed many times, without having any relics discovered. A few nails, and fragments of stones, bearing the marks of ignition, are the only remains that I saw. It is not probable that the house was burned, as the ploughed soil contains no fragments of charcoal.

Glyndwr's first act of open hostility was on the 20th of September, 1400, when he sacked and burned the town of Ruthin. Henry IV, on the 8th of November following, escheated all his estates in Wales, and made a grant of them to his own brother, John, Earl of Somerset.<sup>1</sup> Glyndwr, at this time, thought such a grant as preposterous as if his Majesty had granted his brother an estate in the moon. However, the predictions of the bards deceived, and fortune at length forsook our hero. His possessions for a time continued in the hands of the Somersets. Thirty-three years after the grant was made in their favour, in the 11th of Henry VI, Sir John Scudamore, of Kent-Church,

"Naws *eidral*\* meddal, yn meddwi—*Saison*,  
Naws eisin a bryntni;  
Naws tair afon is trefi,  
Naws *cwrw* *Caer*—nis câr cil!"

SION TUDUR, 1570.

<sup>1</sup> Rymer's *Fœdera*, viii. 168.

<sup>2</sup> Ground-ivy.

Knight, in right of Alicia his wife, daughter and heir of Owain Glyndwr, brought an action at law for the recovery of the manors of Glyndyvrwy and Cynllaith, which was opposed by the Earl of Somerset, son of the grantee, then a prisoner in France,<sup>1</sup> and as might be expected, considering the quality and circumstances of the respective parties, with success.

The Duke of Somerset was attainted the 1st of Edward IV, in 1461; pardoned in 1462; and for joining Margaret, the Queen of Henry VI, beheaded in 1463. Edmund his brother, then Duke of Somerset, fled beyond the seas. In the same year, Edward IV, having in vain offered a pardon to all the friends of

<sup>1</sup> This Earl of Somerset had been taken prisoner by the Earl of Buchan at the unfortunate action at Beaugé, in France, 8rd of April, 1421; and was not released till the year 1433, when he was exchanged for the Earl of Eu, of the house of Artois, who had been a prisoner in England since the battle of Agincourt in 1415. Among the slain at Beaugé, on the side of the English, were the Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V, the Earl of Kent, the Lord Ross, and the Lord Grey, of Powys. There is extant, in MS., a well-written Elegy in Welsh, on the death of this Lord of Powys, by an anonymous bard. The poem begins—

“Gwae wlad oer, gwilio derwen,  
Darffo i wynt dori ‘i phen!” &c.

I should be obliged to some brother correspondent for the name of the author, who must have been either one of the cavalry at the battle of Beaugé, or present at the funeral of Lord Grey, at Welshpool; for he says—

“Och ban fŷm uwch ben ei fedd,  
Rhoi fy nhroed ar f’anrhydedd!”

As the Earl of Salisbury came up in time to rescue the body of the Duke of Clarence from the Scots, which he sent to the King, his brother, in England, it is possible that the body of the Lord Grey might have been sent at the same time, to be entombed at Welshpool; and the bard seems to insinuate as much, when he mentions his lady's distress upon the occasion, who was Joan, daughter and co-heiress of the last of the Charltons of Powys.

“Iarlles fro Went, â'r llys fraith,  
Ac mor wan—a'i marw unwaith;  
Arllŷes floedd, a'r llais fŷwng,  
Hyd trwy allor y Trallwng.”

It seems by this, that the Lord Grey was buried in the chancel of Pool Church.

the House of Lancaster, who would make their submission, and swear allegiance to him by a given time, confiscated their estates. It was at this time, most probably, that the possessions of Owain Glyndwr, hitherto in the hands of the Somersets, were alienated,—the lordship of Cynllaith Owain, in this parish, to the owner of the Llan Gedwyn estate, now the property of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.; and the lordship of Glyn-dyvrwy, to Robert Salisbury, Esq., of Rug, and from him, and the succeeding Salisburys, the Pughes of Mathavarn in Montgomeryshire, the Pryses of Gogerddan in Cardiganshire, to the present Lord of Glyn-dyvrwy, Gruffydd Hywel Vychan, Esq., of Rug. Mr. Yorke, in his *Royal Tribes*, p. 64, may have been mistaken in saying that these lordships were sold by Henry IV, as, for the reasons above given, it is more apparent that they were disposed of by Edward IV. in the confiscation of the Somerset possessions in 1463.

Omitting for the present any further anecdotes relative to our parishioner Glyndwr, the modes of incitement made use of by the bards to rouse their “Mab y Darogan” to action, and to prevail upon him to continue the struggle for national liberty, even when but faint hopes of success remained,—

“Na weinia gledd—Owain y Glyn;” &c.,

I shall conclude this account of him, and of the parish where he occasionally resided, with only noticing the discrepancies of writers respecting the time of his death, some dating it earlier, others later. Rapin says, “It is certain that he lived till the year 1417.” We must prefer Welsh authority upon this point; which is, that he sunk under a pressure of anxiety and disappointment at the house of one of his two daughters, Scudamore or Monington, in Herefordshire, on the eve of St. Matthew, Sept. 20, 1415. A Welsh *Englyn* preserves

the year of his rising, as well as the year of his death, without scarcely a possibility of mistake, thus:—

“Mil, a phedwar-cant, nid mwy,—cof ydyw,  
Cyfodiad Glyndyfrdwy;  
A phymtheg, praff ei safwy,  
Bu Owain hen byw yn hwy.”<sup>1</sup>

#### APPENDIX A.

Some Memoranda of the Civil War in North Wales, written at the time, by Mr. Wm. Maurice, of Llansilin, extracted from the Wynnstay Manuscripts.\*

1644.

Nov. 29.—“The Parlm. burnt Mathavarn, in Mountg., and made that part of the country conformable to the rest.

1645.

Aug. 2.—“The Montgomeryshire forces invaded Meirionyddshyre, and lay for a time at Dolgelle. The same day the King's forces burnt Ynys y Maengwyn lest the Parlm. should find any harbour there.

“The same day E. V. fortified a new garrison<sup>3</sup> at Aber Marchnad.

Aug. 21.—“The Montgom. forces invaded again Meirionyddshyre, and lay for a week at Bala, until they were driven out of the country by Sir John Owen and the North Wales men.

<sup>1</sup> [The accuracy of this date is fully confirmed by an entry in one (No. 133) of the Peniarth (formerly Hengwrt) MSS. written, apparently, in the first half of the fifteenth century, which is as follows:—

“Obitus Owain glyndwr die sancti mathei apostoli anno domini millimo ccccxv.”

See *Archæologia Cambrensis*, 3rd Series, ix. 170. The same date is ascribed to the disappearance of Glyndwr in the *Iolo MSS.* p. 68, trans. p. 454.]

<sup>2</sup> [See the whole of this interesting document printed in the first volume of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, p. 33.]

<sup>3</sup> The house, then fortified, is still called by the name of *Y Garris*; it is in the parish of Llanwddyn, opposite Cynon Isav.

"In this voyage the Parlm. burnt *Caer Gai*.<sup>1</sup>  
 Sept. 21.—"The King passed through Montgomeryshyre, and lay that night at Llan Fyllin. The next day, the 22d Sept., the King marched from Llan Fyllin by Brithdir, where he dined, and gave proclamation among his souldiers, that they should not plunder any thing in Denbyshire, and thence through Mochnant to Cevn hir Fynydd, and so along the tops of the mountains to Chirk Castle. The rest of the  
 • forces marched to Llan-Silin. The next day after, being Tuesday, the King advanced towards Chester.

Sept. 24.—"Being Wednesday, the King's forces were routed by the Parlm. army in a place called Rowton Moor.

"From Chester the King retreated to Denbigh Castle, and, having layed there two or three nights, retourned to Chirk Castle. The next morning, viz. 29 7<sup>bris</sup>, he advanced from thence with his army through Llan-Silin, and quartered that night in Halchdyn,<sup>2</sup> and so passed through Montgomeryshyre towards Ludlow.

1646.

Feb. 23.—"The Montgomeryshire forces began to fortifie Llan-Silin Church for the straightninge and keepinge in of Chirk Castle men, where Sir John Watts was Govnoure; who, shortly after, deserting the Castle, and marchinge towards the King's army with all his garrison, were taken by the men of Montgomery Castle after a hotte bickeringe in Church Stoke Church, the first day of Marche, 1646."

<sup>1</sup> [*Caer Gai*, supposed to have been a Roman station, was at this time the seat of Rowland Vychan, Esq., a staunch loyalist, who suffered much in the royal cause.—See *Cambro-Briton*, No. 6, p. 231, Note.—*Ed. Cambro-Briton*.]

<sup>2</sup> Halchdyn is in Deuddwr, between the rivers Havren and Vyrnwy, and near Llandrinio. The name of the place has been Anglicised into Haughton.



PARISH OF LLANWYNNOG,  
IN MONTGOMERYSHIRE.<sup>1</sup>

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SECTION I.

NAME OF THE PARISH, PATRON SAINT, &c.

LLAN, an enclosure, an appropriated spot, &c., prefixed to the name of the patron saint of the place, composeth the name of about 300 Churches within the twelve counties of modern Wales, besides several others on the borders, now united to England. The patron saint of this Church is *Gwynnog*, and, by the peculiarity of the Welsh language, the initial letter in the name of the saint is omitted in the compound, hence *Llan Wynnog* (*Ecclesia Gwynnoci*).

In the *Genealogy of British Saints*, published in the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, *Gwynnog* is represented to have been the son of *Gildas ab Caw*, and this *Caw* is stated as the lord of *Cwm Carhwyd*, in North Britain.<sup>2</sup> The brethren of *Gwynnog* were *Tydecho*, *Gwyngar*, and *Noethon*, and his sister *Dolgar*. *Gildas*, the father of

<sup>1</sup> [This article, we think, must prove doubly important, as the natural history of Llanwynnog has never been written, and also as the production of "Gwallter Mechain." When Pennant surveyed this part of the Principality, he was ignorant of the existence of the forest and geological remains in the bogs of Llyn Mawr.—*Edd. Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*.

This Parochial History of Llanwynnog first appeared in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, 1829.]

<sup>2</sup> All our manuscripts agree in this pedigree; but in a marginal note, written in Dr. Powell's *History of Wales*, in Wynnstay Library, it is thus stated, "Gwynnog ab Gildas ab Caw, o Ben Ystrowed yu Arwystli."

Gwynnog, was the first British historian now extant, and wrote his "*De Excidio Britanniae*," in the latter part of the sixth century. It has been ingeniously intimated in the *Cambrian Biography*, that this *Gildas* the historian, and *Aneurin Gwawdrydd*, or Aneurin with flowing Muse, author of the poem called "Gododin" (in which he so pathetically laments the fall of his brave comrades in arms at the battle of Cattraeth), were identically the same person, and upon this ground: In some old manuscripts, *Gildas* is called "Son of Caw of Prydyn," or Scotland; in others, *Aneurin* is stated to be the "Son of Caw:" but in every manuscript where one of these names occur, the other is omitted. This supposition is corroborated by the analogy existing between the two names. *Aneurin ab Caw*, when young, a bard, and a warrior; but in the decline of his life and fortune he became a discontented recluse in the College of *Ilutus* (Iltyd), a peevish declaimer against the vices of the age, and exchanged his juvenile name *Aneurin* for that of *Gildas*, a word of similar import. Upon the same ground, it is supposed that Geraint Vardd Glas, the bard, in his riper years, assumed the name of *Asserius*, in the court of Alfred.<sup>1</sup>

The Churches of Llan ym Mawddwy, in Merionethshire, and Garth Beibiaw, in Montgomeryshire, are dedicated to *Tydecho*,<sup>2</sup> the elder brother of Gwynnog;

<sup>1</sup> [*Ceraint Vardd Glas*, otherwise, *Y Bardd Glas Keraint*, seemingly the Glaskerion of Chancer, has been supposed by some to be the same with Asser. The English of *Y Bardd Glas Keraint*, is Keraint the Blue Bard. *Bardd glas*, or blue bard, was a very common epithet of the chief, or presiding bard, who was always of the primitive order,—in Welsh, *prif-jardd*; he always wore an official robe of sky-blue, or azure. The Welsh heraldic writers use the word *asur* for azure; hence, it is said, that he might have been *bardd asur* instead of *bardd glas*, as signifying precisely the same thing. In our old MS. memorials of bards, it is said that *Bardd Glas Keraint* was by Alfred invited to his court, where he was appointed *Bardd Teliaw*. . . . From this it is supposed that the Bard Keraint, and the Bishop Asser are one and the same."—Iolo Morganwg.]

<sup>2</sup> [According to other authorities, *Tydecho*, the founder of Llan ym Mawddwy, Mallwyd, Garth Beibio, and Cemmaes, was the son of Amwn Ddu ab Emyr Llydaw, and cousin to St. Cadvan, in company with whom, he and many other saints, came over from Armorica in the sixth century. See the Genealogies of the British Saints in *Iolo MSS.* pp. 103, 111, 112, 133.]

and, it is added, in the Genealogy above mentioned, "the chapels of Gwynnog and his brother *Noethon*, near the Church of Llangwm Dinmael, in Denbighshire, are now converted to a mill and a kiln." The Church of *Llan Wenog*,<sup>1</sup> in Cardiganshire, in its name bespeaks its patron saint, *Gwynnog*.

We shall not here enter into the dispute about the number of persons supposed to have borne the name of *Gildas*, as we are rather inclined to think with Bishop Nicholson (*Hist. Lib.* i. 8), that the miracle-mongers of the dark ages, and the English historians who followed them, had a predilection for multiplying authors, as well as books; for it does not satisfactorily appear that there was ever more than one historian of this name, who was born in the year of the battle of *Baddon*, and died A.D. 570.

*Gwynnog* is represented among the saints of the British Calendar, and seems to have been an ecclesiastic of the higher orders; for in the chancel window of this Church he is delineated in painted glass in episcopal habits, with a mitre on his head, and a crosier in his hand; and underneath, in old black characters, "Sanctus Gwinocus, cujus animæ propitiatur Deus. Amen."

The Church also contains an ancient relic in a most exquisitely carved rood-loft; and on the southern wall is a marble mural monument, commemorating Matthew Pryce, Esq., of Park, in this parish, M.P. for the borough of Montgomery. These Pryces of Park were a junior branch of the Pryces of Newtown Hall.

<sup>1</sup> [*Gwenog*, who founded the church of Llan Wenog, in Cardiganshire, is generally supposed to have been a female saint; but her history appears to be unknown. It may be observed that the *e* is long in *Gwenog*, but that the *y* is necessarily short in *Gwynnog*.]

## SECTION II.

## SITUATION, EXTENT, BOUNDARIES, DIVISIONS, &amp;c.

LLANWYNNOG is situate in the Cwmmwd of *Iscoed*, in the Cantrev of *Arwystli*, now the Hundred of *Llan Idloes*. The parish, from Rhyd Cydan, on the confines of Aberhavesp, on the east, to Bwlch, on the borders of Carno, on the west, is seven miles in length; and from *Paul Helyg*, on the north-east to Rhiw Wen, on the borders of Treveglwys, on the south-west, is five miles in breadth. It is bounded on the south by the river Severn, dividing it from the parish of Llandinam; on the west and north-west, by the parishes of Treveglwys and Carno; on the north-east, by the parishes of Llanwyddelan and Manavon; and on the east, by the parish of Aberhavesp. The boundary between Llanwynnog and the parishes of Aberhavesp, Llanwyddelan, and Manavon, is also the limit between the lordship of Arwystli, Sir W. W. Wynn's, and the lordship of Cedewain, Lord Viscount Clive's.

The parish is divided into four townships:—1, Esgob a Chastell; 2, Gwig; 3, Surnant; 4, Uwch law'r Coed; and the hamlet of Caer-Sws. Of the latter, see more in Section V. on *Antiquities*. The above five divisions have a constable and an overseer of the roads each.

## SECTION III.

## WATER: RIVERS, LAKES, &amp;c.

1. *THE Severn*, the mere of the parish on the south.
2. *Avon Garno*, rises in the parish of Carno, and falls into the Severn, near *Caer-Sws*.

3. *Colwyn*, rises on Bryn Cader, in this parish, and falls into the Tarannon, a Treveglwys stream, near the junction of the latter with the Severn.

*Lakes.* 1. *Llyn Mawr* (the Great Lake), covers an area of about twenty-five acres, exclusive of a large turbary covered also at high water, when dammed up to feed the Montgomeryshire Canal; it was then about twelve yards deep, but since the canal has been supplied with water from the Severn, the average depth may be about eight yards. See more of this lake in Section VII, on *Fuel*.

2. *Llyn Tarw* (the Bull's Lake) is about one mile distant from Llyn Mawr. It covers from eighteen to twenty acres, having been lately dammed up as a reservoir, to supply a mill at Rhyd Lydan. The boundary of the parishes of Llanwynnog and Aberhavesp runs through this lake.

3. *Llyn Du* (the Black Pool), lies about 300 yards south of Llyn Mawr, covers about fourteen acres at full water, and is used as a reservoir for Pont y Ddôl Goch Mill, and the Gwig manufactory.

#### SECTION IV.

#### POPULATION.

By the census made in the year 1801, the number of inhabitants was 1202; which amounted to upwards of 1700 in the year 1821. The males are chiefly employed in the labours of agriculture, and its dependent branches of handicraft; with a small portion of spinners, weavers, fullers, &c., occupied in the manufacture of flannels for the English markets, for the sale of which there is an exclusive mart held every alternate Thursday in the Town-hall at Welshpool, where the Shrewsbury and Oswestry drapers attend, and by them are transferred to London, and to the clothiers of the

north and west of England. It would be foreign to the subject of this tract to dwell on the effects of an increased population on the poor-rates, under the present system of poor-laws, which may be considered as the cradle which has cherished and nourished pauperism from its infancy, in the reign of Charles II, to its present gigantic and alarming growth, in the reign of George IV.

## SECTION V.

### ANTIQUITIES, CARNS, CAER-SWS, &c.

ON the mountains adjoining Llyn Mawr are some of the heaps of loose stones denominated *Carn* and *Carnedd*; and one of the hills in the neighbourhood is known by the name of *Carneddau*, the plural of *Carnedd* or *Carn*. The general opinion is, that these monuments were the depositories of the dead, by the aborigines of the country. In Scotland, they say that the erecting of *Cairns* over the dead was one of the methods resorted to for the preservation of dead bodies from being devoured by wolves. Every one that passed the cairn threw a stone thereon: hence the adage, "I will add a stone to your cairn," which was an expression of friendship, as much as to say, "If you fall before me, I will add a stone to your cairn, to secure your body from being devoured by wolves." When a person's friendship was doubtful, his neighbour would say, "Were I dead, you would not throw a stone on my cairn."

The same feeling might have been experienced in Wales before king Edgar imposed the well-judged tribute of 300 wolves' heads annually on the then reigning princes of North Wales.

In the savage warfare of the early ages, *Carns*

might also be considered as preservatives of the bodies of the slain, that the hostile party should be prevented from mangling them. This is said to have been the motive of the patrician Sylla, when he ordered that his dead body should be burned, so that none of the surviving plebeian faction of Marius should vent their spleen upon his remains.

The largest *Carn* on the Llyn Mawr Hills is about forty yards in circumference. There is, or was some years back, at Cyffin, in the parish of Llan Gadvan, near the banks of the Vyrnwy, a carn sixty yards in circumference, the outer circle composed of upright stones, four feet in height, and the interior filled up to the height of five feet in the centre. In the middle, by carrying away the stones to build Llwydiarth Park wall, was discovered a stone coffin, containing two human skeletons, the head of the one laid to the feet of the other. This *bon-a-blaen* position of the skeletons, when two were buried together, has been found elsewhere, of which more hereafter. Whether the bodies took less space in that position, or whether some unknown supersition dictated the practice, must be left to conjecture.

*Caer-Sws*, says Mr. Pennant, "is a small hamlet, with a few houses, on the side of the Severn." He might have added, these few houses were then, in the year 1773, mere hovels; pitiful remains of the ancient city, said by those who are fond of the marvellous to have extended from Aberhavesp to Ystrad Vaelawg (*Strata Maloci*), on the confines of Treveglwys. Of late, the new town is on the increase, having a few decent houses, and three new chapels, for the accommodation of as many denominations of dissenters.

The name is evidently of British construction, but, whether it alludes to the situation of the *Caer*, on a flat in the angle of the junction of the Carno and the Severn, we dare not be so sanguine as to affirm.

It is noticed by bards of the fifteenth century thus:—

"Dwy Bowys a *Caer-Sws* wen."<sup>1</sup>

"The two divisions of Powis, and fair *Caer-Sws*."

LEWIS GL. COTHI, during the civil wars of  
York and Lancaster.

"Cawr o *Seinyllt Caer-Sws* wen,  
Caem roi i'n byw—Cymro'n ben."

DAVIDD LLWYD, on Henry VII.'s accession.

The station is not mentioned by any Roman writer; and Roman remains are very scanty. About the year 1777, says the writer of a MS. in our possession, were dug up in the south-west angle of the camp, some Roman bricks, and large blocks of cement, much indurated, and as porous as millstone breccia. One of the bricks was placed in the back part of the parlour-chimney of a public-house adjoining, with the following inscription in *bas relief*:—



Our author reads it *Caius Julius Caesar Imperator*, and accounts for the anachronism by supposing that the brickmaker made use of the first Cæsar's mould in subsequent reigns.

It has been suggested that one *Hesus* was a Roman lieutenant stationed at the place, that the Britons called it at first *Caer Hesus*, and at length, by contraction, *Caer Sws*. We are, however, inclined to leave this Roman to sleep with the *Capulets* on one side, and *Baldwin* of Montgomery on the other.

We need not mention another *Hesus*, a Gaulish deity, which some would fain identify with *Hu Gadarn*, a

<sup>1</sup> [See *Gwaith Lewis Glyn Cothi*, I. iv. 15.]



conspicuous character in the Triads, as the leader of the migrating tribe of the Cymry into Prydain.

British encampments, of various shapes and sizes, "*prout loci qualitas aut necessitas postulaverat*," are numerous in the vicinity, north and south of the Severn, at Gwyn-Vynydd, Rhos Ddiarbed, Cevn Carnedd, &c. Over the brook Carno lies *Wig*, a mansion and farm, the property of Mr. Hamer, probably so called from the Roman *Vicus*, says our MS. author; if so, this place may have been the Westminster of *Caer-Sws*; and about 300 yards from the camp is a farm house called *Pen y Drev*, the town's end; and adjoining is a sub-oval entrenchment, about 150 yards in diameter, now divided into two fields by a road leading from *Caer-Sws* to *Pont y Ddôl Goch*, and so on to *Carno*.

## SECTION VI.

### ROADS.

*CAER-SWS* has attracted the notice of antiquaries and tourists from Camden to Sir R. C. Hoare. Some of them have endeavoured to trace Roman roads to and from the station. We shall content ourselves with a transcript of a survey, made about the year 1760 by a nameless antiquary, from *Caer-Sws* to the *Dolanog* river, nearly in a direction due north.

"It is called *Sarn Swsog*, *Sarn Swsan*, &c., and is about fifteen feet wide, the sides made of large stones, and the space between filled with broken stones, or gravel, as the place afforded materials, the middle somewhat rounded.

"It is first visible at a cottage belonging to *Llwyn y Brain* farm, on the verge of *Gwyn-Vynydd* common, about half a mile from *Caer-Sws*. It proceeds over the common, pointing north-west, and on the south-

west side of it is a small entrenchment, of a circular form, about eighty yards in diameter, and called by the peasantry "*The Mount*." It proceeds to a small rill, near a place called "*The Pond*;" then crosses a bank called *Esgair*, and comes down to a rill called *Nant yr Ych*, which it crosses, and passes over *Waen Ganol*. Then, leaving the common, it enters a farm called *Gallt y Ffynnon*, belonging to Colonel Proctor, in the parish of *Aberhavesp*. It is very distinct in this place, though obscure in general, by reason of a ditch being cut across it, and the earth washed off by the rains, so that the hard stratum appears plain, and is about a foot below the present surface. It next passes through *Llwydcoed* farm, the property of Mr. W. Tilsley, and is visible on the high mountain called *Mynydd Llyn Mawr*, and goes through enclosed land called *Ffrwd Wen*, in the parish of *Tre Gynon*, the property of Ch. H. Tracy, Esq., and continues its course over the hill through the parish of Llan Wyddelan to a small brook called *Nant y Crau*. Here it disappears, but probably goes on to a farm called *Gwern y Vyda*, in the parish of *Llanllugan*, and must cross the old road from Machynlleth to Shrewsbury, near a public-house called *Cern Coch*,<sup>1</sup> and through enclosed lands to a mountain called *Mynydd Llyn Hir*, in the parish of Llan Vair, where it again appears, and goes over that part of it called *Pant y Milwyr*, and *Voel Vach*, and continues down from thence to a morass called *Cors Llethr Aeron*. Here the straight lines of the sides appear, though the peat moss is grown over it; and on the adjacent banks, which are rocky, are to be seen the quarries, whence the stones were had to form the road over the morass: here also remain protuberances in the soil, which probably are sites of the road-makers' huts. This quarry bank is called the *Carnedd*, which the

<sup>1</sup> [The property of Wythen Jones, Esq., Rhiwport.—*Edd. Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*.]

road passes, and proceeds over the lower part of *Esgair Llyn Hir*, crossing below *Ffridd Pedwargwr*, down by the east side of *Llyn y Gwagr*; and a little farther it passes a narrow steep dingle, called *Cwm y Rhuddvaen*. It proceeds forward to *Bwlch y Drum*, and down to *Caer Bachau*, in the parish of Llan Ervil, crossing the high road leading from that village to Llan Vair, at a gate called *Llidiard y Cae*, and passes down to a little barn in the bottom of *Llyssyn* ground, and crosses the *Vyrnwy* along *Maes y Velin Vach*, and a little above it crosses the road that leads from *Llyssyn* to *Meivod*, at a small pot-house called "*Pass me if you can*," in *Coed Talog* land, and up the hill through Miss Bennett's ground, now the Rev. Mr. Cooke's; near the house, and a little above, it crosses the west end of a turbary, along the ridge of a hill called *Craig y Gov*; from thence it turns down to *Pont y Styllod*, near Dolanog.

"This road is most visible on the hills, where the large stones on the sides appear in some places. The side gutters are mostly filled up, and become obscure by the ground growing, the soil being for the greater part mossy. By thrusting down a stick, the hard stratum is felt about a foot below the surface. In the enclosed lands there is seldom any appearance at all, and the farmers say they find nothing by ploughing; but they do not plough deep enough to discover the hard floor; and their ploughing has filled up the ditches, and obliterated the vestiges of the road.

"It is laid out in straight lines, as far as the ground will permit; but, by reason of hills and precipices, there was often a necessity of making turns and angles. From the place where it first appears, near *Caer-Sws*, it points northward; and again, after it leaves the parish of *Llanwyddelan*, and goes towards that of *Llanllugan*, and again at *Bwlch y Drum*."

It is to be regretted that our MS. author did not trace the *Via Media* from *Caer-Sws*, which is supposed, in its progress towards *Deva*, to have intersected the

Watling Street from *Rutunium* to *Heriri Mons*, at the now unknown Mediolanum, any farther than the passage over the Llan Owddyn river, called *Pont Ystyllod* (Plank Bridge), near Dolanog, on the boundary of the parishes of Llan Vair Caer Einion, and Llan Vihangel yng Ngwynva. As the writer found the road difficult to be traced, so far back as the year 1760, we shall not attempt its farther progress; and we can scarcely suppose that his tracings are at this day traceable.

*Other Roads.*—The by-roads of the parish, leading to Treveglwys, to Bwlch y Ffridd, Bwlch Cae Haidd, Bwlch Llyn Mawr, &c., like others of the same denomination, in nearly every part of the island, are very ordinary conveniences for winter travellers. The turnpike-road from Salop, Pool, and Newtown, to Machynlleth, and the (of late) fashionable place of resort, Aberystwyth, passes through the village. The *Express* stagecoach runs three times, and the *Royal Sovereign* once a week, between the above places, in the summer seasons: the former continues its course once a week during the winter months. There are good accommodations for travellers at the *Talbot Inn*,<sup>1</sup> and the landlord, Mr. Morgan, is the very intelligent *Cicerone* of the old Roman station, and all its suburbs and accompaniments.

## SECTION VII.

### FUEL.

VERY little *wood* is nowadays sacrificed to the devouring element of fire. *Coal* is procured along the Ellesmere and Montgomeryshire Canals, from Rhiwabon and Chirk, in Denbighshire. Its price at the pits is about

<sup>1</sup> This inn has been lately rebuilt; it belongs to Joseph Hayes Lyon, Esq.

five pence per cwt. (120lbs.), and at Newtown, the distance of about forty miles, canal measure, about twelve pence per cwt. (112lbs.), to which should be added land-carriage of six miles from the wharfs at Newtown to Llanwynnog. The species are, binding coal (*glo rhing*), coaking coal (*glo spagog*), and cannel coal (*glo canwyll*).

*Peat*—is a species of fuel much in request by the middle and lower classes of the inhabitants, and is procured from copious stores within the parish, in the three turbaries following:—

1. *Mawnog y Post Llwyd*, in the hilly part of the township of *Uwch law'r Coed*. This township has part of it called *Tir yr Abad* (Abbot's Land), and, as it is in the manor of Talerddig (Sir W. W. Wynn's), it must have formerly belonged to the Abbey of Strata Marcelli, below Welshpool.

2. *Mawnog y Pawl Helyg*, a tract of about twenty-seven acres; a part of the eastern point is in the parish of Aberhavesp. The peat of this turbary is of great depth, and contains imbedded in it, from three to six feet deep, much *birch* wood, some of large dimensions, but considerably decayed, excepting the enamel of its silvery-white bark, which is nearly as fresh as it was many centuries ago.

3. *Mawnog y Llyn Mawr* lies on the north-eastern verge of the lake described in Section III. Its peat affords excellent fuel; but, what is most worthy of notice, in the turbary and the lake adjoining, are the remains of forest timber they contain. In the lake they lie prostrate, and are mostly oak; on the present surface of the turbary, few, if any, oak remnants are to be found. During low water, in extraordinary dry summers, several trunks of oak have been dragged out of the lake; at first they appeared sound, and of a colour approaching black; but, when converted into boards and other articles, the colour faded considerably, and the smooth-planed surface became more and more

scaly, in proportion as the moisture of the wood evaporated, which is commonly the case with all oak-wood imbedded in peat-mosses. Considerable quantities of such oak, of the smaller growth, have been cloven into laths for slate-roofing. At first, the laths are tough and elastic, but subject to minute wind-shakes when dried. The mountaineers who drag out the oak, sell the laths at three shillings per hundred; and some trees they have sold at from one to three guineas each, according to their size.

The original surface of the turbary may be estimated by an islet, or tuft, of some feet in diameter, now covered with a coat of heath (*erica vulgaris*), in full bloom. This index is from four to five feet higher than the present surface of its surrounding turbary; and it may have been preserved in its present state from the violence of the waves in stormy weather and high water, by an assemblage of huge blocks of whinstone, lying between the tuft and the lake, called by the shepherds "*Hwch a'i Pherchyll*" (Sow and Litter), as proper a comparison of sizes (*parvis componere magna*) as the name given to a cluster of islets near St. David's-Head, in Pembrokeshire, "The Bishop and his Clerks." An old man in the neighbourhood says, that the present surface of the turbary is of the same elevation as it was seventy years back. To this it may be objected, that the annual cutting of fuel must gradually lower the surface, especially in this situation, where accumulation is not to be expected; and more, at the formation of the Montgomeryshire Canal, Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., the lord of the lake, gave permission to the Canal Company to dam up, and fix sluices at the outlet, the source of the *high-born* river *Rhiw*, which, after twelve miles of rapid descent, discharges itself into the equally high-born Severn, at Aber Rhiw,<sup>1</sup> for the purpose of accumulating water for the supply

<sup>1</sup> [Generally called *Berrio*, and often absurdly spelt *Berriew*.]

of the canal in dry summers. This rising of the surface of the lake, by the constant currence and recurrence of the waves in stormy weather, must have abraded, and consequently reduced the surface of the turbary, so as to bring more and more into view some scores of stumps of trees,<sup>1</sup> all, we believe, of the *deal* kind; but, whether of the *pine* or the *fir* tribe, it is difficult to ascertain. All the stumps stand in the erect position they grew; some a few inches, some more, above the spreading out of the horizontal roots, which still cling to their original bed in the subjacent soil; and, from some bark still preserved in the axillæ of the roots, the species seem to be of the *pine* rather than of *fir* tribe. The wood of the stumps and roots is well preserved in colour and fibre; splints of it are sufficiently tough for basketwork: they freely ignite, and blaze like a match.

After thus stating the present appearances of the forest remains in and near Llyn Mawr, we cannot forbear coming to the following conclusions:—That turbary water, in favourable situations, is a preserver of wood. That it preserves *oak* better than *birch*, and *deal* wood better than oak. That at some remote period the surface of the land or soil, which produced such a forest of full-grown timber trees, the remains of which we have above endeavoured to describe, was nearly level with the present surface of the lake. That, owing to some internal power, the surface of the land sunk, so as to form a cavity of the present depth of the lake. That this internal agent at the same time diverted the courses of several strong springs, which theretofore discharged themselves elsewhere, and opened them vents into this cavity. That this subsidence of the surface dislocated the roots of the standing trees within the circumference of its vortex, and thereby

<sup>1</sup> [These forest remains upon the lake's margin are, at the lowest computation, between fifteen and sixteen hundred feet above Caer-Sws Vale.—*Edd. Camb. Quarterly Magazine.*]

laid their trunks prostrate; in which position they have at different times been found, at low water, in dry summers, and dragged out for fuel and other purposes, as before mentioned. That the trees on the verge of the cavity maintained their original erect position, with their roots covered with earth. That, when the cavity became a lake, a perennial body of water, acting upon the roots of the standing trees, hastened the decay, and destroyed vegetable life in their branches and trunks, and that in the course of years they wasted gradually from their tops downwards to within about a foot in some, or a few inches in others, of the spreading out of the lateral roots. That the decay of vegetable substances, accumulating during a long period, formed a body of peat earth, sufficient to cover the roots of the trees, at first left erect, with several feet depth of this spongy and rotten substance. That the water in combination with this peat earth, acting probably on the turpentine of the pine or fir, had the peculiar quality of preserving as much of their stumps and roots as lay within the reach of its operation. And, that the trunks of the trees out of the reach of this fluid gradually wasted away, by the blast of the storm and the natural decay of hoary age, to their present state; for they bear no marks of either the axe or the saw of the feller.

Another instance may be here recorded of the durability of *deal* wood in peat water: "A coffin of fir wood, about seven feet long, was found by cutting fuel in a turbary at Tal y Llyn, in Meirionyddshire, at the depth of about three yards, containing two skeletons, the head of the one to the feet of the other." This mode of sepulture is noticed before, in Section V. on *Antiquities*. It should have been observed, that the above account is taken from a manuscript written in the year 1698, in which it is added, that the fir-wood coffin had been discovered "about twenty-three years before." There was no importation of deals into Meirionyddshire at that time.



The foregoing observations on *fir* trees may serve to correct an erroneous opinion, that these species of evergreens do not grow naturally in any part of Britain, south of the Tweed. Let the Caledonian come to *Llyn Mawr*, and he will change his creed.

The greatest of the twelve Cæsars, during his short stay in the island, collected all the information he was able respecting its natural produce; and, among others, the following piece of wrong intelligence: "*Materia cujusque generis, ut in Gallia, est, præter fagum atque abietem.*" By *fagum* is generally understood the *beech* tree, and by *abietem* the *fir*. Whitaker, in his *Genuine History of the Britons Asserted*, doubted the authority of Cæsar on this subject, especially respecting the *abies*, or fir-tree; but the learned assertor need not have doubted at all of the existence of both *fir* and *beech*. *Firs* have been proved to be natives of the island; and perhaps the trees which grew on these stumps at *Llyn Mawr* were

"Waving their bold heads 'mid the liberal air,"

when Cæsar was penning his Commentaries. As to *fagus* (beech), there are now tracts of land covered with beech underwood in the eastern parts of Glamorganshire, as well as in several counties of England. A detached part of Herefordshire, adjoining Brecknockshire, is called *Ffawyddog* (Beechy), from its abounding in that species of wood.

In the Welsh translations of the Bible (*Isaiah*, lx. 13, &c.), we have *ffynnidwydd* a *ffawydd*, fir and beech: the latter term, in old English Bibles, is rendered *elm*, but in the present version *pine*. Dr. Davies, in his *Dictionary*, adopts *ffynnidwydd* (*abies*); but Dr. O. Pughe, in his *Geiriadur*, discards it, and applies the word *ffawydd* to both *fir* and *beech*, but so ingeniously, that he derives the two terms, composed of the same elements or letters, from two different roots, *ex gratia*:—

*Ffawydd*, beechwood, from *ffa*, beans, mast, and *gwydd*, wood.

"*Mal y moch am y ffawydd.*"

"As eager as swine after beech mast."<sup>1</sup>

ADAGE.

*Ffawydd*, pines or firs, from *ffaw*, radiant, splendid, in allusion probably to their evergreen foliage, and the termination *ydd*; the former being *ffa-wydd*, and the latter *ffaw-ydd*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [According to Dr. Pughe's translation (s. v. *Ffawydd*),—"Like the swine after the bean trees."]

<sup>2</sup> [In the second edition of Pughe's *Dictionary*, the Welsh word for pines or firs is *ffawwydd*, derived from *ffaw-gwydd*; while the term for beech wood is spelt *ffawydd*, and derived from *ffa-gwydd*. In most parts of North Wales *ffawwydd* or *ffawydd* (for the pronunciation is the same) is the generic name applied to *fir* and *pine* wood, and never to the *beech*. The partiality of swine for *beech* mast, as recorded in the adage above quoted, is sufficiently well-known; but, in common with most domestic animals, they have a dislike to the cones of the *pinus* family. With reference to the names of the trees in question, Lhwyd, in the Welsh Preface to the *Archæologia Britannica*, has the following remark:—"Camgymmeriad ydyw galw pren ffynnidwydd *ffawydd*, fal yr arferir yng Ngwynedd."]

PARISH OF MEIVOD,  
MONTGOMERYSHIRE.<sup>1</sup>

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PREVIOUS to my entering on the account of this parish, I beg leave to add a supplementary note to each of the accounts already published of the parishes of *Llansilin* and *Llan Wynnog*.<sup>2</sup>

1. In the *Cambro-Briton*, vol. i., p. 458,<sup>3</sup> I endeavoured to correct an erroneous opinion then prevalent, that the *Sycharth* (buarth y beirdd), the mansion of Owain Glyndwr, where his bard, Iolo Goch, wrote his well-known "Invitation Poem," descriptive of his munificent patron's house, park, deer, and fishponds, was situate in Glyn Dyvrdwy, or the Valley of the Dee, between Llan Gollen and Corwen. On the contrary, I made it manifest to any unbiased mind, that Glyndwr's mansion of Sycharth was in the parish of Llansilin, full twelve miles south of the valley of the Dee. I then thought that I was the first who had found out the site of this mansion of Glyndwr, in the year 1792; but since I published the discovery in the *Cambro-Briton*, in 1820, I have been favoured with evidence that the Sycharth of Llansilin had been noticed six years before my visit to the spot; as appears by the following extract of a letter from the late John Evans, of Llwyn y Groes, Esq., to the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

<sup>1</sup> [Contributed to the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, 1829.]

<sup>2</sup> [See, *antè*, pp. 26 and 74.]

<sup>3</sup> [See, *antè*, p. 65.]

"May 17, 1786.

\* \* \* \* "We rode on to *Sycharth*, where the fuller's house and mill made a picturesque appearance, from the ruinous and shattered state they are in. I made a sketch of the former, but had not time to carry off the mill, which I longed to do, and will do the first favourable opportunity. We then visited the house, which stands pleasantly upon a round green knoll, and corresponds exactly with the site of Owain Glyndwr's habitation, as described in a poem of a British bard of that time, called Iolo Goch, previous to his higher advancement in life, and residence at *Glyndwrwy*. The name of this place was *Sycharth*, and had a park on high ground adjoining. This is exactly the case; and what still confirms the opinion is, a high keep or castellet just above the house, surrounded with a deep ditch and high mound, similar to that at his subsequent place of residence. The court of the manor of *Cynllaith Owen* (so called from him, I suppose) was kept in the parlour of this house till within these few years. The roof is now in ruins, and the spars and the timbers exposed to the weather."

2. In the history of the parish of Llanwynnog, in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, p. 31,<sup>a</sup> a short notice is taken of a monument in the Church, to the memory of Mathew Pryce, of Park, Esq. The copy of the inscription being then mislaid, and since found, is here subjoined.

"Math<sup>r</sup> Pryce, of Park pen pryce, in the C<sup>o</sup> of Montg<sup>r</sup>, esq. eldest son of John Pryce, of Park, esq. by Mary dau<sup>r</sup> of W<sup>m</sup> Reed, \* \* \* of the Newtown

<sup>a</sup> On another visit to *Sycharth*, in 1821, I examined the timber materials of a roofless outbuilding, and found a partition in a cow-house to consist of a part of the "*palis*" of the hall of Glyndwr. "*Sic transit*," &c. In old timber-built mansions, the partition between the hall and kitchen commonly consisted of upright oak planks and boards in alternation; the inch boards grooved into the two-inch planks. On representing the state and quality of these materials to the present proprietor of *Sycharth*, they were taken down and removed to Llan Gedwyn, about two miles distant, in order that they might be preserved.

<sup>2</sup> [See p. 76 of this volume.]

family. Mathew Pryce served in the two last parliaments of Charles II. for the Borough of Montgomery. He died 23<sup>d</sup> Jan<sup>r</sup>, 1699, aged 60."

Over the monument are the arms of Mathew Pryce, party per pale. 1. Gules, lion rampant regardant, or. 2. Argent, fess or, between three boars' heads coupéd sable, tusked or. Near this monument, there still remains the escutcheon put up on the funeral of John Pryce, of Park, the father of Mathew Pryce. The shield has nine divisions: 1. Gules, lion rampant regardant, or, quartered with argent, three boars' heads coupéd sable, tusked or; the former being the arms of *Athelstan* the Praiseworthy, the stem of the fifth royal tribe of Wales, and the latter those of his son *Cadogan*, and are still borne thus quartered by their descendants, and, among others, by Earl Cadogan. 2. Party per bend sinister, ermine and ermines, surmounted with a lion rampant guardant, or (*Tudor Trevor*). 3. Three flambeaux. 4. Three roses, leaved and seeded proper. 5. A nag's head erased, qu.? 6. A chevron inter three spear heads. 7. Three greyhounds courant, collared gules. 8. Quarterly 1st and 3rd argent lion passant gules, 2nd and 4th gules lion passant argent. 9. Gules lion rampant, or. The colours are so much faded, that some of them may have been here misnomered. Motto.—*Sat prostrâsse leoni*.

## MEIVOD.

### SECTION I.

#### NAME.

THE most common names of parishes, in some parts of Wales, are compounded of *Llan*, a village-church, or place of meeting, prefixed to the name of the

adopted patron saint of the place; as *Llan Wynnog*, the Church of *Gwynnog*, &c. Meivod, therefore, it is more than probable, bore its present name previous to the introduction of Christianity. Many conjectures have been offered as to the origin of the name, to refute which would be only wasting time and paper. Some men are too fond of showing their skill in etymology by rejecting some letters and substituting others, than which nothing can be more objectionable. By taking such liberties, a door is opened for ever-varying absurdities; for one guess would be as good as another equally forced and fanciful. If the etymology of a word or name be not obvious at the first glance, the Peloponnesians should let it rest in its original and uncorrupted form. Fortunately for *Meivod*, Dr. O. Pughe has inserted it in his *Welsh-English Dictionary*, in its simple state, with the explanation that it signifies *a champaign place of settlement*.<sup>1</sup> Meivod, then, is a very proper term, and may have been applied to this fine valley by its first settlers, when they migrated westward from the plain of Salop (as now called), and followed the course of the *Vyrnwy*.

Here, then, is an end put to many fanciful etymologies; to the fairy tale of *yma-i-vod* (here to be) loudly uttered by a supernatural voice at every midnight hour, whilst uninspired mortals were busily engaged in endeavouring to build the parish Church in a wrong place, near a yew tree, still standing, about a mile more northward. *Yma-i-vod*, *yma-i-vod*, was repeatedly uttered for many nights, without being attended to: at length the warning voice burst out indignantly, with greater vehemence, into "*Yma-mynna-i-vod*" (here I *must* be)! The builders became alarmed, and still more so when their work each day fell in the night; their masonry was but a cobweb to encounter the shears of fate; the midnight yell in the valley still continued; it was the warning voice of *Gwyddvarch*,

<sup>1</sup> [In the second edition, published in 1832, the meaning given is—"A champaign dwelling; a summer habitation."]

the hermit, who had, a few months before, breathed his last on his stony bed on a neighbouring cliff, a bed still shown to the curious tourist. The parishioners, at a vestry assembled, obeyed the invisible monitor, built the Church on the spot, and elected Gwyddvarch for their tutelary saint.

Here also is an end put to *Mau-vod*, to *Ymwy-vod*, and especially to *Meudwy-vod* (the hermit's cell), which, as a better designation for a growing village, was, they say, converted to *Meudwy-lan*, and afterwards Latinized to *Mediolanum*. Of this latter term, more will be said in a future section.

## SECTION II.

### VILLAGE, CHURCHES, VICARS, &c

LIVERPOOL has, by the aid of commerce, from a village of fishermen's huts, become one of the greatest sea-ports in Europe: Merthyr Tudvil, from a poor mountain hamlet, by its mineral resources, has become the most wealthy and populous town in Wales: and Meivod, without trade, commerce, or mines, has, from a village of a few thatched cottages, without a single slated dwelling a few years back, now become a small town of well-built, and all slated, stone houses, though its only thoroughfare be for lime and coal, to supply more western parts with manure and fuel.

*Churches.*—The assumption that Meivod, inconsiderable as it must have been as a village, should, notwithstanding, have three distinct places for religious worship, all within the precincts of the present churchyard, rests upon no frail foundation. Thomas Price, of Llan Vyllin, Esq., a sound antiquary upon most subjects, excepting the authenticity of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, and the situation of Mediolanum, says of Meivod, in a letter to Mr. Babington, dated

April 12, 1701:<sup>1</sup> "Besides the parish Church now standing, I myself have seen the ruins of two others." The *first* in point of time may be that dedicated to *St. Gwyddvarch*, the hermit already mentioned, although I am not informed in what century he practised his self-denials. We are, however, told that he was a son of Amalarus, *Brenin y Pwyl*, which some writers have rendered "Prince of Poland." But Sclavonian, or *Polish*, as Amalarus may sound to a Welsh ear, yet, probably, we need not go out of Montgomeryshire to find his place of residence. Tradition fixes the spot where the Church of Gwyddvarch stood, namely, at the western gate, near a house called "*the Jail*," in Bridge-street. This location is confirmed by an old parish register, specifying what portions of the present churchyard fence were to be kept in repair by the freeholders of the several townships. This document has one item as follows:—

"Fencing of the churchyard belong to certaine messuages, &c., within the townships of Glasgoed, Dolobran,<sup>2</sup> and Dyffryn, upon the west end of the church of Myvot, and begining at the corner of *Gwyddfarch* churchyard, vidt. in the place where one Jonet's house stood, every glat conteining seaven foot in length," &c.

The *second* Church was dedicated to *Tyssilio*, a saint and a writer of the seventh century. He was second son of Brochwel Ysgythrog, who, according to the author of *Historia Divæ Monacellæ*, had his palace where the old Church of St. Chad's, in Shrewsbury, once stood. History is silent as to the time this Church was erected. Cynddelw, the poet laureate of the

<sup>1</sup> [This letter will be found printed in the *Cambrian Register* for 1795, p. 325.]

<sup>2</sup> These two townships of *Glasgoed* and *Dolobran*, sometime subsequent to the date of this specification, were added to the township of *Bryn y Bwa*, to form one constablewick, under the apposite appellation of *Teirtrev* (Three Townships). On a late division and enclosure of waste lands, it would have been fortunate for the freeholders of *Bryn y Bwa* if the consolidation had never taken place, and the name *Teirtrev* never been known among the townships of the parish of Meivod.



twelfth century, composed a poem, which is published in the *Archæology*, in honour of Tyssilio, his favourite saint. He describes the edifice as contiguous to that of *Gwyddvarch*, having cloisters with towering azure spires. The matins, the lighted tapers, the whole service, the whispering of the morning breeze, all unite in inspiring the bard with devotion and praise. He seems enraptured when he describes the collective beauties of his "*Meivod wen*," glorying in its station between two rivers. He eulogizes one *Caradoc*, whom he styles archdeacon of the Church, as a munificent patron. Of the churchyard he says, "*gwydd vynwent, gwyddva breninedd*," conspicuous enclosure, the burial-place of princes.

Accordingly, we are informed by Caradoc of Llan Carvan, a contemporary historian, that in the year 1159, Madoc ab Meredydd, prince of Powys, was buried in *this* Church, "*yn Eglwys Tyssilio ym Meivod*:" and subsequent historians add, that Gruffydd Maelor, Madoc's eldest son, and lord of the lower moiety of Powys, was buried in the same Church, in the year 1190. From Cynddelw's expression, "*gwyddva breninedd*," we may infer that most of the princes of the two races of Mervyn and Conwyn, who resided at the neighbouring castle of Mathraval, had their sepultures in the fane of this popular saint. Churches dedicated to him, and bearing his name, are widely spread throughout the four provinces of Wales. Meivod had its three saints, but the festival of Tyssilio only was observed by the parishioners in their annual wake, Nov. 1st, O. S., until of late years, when such encænias, having degenerated from their original intention, fell deservedly into disrepute.

The *third* Church, the only one now standing, is dedicated to St. Mary, and, according to Caradoc, was consecrated in the year 1155. There is much discrepancy in the accounts given of these Churches by modern writers. Mr. Pennant states that the present Church is that of Tyssilio, and that Eglwys *Vair* (St.

Mary's), together with that of *Gwyddvarch*, have disappeared. But Cynddelw's description of Tyssilio's Church does not accord with the present edifice. Others suppose that Madoc ab Meredydd was the founder of St. Mary's Church. But this prince, owing to his situation on the marches, between the eagle of Owain Gwynedd and the vulture of England, politically thought he had more need of building castles than churches. He had already built the castles of Oswestry and Overton; and in the very year in which St. Mary's Church, in Meivod, was consecrated, he was engaged in erecting the "castle of *Caer Einion*, over against *Cymmer*." Madoc quitted the scene of perpetual hostilities in 1159, only four years after the consecration of St. Mary's; and, had he been the founder of that new Church, he would most probably have ordered his sepulture there. But Caradoc, the only light we have to dispel the gloom of that dark age, says positively that Madoc was buried in the elder Church of St. Tyssilio, where his family vaults were.

The present Church is a capacious edifice, consisting of a double-roofed nave, and an aisle on the north side, with a quadrangular tower furnished with three bells. Internally, it is far from being either elegant or commodious. Near the font is an antique tombstone, without inscription, save rude sculptures in bass-relief of a St. Catherine's wheel in chief, a sword, and the edges garnished with figures in humble representation of what are called "true love's knots." In the chancel is a monument, from which the following inscription is copied:—

"Here lieth the body of Meriel Williames, youngest daughter of Richard Powell, of Worthyn, in the county of Salop, esq. by Elizabeth, his second wife, one of the daughters of Richard Corbet, of Adderley, esq. and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the Lord Chancellor Bromley. The said Meriel having married John Williames, of Ystym Colwyn, esq. descended of the ancient family of *Cochwillan*, in the county of Car-

narvon, who died 21st December, 1685, is here interred in the same grave with him, in hope of a joyful resurrection; and afterwards continued a sorrowful widow to her death, which happened on January 13th, 1702, in the 75th year of her age, to the unspeakable grief of all her friends and relations, and the great loss of the poor, who never wanted her charitable assistance. To whose pious memory, E. Powell, her nephew and executor, erected this monument of her great worth and his own gratitude."

In the chancel window, a few years ago, was a legend, in old characters, commemorating the names of the two saints of the Churches which have disappeared. It is not improbable that they were preserved out of the ruins of those edifices by a John Roger, rector of this Church, at a period now unknown, as Brown Willis has not given us a list of the rectors of this parish. The painted glass here referred to having disappeared, the legend, as copied in the year 1796, is here preserved.

Ste. Guydbarch  
Ste. Tussiliau  
Orate pro Johe Roger  
rector

Ste. Guydbarch, Ste. Tussiliau, Orate pro Johe Roger, rector.

*Rector, Vicars.*—The only rector recorded by Br. Willis is Dr. Magnus, a foundling, he says, of Newark-upon-Trent. Henry VIII. employed him as a foreign ambassador. He afterwards became archdeacon of the East Riding of York, canon of Windsor, rector of Bedal, Yorkshire, and in 1537 he was collated by Bishop Warton to the three rectories of Meivod, Guilsfield, and Pool. How long this great pluralist held them we are not informed; probably until Cardinal Wolsey procured a grant of them from the king, to endow his college, now Christ's Church, Oxford; and since then the three parishes have had vicars only. The site of the rector's house at Meivod is still known by the name of the *Moat*, a square area, surrounded by water, in a field called the Moat Meadow, for which, and other rectorial glebe, the vicar pays rent to the dean and chapter of Christ's Church, for the time being.

A.D. 1578. Bishop Hughes, of St. Asaph, held the vicarage in his own hands for this year only, contrary to his general practice. Strype, in his *Annals of the Reformation*, says, that he held sixteen livings, *seven* with cures, and *nine* sinecures, in commendam. Lord Keeper Egerton presented others to two of these livings, and the queen to two more; and at last, in the year 1601, the prelate having held some of the benefices for twenty-seven years, he was deprived of all, by a power superior to that of the lord keeper or the queen.

In 1579, David Powell, vicar of Rhiwabon, became also vicar of Meivod; he was admitted D.D. in 1583, and is well known as the first publisher of Caradoc's *History of Wales* in English, and annotator on the *Itinerary, &c.*, of Giraldus Cambrensis. The Doctor had six sons and six daughters; the names of his five elder sons all ended in *el*: Samuel, Daniel, Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael. He was also sinecure rector of Llansantffraid ym Mechain, and prebendary of Llan Vair Talhaiarn, in the Cathedral Church of St. Asaph. He resided chiefly at Rhiwabon. According to Brown

Willis, his son Samuel succeeded him as vicar of the latter benefice; but I have seen a statement, *in manuscript*, that Dr. Powell's eldest son, Samuel, died young, and was buried on the same day as his father.

Three vicars intervened between Dr. Powell and Randolph Davies, A.M., who was collated vicar of Meivod, and sinecure rector of Cwm, near St. Asaph, by Bishop Gruffydd, in the year 1661, according to Edwards, in his edition of Brown Willis's *Survey*, vol. ii., pp. 268 and 393; but the register of Meivod varies considerably as to dates, as will appear by the following extracts:—

"Matrimonium legitimum contrat fuit inter Randolphum  
Davies vicarium hujus parochiæ et Mariam filiam  
Johannis Williams clerici, 10<sup>a</sup> die Junii, 1648."

Again:—

"Johannes filius Randolphi Davies Vicarii hujus parochiæ baptiz. fuit  
8<sup>o</sup> Julii, 1651."

By the former extract, it appears that Randolph Davies was vicar of Meivod at least thirteen years previous to the date of his collation in the *Survey*. The register certifies the vicar's burial thus: "Dom. Ranulphus Davies Cler. de Peniarth Sepultus, 25<sup>o</sup> Feb. 1695." The *Survey* dates the collation of his successor, "Richard Derwas, by Barrow, 1697." Could the living be two years vacant? If so, it occurred during Bishop Jones's prelateship.

The register contains the baptisms of thirteen children of Randolph Davies, vicar, and Mary, his wife, from the year 1649 to 1666. According to the above dates, he held the living forty-seven years. During his incumbency, Quakerism, &c., had made a considerable schism in his flock; and, as an endeavour to arrest the progress of dissent, he published, in the year 1675, a tract of 237 pages, 12mo., in excellent Welsh, with a dedication of five pages, in the same language, to Edward Vaughan, of Llwydiarth, esq. The first

titlepage, in English, thus: "A Tryall of the Spirits, or a Discovery of False Prophets, and a Caveat to beware of them; or a short Treatise on 1 John iv. 1. Wherein is discovered, by the light of God's Word, expounded by antiquity, that several Doctrines of the Papists, Presbyterians, Independents, and Quakers, are disagreeable to the Holy Scripture, and carefully to be avoided by every Man that loves the Salvation of his Soul. *Pro Ecclesia clamitant, et contra Ecclesiam dimicant.* Cypr."

There is a tradition preserved in the parish, that this vicar's wife had a sister living at Pentre' Gov; and one Sunday morning they met at Pentre' Parog, to cross each other's path at right angles, one due south, towards Church, the other due west, towards the Friend's meeting-house, at Coed Cowryd, near Dolobran. After a few words of salutation had passed, and each preparing to depart, the vicar's wife said, "If you *had* grace, my dear sister, you would come with me." A reply was instantly given: "If *thou* hadst grace, *thou* wouldst come with *me*." And so, both orthodox in their own minds, they departed towards their respective places of worship.

Randolph Davies was succeeded by Richard Derwas, in 1697, according to Willis. He bought a tenement in Nant y Meichiaid, now let at about £16 per annum, which he bequeathed to the vicar and churchwardens for the time being, for the use of the poor.

One vicar intervened between Derwas and Salusbury Pryce, D.D., who was collated by Bishop Tanner, in 1741. He held the living fifty-three years, and was grandfather to the late Dr. Trevor, of Eastham, prebendary of Chester, &c., and of the present John Humphreys, of Bod Heilyn, Esq., and of the late brave naval officer, Capt. Salusbury Humphreys, who committed a bold, yet justifiable error, in firing on the Chesapeake, an American ship of war.

## SECTION III.

## SITUATION, DIVISIONS, RIVERS, SPRINGS.

THE village of Meivod is about twenty-four miles distant from Shrewsbury, sixteen from Oswestry, and seven from Welshpool. The parish is about eight miles in length, and nearly four in breadth. It was formerly a portion of Powys Wenwynwyn, or that moiety allotted by Meredydd ab Bleddyn to his grandson, Owain Cyveiliog. It was, however, for reasons not very clear, dismembered, and divided between three several hundreds; the townships in each as under:—

- |  |   |                      |
|--|---|----------------------|
| In the hundred of Llan Vyllin,<br>formerly <i>Cantrev y Vyrnwy</i> ,                               | } | 1. Teirtrev.         |
|  |   | 2. Nant y Meichiaid. |
|  |   | 3. Peniarth.         |
|  |   | 4. Dyffryn.          |
|  |   | 5. Main.             |
| In the hundred of Pool Lower,<br>formerly <i>Cantrev Ystlyc</i> ,                                  | } | 6. Ystum Colwyn.     |
|  |   | 7. Cevn Llyvnog.     |
|  |   | 8. Ystrad y Vyrnwy.  |
|  |   | 9. Cwm.              |
|  |   | 10. Cil.             |
|  |   | 11. Trev Edryd.      |
| In the hundred of Deuddwr,<br>formerly <i>Cwmwd Deuddwr</i> ,<br>in the <i>Cantrev of Ystlyc</i> , | } | 12. Trev Nannau.     |

Since the year 1776, the township of Ystrad y Vyrnwy (No. 8) has disappeared from the leet-roll, having been united either to Cevn Llyvnog or to Ystum Colwyn, to reduce the number of constables. It was but of small extent, as its tithes, in 1776, were valued at only £22 12s., the township of Peniarth, in the same year, being valued at £99 9s. 6d.

*Brooks, Rivers.*—1. *Colwyn* (a whelp) is a small stream, rising in Peniarth, flowing by Bwlch y Cibau, through Ceunant Mawr, into the *Vyrnwy*, near Ystum *Colwyn* (super *Colne*).

2. *Brogan*, a rivulet, rising above *Nant y Meichiaid*, and after performing one of the most meandering courses on the map of nature, along the flat of that valley, enters the parish of Llan Armon ym Mechain, joins the *Cain* below Bron Gain, which, in its turn, pays its tribute to the master-drain of the district, the *Vyrnwy*, above Llansantffraid bridge.

3. *Vyrnwy* is a well-known and easily-defined river, from the western boundary of this parish to its junction with the Severn, at Cymmerau, on the verge of Shropshire. Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, canto vi., says,

“*Forkt Vurnway, bringing Tur and Tanot; growing rank,  
She plies her towards the pool.*”

What *pool* the versifying topographer meant in this place is not evident. His term “*forkt*,” is however, very appropriate; for it has two very extensive feeders, issuing from different parts of the backbone ridge of a large district of country, extending from Pumlumon, on the south, to the skirts of Aran Vawddwy, on the north.<sup>1</sup> Whether both these forks, or either of them, can, with propriety, be called *Vyrnwy*, is a point not as yet satisfactorily decided. *Both* of them have had this name upon paper, in grants, in tours, and on maps; but *neither* of them has had that name in the vernacular language of the native inhabitants dwelling on their banks; which should be considered as evidence paramount to any written document. It is, however, fair that the evidence on both sides should be here stated.

<sup>1</sup> This backbone line, the springs on one side of it flowing towards the west, and those on the other side towards the east, may be traced farther from Aran Vawddwy to the source of the river Conwy, from thence to the Peak of Snowdon, and even to Menai Bridge.



That the *southern* fork had the name *Vyrnwy*, is supposed to be proved by the following vouchers:—

1. *Gwenwynwyn*, prince of Powys, grants “to God, to the B. V., and to the Monks of the Cistercian Abbey of *Ystrad Marchell*, a certain tract of mountain pasture, whose boundaries are thus defined:—‘Follow *Nodwydd* from its fall into *Evernoe* to its source, thence through the middle of *Cwm-brwynen* to *Blaen-bolo*, thence to *Blaen Cannon*, thence follow the boundary of *Kereinaun* and *Keuellyauc* to *Blaen-Evernoe*, then follow *Evernoe* to *Aber-nodwydd*.’” This grant is dated in the year 1200.

2. Another grant, dated 1201, from the same prince to the same monks, of an immense tract of upland pasture, in *Cyveiliog*, the boundaries defined by about thirty names of places, and among others, “*Rhyd Derwen*, and follow *Derwen* to *y Vyrnwy*,<sup>1</sup> and *Nant yr Eira*.”

3. Lease of a tenement, called *Tyddyn Havod y Voel*, in the parish of *Llan Bryn Mair*, by John, abbot of *Ystrad Marchell*, to John ab Howel Vychan of *Llwydiarth*, Esq., dated August 30, 1530, nine years before the dissolution of the abbey: the specification of the boundaries thus:—“A rivulet called *Nant y Gwythil*, on the *east*, another called *Nant-hurdd*, on the *west*; a rivulet called *Vyrnwy* on the *north*, and another called *Yaen* on the *south part*.”

That the *northern* fork had also the name *Vernwy*, is supposed to be proved by the following grant, &c.:—

From *Gwenwynwyn*, again, to the same monks, dated at the abbey of “*Stradmarchell*,” in 1204, of a great portion of *Mochnant*; “in breadth from *Ken-neureon* to the river which is called *Evernoe* and *Llanwothin*.”

<sup>1</sup> This is too modern orthography for the year 1201. It is taken from a copy of the original by the Rev. E. Evans. He probably modernized *Evernoe* to *Y Vyrnwy*. The extent of this grant (being the prince's patrimony within the six parishes of *Cyveiliog*) to the drones of an abbey, is an instance, out of many, of the necessity for passing the *Mortmain Act*, by Edward I. in 1279.

Let us now hear evidence on the opposite side. A writer in the *Cambrian Register*, vol. ii. p. 368, who had lived upwards of sixty years on the bank of the *Evernoe* of Gwenwynwyn's grants, says positively, that it is not known to the people on its borders by any other name than *Avon Gam* (Mæander). He adds, that the *Avon Gam* receives the *Cledau* and the *Nodwydd* (the Needle), and at length falls into the *Banw*, below Llan Gadvan Church. This *Banw* (a hog) which he states to be the chief stream of the southern fork, rises near *Bwlch y Vedwen*, on the confine of Meirionyddshire; and below Garth Beibio Church, receives the *Twrch* (another burrowing hog);<sup>1</sup> a little lower, it takes in the *Avon Gam* above-mentioned. On its progress towards Llanvair, it passes by a farmhouse called *Glan Banw* (Banw Bank). This is a proof in point that this southern branch should not be called by any other name than *Banw*, which, with the article (*the*) prefixed, would be *y Banw*.

The northern fork, if we prefer popular usage from time immemorial to the suppositions of abbots, priors, and conveyancers of the thirteenth century, has no other name than *avon* prefixed to several places it passes by: such as *avon* Llan Owddyn, *avon* Dolanog, &c. And near the junction of the two forks, before they unite, the southern is generally named *Avon Lanvair*, and the northern *Avon y Bont*; but as soon as the united stream enters the parish of Meivod, it is universally recognized as *the Vyrnwy*. Then in future let the southern branch bear its real name, *Banw*; and the northern *Owddyn*, from its source being in that parish, on the borders of Meirionyddshire. In the history of rivers it is not uncommon to find them changing appellations as they proceed. Pliny says of the Danube, "*Primo Danubius; ubi primum Illyricum alluit, Ister dicitur.*" And in England, the Isis, as soon

<sup>1</sup> Rivers of similar character have these names in other parts of Wales; such as *Banw*, in the vale of Usk; and *Twrch*, a mountain torrent, dividing the counties of Brecon and Glamorgan, in Ystrad Gynlais.

as it receives the Thame, at Dorchester, becomes Thame-isis, the Thames.

*Vyrnwy* must be an inflection of some radical word beginning with *M*, for no Welsh word, in its primary state, begins with *V*. Then, the origin of *Vyrnwy*<sup>1</sup> may be *Maran-wy*, the salmon river. The article *y* prefixed, would form *y Varanwy*; and by contraction and long usage, *Vyrnwy*, without the governing prefix. There is some reason to think that Dr. Powell had an eye upon this derivation, when he called the Vyrnwy *Marnovia*, in his annotations on Giraldus Cambrensis. The doctor was vicar of Meivod, and well acquainted with the Vyrnwy, and its various finny tribes. Mr. Pennant says (vol. iii. 221, last 8vo. edit.) that the Vyrnwy merited the name of "*piscosus amnis*," as much as any he knew. He names twenty species of fish to be found in this river, from the salmon to the miller's thumb, with the time of their being respectively in season. He further informs us, that out of these twenty species, only *seven* are to be found in the *Tanat*,<sup>2</sup> a considerable river falling into the Vyrnwy, at or near Aber Tanat, above Llan y Myneich. But he excludes the *salmon* from the Tanat, except it be an error of the press; which all the spearmen from Aber Tanat to Llan Gynog know to be wrong: and some strong salmon speared in the Tanat, during the spawning season, have at a sudden jerk, drawn the poacher, unwilling to lose his trident, over head and ears into the stream.

*Springs* of salubrious water are here as numerous as in other parishes of similar character, diversified with hills and dales. There is one in the township of *Teir-trev*, called *Ffynnon Darogan*, or the well of divination, covered with a cupola of many years standing; but it cannot be said of it, in these days, "thereto hangs a tale." There are but two springs in the parish supposed to possess medicinal virtues.

<sup>1</sup> [The most ancient form of the name is *Myrnwy* or *Myrnui*.]

<sup>2</sup> "Such preference," Mr. P. adds, "do fish give to certain waters."

1. *Ffynnon y Grofftydd*, in Teirtrev, which is strongly sulphureous, and has performed cures in cases of cutaneous eruption, &c.

2. *Ffynnon y Clawdd Llesg*, in Trev Edryd: here are two springs, close to each other, but of no great issue. One slightly impregnated with hepatic air, and not much used; the other has not the least appearance of any mineral ingredient in its composition. It has, however, been a place much resorted to in the spring of the year, by invalids afflicted with scrofula, or any other inveterate ulcers; and many of them have found relief by holding the parts affected under the spout of the spring, immediately upon its issuing out of the rock. These springs are upon *Plas Isav* farm, the property of the Rev. Nathaniel Roberts, of Oswestry.

At this limpid spring it was customary, until within these few years, for the youth of the vicinity to assemble on the evening of the eighth Sunday after Easter, to waste an hour or two in drinking *aqua fontana*, dulcified with the produce of the West-Indian cane; and then retire to a convenient green plot, or a house, to finish the day in dancing. The origin of this ridiculous custom is veiled in obscurity. It might formerly have been an hydromelian wake, before the introduction of sugar, in honour of the three saints of the three churches of ancient Meivod. From the day on which it was celebrated, it seems to have been what may be catachrestically termed a *Christian* superstition.

Similar assemblages annually met, and on the same day, in the other end of the parish, at a fountain of clear rock-water, on *Gallt y Main*. The devotees at this spring usually retired, to finish their day's sport, to a fine *green*, fenced on four sides, like a Roman camp, called *Bryn y Bowlliau*, at *Bwlch y Cibau*, where athletic exercises and dancing closed the ceremony.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the gloomy spirit of the age triumphed for a while in the

suppression of these ill-timed amusements. Near the midway between the above-described *fountain* and *green*, "the Hinnoms of execrated abominations," a place of worship was established, which, from the great length of the orations delivered therein, had the denomination of *Capel Hirbryd* (the long-fasting chapel), a name by which the house on the spot is still known. On the *restoration* of a prince, upon whose moral principles neither the lessons of adversity nor the dictates of common prudence made any impression, the national character underwent a retrograde metamorphose, and "Sunday sports" became again the order of the day. The *wells* and the *greens* recovered the attendance of their periodical votaries, until within these few years, when a besom of superior efficacy to the puritanic one of the seventeenth century, eventually swept away the anniversary of the hydromel festival; never again to be the cause of assembling a thoughtless rabble to celebrate antiquated rites, of the origin of which they must have been entirely ignorant.

As I am now, almost unintentionally, on the subject of *dancing*, in justice to libelled Wales, I must here protest against the veracity of a paragraph in a work of no less notoriety than Dr. Rees's *Cyclopædia*. Under the head *Dance*, we there read:—

"The descendants of the original inhabitants of our island, the Cambro-Britons, in *our own memory*, on Sundays, used to be played out of Church by a *fiddle*, and to form a dance on the *churchyard* at the conclusion of the sermon. These could hardly be called religious dances, though in some measure connected with the service of the *Church*, where the people are assembled; but, however harmless the practice may originally have been, it has, *we believe*, been totally discredited and abolished by the dissenters and methodists."

The editor, a Welshman, at least by name, birth, and parentage, should not have exposed to public derision any party among his own countrymen, however odious that party might be to himself, without

substantiating his sweeping charge with the place *where*, and the time *when*, such an unseasonable *fiddling* was practised in Wales.

#### SECTION IV.

##### GEOLOGY, SOIL, MOUNTAINS, ROCKS, MINES, MINERALS.

*Soil.*—WHERE valleys are of considerable length, and their western ends not far from uplands, from whence the subsiding diluvial currents flowed with considerable rapidity, the character of the soils at the extreme ends of such valleys will be different. The soils of the western ends will be found to have greater portions of rounded pebbles, gravel, and sand in their compositions; while, lower down, the waters would have only the finer particles of soil to deposit gradually, as they proceeded more slowly; and so a more cohesive and fertile matrix of vegetation would be formed. Such is the case in the valley of Meivod: the western end is chiefly composed of a free-working soil, of various depths, on a substratum of gravel, fertile in grain, turnips, and sown grasses; lower in the valley, for the reasons above-stated, the soil is more argillaceous, and agrees well with wheat, beans, oats, and tap-rooted vegetables, and the pastures abound more in grasses of a feeding quality.

The diluvial current, in all this tract of country, seems to have proceeded from the west, or west by north; for at the eastern end of *Gallt yr Aneur*, near the village, is a vast deposition of minute gravel, in quadrangular grains, heaped up, many yards in depth, against a steep rock of gray indurated stone, by the eddy formed on the meeting of two currents, one on each side the rock. Hence it may be worthy of observation, whether larger beds of gravel, in this district

of *east and west* mountains, may not be deposited at the *eastern* rather than at the western extremities of hills, especially if they end abruptly, with a valley or glen on each side.

Here are no organic remains found, excepting marks of cockle-shells on broken fragments of gray mountain rock, slightly calcareous, on the surface of a rocky eminence, north of the village called *Cwm Caregog*.

*Mountains.*—The *Cymry* (of course the aborigines) who first settled here, seem to have had a predilection for the term *gallt*, for a cliff, ascent, or a steep hill; as there are no less than *eight* such places within the parish, or on its margin, bearing this name.

1. *Gallt Goch*, the russet or brown ascent, on the north-west border, and adjoining the parish of Llan Vyllin.

2. *Gallt y Gader*, the fort-cliff, a towering eminence, with its escarpment to the east, overlooking the basin-like vale of Llan Vechain; this is also on the border of the parish of Llan Vyllin, and a continuation, as well as the eastern termination, of No. 1.

3. *Gallt Hen* or *Hen Allt*, the old fort, on the border of the parish of Llan Vechain, with a British encampment, of several circumvallations, on its summit, and facing another British fort on the south of the Vyrnwy, in the township of Trev Nannau, called the *Gaer*. This last is near the fourth *gallt* called *Gallt y Wrach*, or the ascent which exercised the lungs of the *hag*.

5. *Gallt y Main*, with its escarpment, facing the township of that name, and towering in proud eminence above all the rest, so as to be conspicuous from the Wrekin, and the plain of Salop. It commands a view of a circular horizon many miles in diameter; to the *north*, the Berwyn range; to the *east*, the limestone rocks of Sychdin, Porth y Waen, and Llan y Myneich, with the bold serpentine Breddin proudly overlooking the Severn at its base, and crowned with a column, erected, by a Montgomeryshire subscription to commemorate the victory of Admiral Rodney over the

French Count de Grasse, in 1782; to the *south*, the even-ridged Cordilleras of Digoll Vynydd and Ceri; and to the *west*, the outposts of the round-shouldered Pumlumon. The body of this extensive hill of Gallt y Main consists of excellent building stones, of the gray mountain rock species, which were entirely overlooked by our predecessors, who employed only timber and brick in building.

6. *Gallt yr Ancr*, the Cliff of the Anchorite, so called from having, near its eastern extremity, the rocky bed of *Gwyddvarch*, the hermit, the patron saint of the oldest Church erected at Meivod, which has been already noticed in the second section.

7. *Gallt Vawr*, the Great Cliff, steep on its west and south sides; but now entirely planted with larch, by the Right Hon. Ch. W. W. Wynn, and by the late vicar, the Rev. W. Brown.

8. *Gallt y Goethwch*, separated only by a glen, and the bed of the meandering Brogan, from *Gallt Goch*, No. 1. *Gallt y Goethwch* is supposed to be a mutation of *Gallt y Goed-hwch*, the Cliff of the Wild Sow. It overlooks the valley of *Nant y Meichiaid*, or the Glen of the Swineherds; and at the eastern extremity of the glen is *Bwlch y Cibau*, the Pass of the Husks, or Acorn-shells. These three names, all in a line, may afford matter of curious speculation for such antiquaries as may venture to unravel the mythological triad, which mentions *Henwen*, the sow of *Dallwair Dalben*, led by Coll ab Collvrewi, the magician, grappling her bristles, through earth and sea, from Cornwall to Gwent, from Gwent to Dyved, from Dyved to Arvon,<sup>1</sup> &c.

Of the *Galltau*, or *Gellydd*, above described, Nos. 5 and 6 are the summits of a ridge extending from east to west along the middle of the parish, having the valley of the *Vyrnwy* on the south, and the valley of the *Brogan* on the north. These afford better materials for building and covering of roads than any

<sup>1</sup> See *Cambro-Briton*, vol. ii., p. 483.



parallel ridges on either side; those on the south of the Vyrnwy, especially, affording only perishable shale.

*Minerals.*—In *Gallt y Main*, some levels have been driven by different adventurers, and a few strings of lead ore enticed them to expend considerable sums of money. They have at length paid their bills, and retired, not without hopes of finding the capricious goddess of hidden treasures more propitious elsewhere.

Nothing conduces more to deceive the inexperienced miner to run risks, and to ransack the viscera of mother earth at random, than the delusive appearances of the various combinations of iron and sulphur, which exhibit themselves upon the surface without their being connected with iron-stone of any value, or with the mineralized ores of lead, or of any other metallic substance. An outlet of chalybeate water depositing ochre of iron, a sulphureous spring turning a shilling yellow by friction, or giving a blackish colour to a common shale rock, or even, in some instances, causing the sulphureted stone to ignite in a good coal fire; all these are considered by the ignorant as indications of metallic or fossil stores of unknown, and of course immense value, lying at no great distance from these favourable symptoms. That the mere miner should be deluded by such appearances, is not to be wondered at; but that a species of professors in mineralogy, who superintend coal-works in Staffordshire and other places, should encourage the searching, boring, and sinking for coal, where no coal *can* be expected, betrays a principle more culpable than mere ignorance. I have enlarged upon this subject with no other view than to put proprietors of land, as well as others who are inclined to risk their deposits in a subterranean lottery, upon their guard. Were surveyors always to carry in their mind the geological map of England, they could not well advise their employers to sink for coal where none of its constant accompaniments are to be found within any reasonable distance.

Besides the visible and natural appearances of the

various combinations of iron and sulphur, which often deceive the inexperienced, he is also liable to be led astray by a superstitious credulity, the unfounded notions of supernatural agency. The belief in the pliant nod of the "divining rod," cut on a certain day, and at a favourable hour of the moon, has not yet quitted the bosom of the lunatic delver for hidden treasures.<sup>1</sup> Hollow sound under the foot at every step

<sup>1</sup> A writer in the *Quarterly Review* says, with apparent seriousness, "The employment of the *divining rod*, when employed to discover *ore* or *metal*, was associated with many superstitious observances. The fact, however, of the discovery by *water* being effected by it when held in the hands of *certain* persons, seems indubitable." The reviewer proceeds to state, "that the parties, whose names were well known to many readers of the review, were utterly incapable either of deceiving others, or being deceived themselves." He next gives the following narrative from a Norfolk correspondent:—

"Jan. 21, 1818. It is just fifty years since Lady N., then sixteen years old, was on a visit, with her family, at a chateau in Provence, the owner of which wanted to find a spring to supply his house, and for that purpose he sent for a *peasant* who could do so with a *twig*. The English party, though incredulous, accompanied the diviner, who, after walking some way, pronounced that he had arrived at the object of his search, and they accordingly dug and found him correct. He was quite an uneducated man, and could give no account of the faculty in him, nor of the means which he employed, but many others, he said, could do the same. The English party now tried for themselves, but all in vain, *till it came to the turn of Lady N.*, when, to her amazement and alarm, she found that the same faculty was in her as in the peasant; and on her return to England, she often exerted it, though in studious concealment. When Dr. Hutton published Ozanam's researches in 1803, where the effect of the *divining-rod* is treated as absurd, Lady N. disputed the point in a long letter to the doctor, under a feigned signature. At length an interview took place at Woolwich, when the lady showed the doctor the experiment, and discovered a spring in a field which he had lately bought near the new college, then building. The same field he has since sold to the college; and for a larger price in consequence of the spring. Lady N., this morning, showed the experiment to *Lord G., Mr. S., and me*, in the park at W. She took a thin, forked, *hazel twig*, about ten inches long, and held it by the end, the joint pointing downwards. When she came to a place where *water* was under the ground, the twig immediately bent, and the motion was more or less rapid as she approached or withdrew from the spring. When just *over* it, the twig turned so quick as to *snap*, breaking near her fingers, which, by pressing it, were indented, and heated, and almost blistered; a degree of agitation was also visible in her face. She repeated the trial several times in different parts of the park, and her statements were always accurate. Among those persons in England who have the same faculty, she says she never knew it so strong in any as in Sir C. H. and Miss F. It is extraordinary that no effect is produced at a well or ditch, or where *earth* does not interpose between the twig and the water. The exercise of the faculty is independent of any volition."

"So far our narrator" (adds the reviewer), "in whom, we repeat, the most implicit confidence may be placed. The faculty so inherent in certain persons is evidently the same with that of the Spanish *Zahories*, though the latter do not employ the hazel twig."

What a strange world we live in! What unaccountable wonders may yet

at going up or down a hill, no morning dew on a certain spot, when all the surrounding space is bespangled with crystal drops, are favourable indications, with a certain class of men, that the ore of lead, or of some other metal, lies concealed beneath. And above all, certain sounds heard at times in deserted mines, or in those recently opened, are considered as the *palaver* of the *fairies*, the "*dæmones montani*" of hidden treasures. These sounds, most probably, are no other than the natural effect of the dropping of water from the roof into the flat of the level; and the sounds once generated, reverberating in multiplied echoes from side to side, until they play upon the drum of the ear of the astonished miner, scarcely able to breathe at the mouth of the level, who fancies the sounds to be in imitation of the various operations belonging to his own craft.<sup>1</sup> Some miners also believe that the elves of the mines are at some kind of work, not only in deserted levels, but also where mineral riches lie concealed, and never opened by the hand of man. To prove this childishness of intellect, I need only produce here a copy of an original letter sent by a Flintshire miner to a freeholder in this parish, who had taken him, a few year back, to view either a sulphureous or ochreous spring, of no public note, upon his estate.

"Mr. —, this is to acquaint you, that the company

be discovered! What kind of attraction can exist between a sprig of hazel-wood and water concealed by several feet depth of earth; and that sprig held in the hand, not in the hand of *any* or *every* person, but of some *peculiarly* gifted person, perhaps not more than one in a million? Every occurrence in the physical world must be either natural or supernatural. If the effect of the hazel twig, in discovering concealed springs, be natural, how does Dr. Hutton account for it? If it be supernatural, let Prince Hohenloe take the definition in hand. In *belief* there are three points, a medium and two extremes. The latter are believing too little, and believing too much. And strange as it may seem, these heterogeneous extremes not unfrequently coalesce, as it were, in the occupation of the same mind.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lewis Morris, though gifted with a powerful mind upon most subjects, was nevertheless a firm believer in the existence and reality of the beings which are called "*knockers in mines*." There are some curious letters of his on the subject, which, if not already published in the *Cambro-Briton*, might appear in a future number in the *Cumbrian Quarterly Magazine*.

that I mentioned has not given me an answer; but still I am in as good hopes as before: pray give a look over up and down about them wells as we walk'd, that is, hearken if you'll hear any noise above 'em, and I beg you'll take notice about you; and, if you hear, put some mark as notice if you happen to meet with it, and do it as your opportunity answers. And if you please to send me a line, I shall either come or send an sufficient answer to satisfie you for your trouble; but still I am sure there is metal. So I conclude: from your wellwisher,

"J. W.

"*Mynydd Helygen.*"

## SECTION V.

### OLD MANSION-HOUSES, MEN OF NOTE, &c.

REMAINS of antiquity within the parish are but few, and those that are will not excite much curiosity. Dr. Powell, vicar of the parish, Camden, and Mr. Price, of Llan Vyllin, have, in succession, given their opinion that the Roman *Mediolanum* lay at, or near Meivod. They grounded their conjectures, 1st, on names of places in the vicinity, such as *Gweirglawdd y Porth* (Port-meadow), *Pentre' Gov* (Smithfield), &c. 2nd, "Foundations, floors, pavement, hearths, &c., had been discovered." All these are but the bubbles of a warm imagination; for, 1st, similar names of fields and places are to be found elsewhere, far enough from any Roman station: 2nd, by digging to cut foundations, holes for gateposts, &c., in valleys having a substratum of pebbles and gravel, the former material may be frequently found, and laid by the diluvial waters so close and level, that the unwary spectator might hastily pronounce them to have been a causeway, a pavement, a Roman road; and these strata of rounded

pebbles, if coloured by ochre, or other mineral, so as to resemble the agency of fire, would also be Roman hearths. All these, if ever discovered, prove nothing, without other corroborating accompaniments, and those indisputably of Roman origin; such as a quadrangular camp, arms, utensils, coins, &c. There is no evidence of either of these having ever been found in the vicinity. The Roman *Uriconium* is incontestibly fixed at *Wroc-caester*, near the *Wrekin*, the Dinlle *Vrecon* of Llywarch Hen, in the sixth century; and wherever the sites of *Rutunium* and *Mediolanum* lie, they must, in reference to *Mons Heriri*, be in places far east and north from Meivod, which is out of every stated distance from the other stations in the itineraries.

2. *Hen Avon* (old river). Tradition would lead us to imagine that the junction of the two forks of the Vyrnwy was much lower down the valley than it is at present. There are some circumstances favourable to this supposition; such as the name continued from age to age, and cavities here and there (in the supposed line of the old river) filled with water, and stored with eels, pike, &c. *Cynddelw*, in the twelfth century, says of Meivod, "*Handyt ryd rung y duy avon.*" He must have taken this old channel for one *avon*, and the *Penarth* rill, scarcely flowing in a dry summer, for the other *avon*; as the present bed of the Vyrnwy, under *Pen y Llan*, could not be included in the bard's description. But had the *Owddyn* branch once flowed in this direction, through the township of *Dyffryn*, and formed the southern boundary of the churchyard, and joined the *Banw* below, in the township of *Main* or *Ystum Colwyn*, the tract of so considerable a river would have been continuous, and still definable. This, however, is not the case: several hundred yards between the cavities are completely level, so as to indicate that no river ever flowed that way. These hollows, then, that are called *Hen Avon* by the peasantry, may be no other than diluvial excavations, which so many thousands of years have not been

able to fill up with alluvial depositions. Such hollows or cavities containing water, on a clayey substratum, may be met with elsewhere. We are therefore led to conclude, that the two forks of the *Vyrnwy* always united, where they *now* unite, at the eastern point of the parish of Llan Gyniw.

*Intrenchments.*—Though on the marches of England and Wales, and within from two to three miles of Offa's Dyke, at Llan Dyssilio, yet this parish contains but few fortifications. 1. On the summit of *Gallt yr Ancr*, west of the village, is a British encampment, with circumvallations, enclosing the whole of the level area. Our ancestors laid no claim to Roman prudence, for they seldom thought of securing water within their camps. Strength of position was their first object, and impregnability and springs of water were but seldom found together. To remedy, in some degree, the want of a spring within the ramparts of this camp, its garrison excavated seven or eight wells in the solid rock to retain rainwater, which still continue to answer their original design. 2. At the eastern end of *Gallt y Main*, a foss and embankment connect the hill with a deep dingle, called *Ceunant Mawr*. This was intended to defend the pass of *Bwlch y Cibau*, and is contiguous to, and in full sight of, the circular intrenchments on *Hen Allt*, already noticed. On the south-western boundary of the parish is another foss called *Clawdd Llesg*, which might have been intended to guard the pass of *Bwlch Aeddan*. The adjunct *llesg* (weak or fragile), might have been imposed in derision by the opponents of the party who formed the embankment. Two or three circular intrenchments are in its vicinity, but all of them within the adjoining parish of Guilsfield.

*Old Mansions.*—The gavel-kind tenure, in partitioning an estate between all the sons of a proprietor, had a pauperizing tendency to reduce all the inhabitants of a country where such a custom was observed, in an equal state of insignificance. Suppose a gentleman in those days to have a rent-roll of £500 a year, equal to

£10,000 at this time; and his estate at his death, to be divided between five sons, they would have £100 a year each. Again in the next generation, the £100 a year might possibly be shared among four sons, so as to have £25 a year each; and so on, until many of the descendants of the esquire of £500 a year would have only a pedigree to show, and even that with most of them would soon be forgotten. A peasant may be now knee-deep in mud, opening a drain, on land where his ancestor might have been galloping over, either to let fly his hawk at a partridge, or his arrow at a stag. The only preservative against the general wreck of landed property by gavel-kind, was the chance of an estate descending to an only son, and that son marrying an heiress, similarly circumstanced. Such consolidations of landed property, happening several times in succession, aided by the abolition of the gavel-kind tenure and grants from the crown, have brought under one rent-roll some of the largest estates in the kingdom.

The old mansions in this parish, where their proprietors formerly resided in the midst of their tenantry, have, long ago, with a very few exceptions, been converted into farm-houses.

The *chief* mansion-house in a township very commonly went by the name of that township; and in some instances, the township had its name from the mansion. Which of these obtains in any given instance, may be known from the signification of the name, whether it means a tract of country or a local situation.

1. Beginning in the eastern extremity of the parish, in the township of Trev Nannau, we have *Trev Nannau* Hall, once the property of a family of the name of Matthews, descended from *Llewelyn Voelgrwn*, of Main. From the Matthews it passed by marriage to the Rockes, and from them, by sale, to the late Richard Mytton, Esq. The mansion was built anew by the last resident, Mr. Rocke. It is advantageously situated

on the banks of the salmon-river Vyrnwy; and is calculated for the residence of a family of fortune; but I believe not occupied as such at present. The garden in front of the old mansion was decorated with several statues in bronze: one was a Hercules grappling Antæus; another was an Atlas supporting a huge dial instead of a globe. The garden being close to a public road, these naked giants were a great annoyance to women and children passing to and from the market-towns of Pool and Llan Vyllin.

2. On crossing the Vyrnwy by a stone bridge of several arches, we come to *Pont Yscowryd* house, a mansion of the Myttons for many generations. The first of the name resident here, was John, fourth son of Richard Mytton, Esq., of Halston; and the last was Richard Mytton, who married Dorothy, heiress of Br— Wynn, Esq., of Garth, in Guilsfield, which thenceforward was preferred as the family mansion. It is evident that this house took its name from the *bridge* close by it. I cannot make any sense of the word *yscowryd*. *Pont ysgyryd* means the *rugged* bridge; a name, perhaps properly, though sarcastically, applied to the first attempt at a timber bridge at this place. Now it is not a *pont ysgyryd*, but a *pont gul* (a narrow or confined bridge).

3. *Ffuerm* (farm), in the township of Cevn Llyvnog, formerly Stryd y Vyrnwy, was once the residence of the Lawtons: it passed by marriage to the Parrys, of Main; and now, by purchase, it is the property of Gen. Dallas, governor of St. Helena.

4. *Ystum Colwyn*, in the township of the same name, was the residence of a long line of proprietors tracing their descent from Edwin, lord of Englefield, the third link from Howel Dda, prince of all Wales, in the tenth century. Edwin, ranks the eighth among the fifteen noble tribes of North Wales. He bore argent a cross flory engrailed sable between four Cornish choughs. Idnerth *Benfras* (Grosted), lord of Maesbrook, grandson of Edwin, added to his grandfather's coat: on chief azure a boar's head, couped argent, tusked or,



and langued gules. These arms are still quartered by the descendants of Edwin and Idnerth.

Rees Thomas, Esq., of Ystum Colwyn, was fifteenth in descent from Idnerth. His daughter and heiress, Dorothy, married Lumley Williames, a younger son of Henry Williames, of Cochwillan, Esq., in the county of Caernarvon, by Jane, daughter of Thomas Salisbury, governor of Denbigh Castle, and third son of Sir John Salisbury, Knt. and Bart., of Lleweni. Lumley Williames's grandmother was Barbara, daughter of George Lumley, Esq., son of John, lord Lumley, which connexion brought *Lumley* as a frequent Christian name into the family. There were *three* of the name in succession at Ystum Colwyn. The last Lumley lived there in 1703. The estate went a second time, "*i gogail*."<sup>1</sup> His daughter and heiress, Meriel, gave her hand to her cousin, Arthur Williames, Esq., of Meillionydd, in Lley, and had issue a son and a daughter. The latter, Meriel, married Robert Williames, Esq., second son of Sir William Williames, Bart., of Glan Vorda. Her brother Edward Williames, Esq. of Ystum Colwyn, married Miss Lloyd, of Chester. The estate went a third time, "*i gogail*." Their daughter, the heiress of Ystum Colwyn and Meillionydd, married Sir Robert Howel Vaughan, Bart., of Nannau and Hengwrt, in the county of Meirionydd. Their family consisted of three sons:—1. Sir Robert Williames Vaughan, Bart., of Nannau, M.P. for the county. 2. Col. E. W. Vn. Salisbury, who, at the head of his guards, was the first to mount the breach in the walls of Valenciennes, about the commencement of the French revolutionary war; and in the service of his king and country, died in the prime of life, lamented by all, in the island of Sicily. 3. Gruffydd Howel Vaughan, Esq., of Rug and Hengwrt, colonel of the Meirionyddshire militia.

<sup>1</sup> "*I gogail*" (to the distaff), was an ancient law-term, when a female inherited.

5. *Main*, in the township of that name, about the commencement of the fourteenth century, was the residence of *Llywelyn Voelgrwn* (lord of *Main*). He bore argent lion passant sable, within a bordure indented gules. Among his descendants were "Matthews, of *Trev Nannau*; Maurice, of *Bryn-gwaliau*; Parry, of *Main*; Davies, of *Peniarth*, in *Meivod*." The representatives of the latter at this time are Col. Davies, of *Nant Cribba*, and the Rev. R. J. Davies, rector of *Aberhavesp*. Which of the present houses in the township of *Main* was the residence of *Llywelyn*, it is difficult to ascertain. One of them is still called, by way of eminence, "*Plas y Main*," which passed from the Glynns of *Glynn*, in *Arwystli*, to the Rev. Mr. Saunders. *Llywelyn Voelgrwn* was a descendant of *Iorwerth Goch*, son of *Meredydd ab Bleddyn*, prince of *Powys*.

6. Three mansions in the township of *Dyffryn* go by that name. The lower *Dyffryn* has been lately built anew, in a most pleasant situation, by its present proprietor, Thomas Owen, Esq. The middle *Dyffryn* was once the property of Sir Charles Lloyd, Bart., of *Pool* and *Moel y Garth*. From the Lloyds it passed to the Goddrells; from them, by sale, to the Rockes, of *Trev Nannau*; and from the last resident, *Rocke*, by sale, to the Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, M.P. The upper *Dyffryn* belonged to a family of the name of *Vaughan*, descended from *Celynin*; an heiress married — *Rocke*, of *Trev Nannau*; and the last resident sold it to Mr. Hopkins, the present occupier.

7. In the same township lies *Pentre' Gov*, which, as before noticed, Mr. Price, of *Llan Vyllin*, would have to be a suburb of *Mediolanum*. The first proprietors on my list were named Phillips: an heiress married John Lloyd, Esq., of *Eunant*: his heiress conveyed it, together with *Gallt Vawr* and *Cil*, to W. Humphreys, Esq., of *Llwyn*; and their son transferred the two former estates, by sale, to Mr. Wynn.

8. In the township of *Teirtrev*, is the mansion of *Dol-*

obran (*Dolau Brân*, or *Dôl Ebran*), once the residence of a family named Lloyd, descendants of *Celynin*, of Llwydiarth, and he of Aleth, lord of Dyved. *Celynin* bore sable he-goat argent, attired and unguled or.

In the reign of Charles II, Charles Lloyd, Esq., of this place, and Thomas Lloyd, his brother, became early converts to the tenets of Richard Davies, of *Cloddiau Cochion*, the first Welsh quaker, and suffered much, for conscience' sake, in that age of bigoted intolerance. The esquire built a meeting-house for himself and brethren upon his own estate, near Coed Cowryd, which is still standing. Thomas Lloyd was among the emigrants of *Pennsylvania*, under the auspices of the great and good William Penn. At New York he had an interview with the Rev. Morgan Jones, and transmitted his strange narrative, of having been some months conversing with, and preaching to a colony of Welsh Indians, near the source of the river Missouri, to his brother, Charles Lloyd, at Dolobran; which has been since published by the Rev. N. Owen, in his *British Remains*. But this narrative, like several others of late dates, turned out to be a complete fiction. It had, however, too extensive credence. Dr. Plott read the substance of it before the Royal Society: Dr. Williams, of Sydenham, in Kent, included it in his *Essay on the Welsh Indians*: and the existence or non-existence of the tribe of White Indians in America, the descendants of Prince Madoc's colony, has been frequently bandied, *pro* and *con*, in the Gwyneddigion Society, London, and many times carried in the affirmative, as majority of votes too often do upon the wrong side of a question, be its importance and consequence ever so great.

But to set this question at rest, I believe it may be proved, from indisputable documents, that *Madog ab Owain Gwynedd*, the supposed discoverer of America many centuries before Columbus, fell by the sword (the too frequent death of the brave in those days) in his own country. Let *Columbus*, then, the great and in-

jured Columbus, have every merit that is strictly due to his unrivalled genius.

Charles Lloyd, his brother Thomas, and the Morgan Jones above mentioned, had been contemporary students at Jesus College, Oxford; but the fable of the Welsh Indians in America did not originate with them. Dr. Powell, in his *History of Wales*; Hackluyt, in his *Voyages*; Sir Thomas Herbert, in his *Travels*; had all of them previously given their sanction to the credibility of the tradition that Prince Madog had sailed "far to the west," &c.: but we have no authority for supposing that he ever sailed beyond Ireland, or the Isle of Man; or even that he ever boarded a skiff, save over the straits of the *Menai*. He met, as is above hinted, with a violent death in his native land; and the perpetrators of the nefarious deed, to account for his disappearance, spread a report that he had collected a fleet, and set sail in quest of a more pacific settlement. This invention gained credit; and the lovers of the marvellous are scarcely willing to give up the point, even at this day; and on this "baseless fabric" the present poet laureate erected one of his epics.

One of Charles Lloyds descendants, of the same name and creed, was supposed by his neighbours to be proof against every temptation to dishonesty. There were no banks then in being, excepting that of England; and money-scriveners where not in high repute; therefore, happy was the yeoman or the peasant, if he could prevail on the esquire of Dolobran to keep his savings, whether shillings or pounds, a score or a hundred, deposited in his iron coffer, as a place of unsuspected security. The good-natured banker continued to receive deposits, until he found it convenient to decamp, but whether to his friends and relations on the Delawar, or elsewhere, I am not informed. The estate continued in the hands of mortgagees (the Plymouth Windsors), until lately, when it was purchased by the late Joseph Jones, Esq, father of the present clerk of the peace for the county.

9. *Bryn Bwa*,<sup>1</sup> in the township of Teirtrev, has, for many generations, been the residence of a family named Pryce. According to the Welsh custom, the son taking the Christian name of the father, for his own surname, we find in this line, Rees ab Ieuan, father of Ieuan ab Rees, and so on alternately, until *ab Rhys*, changed into *Pryce*, became the permanent surname. In 1670, Rees ab Ieuan, of Bryn Bwa, married Jane, eldest daughter of Robert ab Oliver, of Cynhinva, who built a bridge of timber over the river Owddyn, for the public good, at his own expense. The stone bridge now on the spot, still bears his name, *Pont Robert ab Oliver*. He was third son of Oliver ab Thomas, of Neuadd Wen, in Llan Ervul, second brother of Matthew Pryce, Esq., of Newton Hall. Oliver ab Thomas, of Neuadd Wen, married Catharine, daughter of Morris ab Ieuan, of Llan Gedwyn, third in descent from Madog Kyffin, the founder of the Kyffin families. This Catharine, daughter of Morus, of Llan Gedwyn, was sister to Robert ab Morus, father of Morus ab Robert, father of Catharine, heiress of Llan Gedwyn, who married Owen Vaughan, Esq., of Llwydiarth, and by so doing, united the two estates.

The Ieuan ab Rees above mentioned, of Bryn Bwa, who married Jane Bolivar, was father of Rees Pryce, father of Evan Pryce, father of Rees Pryce, father of Rice Pryce, the last heir male who bore the name, though the estate is still in his family.

10. *Gallt Vawr*, in the township of Peniarth, in the latter end of the seventeenth century, was the residence of Humphrey Morris, gent., descended from Mael, lord of Maelienydd, of the line of Cadell, son of Rhodri Mawr, prince of all Wales. It was sold by the Morris family; and again sold by the late John Humffreys, Esq., of Llwyn, to Mr. Wynn.

11. *Coettrev* (or Tre-goed), in the same township,

<sup>1</sup> Now called *Rhos Bryn Bwa*. The Pryces of Bryn Bwa are descended from Iorwerth Voel, lord of Mechain, and Mael, lord of Maelienydd.

in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was the residence of John Thomas, descended from Einion Evell, son of Madog ab Meredydd. His daughter and heiress, Lowry, married, 1st, to Gruffydd Owain, Esq., of Bron y Main; and 2nd, to Richard Wynn, Esq., of Plas Newydd, in Llansilin. The *Main* and *Goettrev* estates passed, either by marriage or sale, to the Lloyds of Aberbechan, near Newtown. The heiress, Lloyd, married Sir Gervase Clifton, Bart.: and their son, Sir Robert, disposing of his Montgomeryshire property, Coettrev was bought by the late Rev. W. Brown, and is at present, the property of his son, Charles Brown, Esq.

12. *Plas Nant y Meichiaid*, or the *Hall*, in the township of that name, belonging to a family named Owen, who traced their descent from Iorwerth Voel, lord of Mechain, who bore argent, fess inter three fleurs de lis, sable. An heiress, Owen, married the Rev. W. Roberts, of Loppington; and their son, Owen Roberts, Esq., of Wem, sold the estate to Henry W. W. Wynn, Esq.

13. *Plas Uchar* (the upper hall), in the township of Trev Edryd, and opposite the old castle of Mathraval, was in 1738, the residence of the proprietor of nearly the whole township, Nathaniel Maurice, Esq., a descendant of Einion Evell, son of Madog ab Meredydd, prince of Powys. Einion bore party per fess sable, and argent lion rampant, counterchanged of the field, armed and langued gules. Margaret, daughter and heiress of Nathaniel Maurice, married Edward Morris, Esq., of Henvachan, and had a numerous family. Both estates became eventually the property of the surviving daughter, mother of the present proprietor, the Rev. Nathaniel Roberts, of Oswestry.

## MEN OF NOTE;

EITHER natives or inhabitants of, or otherwise connected with Meivod.

1. *Gwyddvarch*.—We have given as much of the history of this recluse as we were capable of in the first section of these notices. That he was among the earliest propagators of Christianity in these parts, is not improbable. The learned Bishop Tanner held, that monastic seclusion was nearly coeval with Christianity in this island. Wherever *Gwyddvarch* was born, *here* he ended his ascetic life. His death-bed, on the rock still bearing his name, was pointed out to Mr. Edward Lhuyd, when he perambulated Wales, about the close of the seventeenth century: but either the real name of the hermit had been forgotten, or the topographer caught the articulation of his informant imperfectly, for in his MS., the rocky bed of the saint is written "*Gwely Gwelvarth*." *Gwyddvarch*, in his best days, had been a person of intelligence and observation, for in some collections of adages, he is styled "*Gwyddvarch Gyvarwydd*," i. e., the eloquent and well-informed *Gwyddvarch*.

2. *Tyssilio*, though a son of the prince of Powysland, in its greatest extent, preferred a mitre and niche among the Cambrian saints to the fascinations of a diadem. He was, however, a firm supporter of the independence of the British Church against the usurpations of the Roman pontiff, when Augustine the monk, undertook the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons from paganism, in the seventh century. Meivod has no other claim to this prelate than this being selected a patron saint of one of its three churches.

In these "latter times," it might be considered derogatory to the modern "march of intellect," to register ecclesiastics before princes, but here it is done in observance of regular chronology.

3, 4. *Madog ab Meredydd*, and his son *Gruffydd Maelor*. We have no evidence that these princes were either natives or inhabitants of this parish; although they may have occasionally resided on its boundary in Mathraval castle. *Here*, however, they found their last place of settlement, their *ultima domus*, in the Church of Tyssilio. Meivod must have been a favourite spot with Madog, as he ordered his body to be conveyed from Winchester, where he died, to be deposited here: and his son, Maelor, followed him, from the banks of the Dee, to be laid in the same cemetery, in the year 1191.

5. *Cynddelw* (with the flowing *Awen*). By the laws of Howel, compiled in the tenth century, the chief provincial bard and the domestic bard were two out of the fourteen guests usually admitted to the king's own table. Here we bring the bard nearer to his prince. The isles of the Grecian Archipelago disputed with each other, which of them had the clearest title to its property in the bard of the Iliad. *Meivod* will claim *Cynddelw*, "de bene esse," as an inhabitant, until some other parish or district shall exhibit superior evidence, and issue its writ accordingly. Length of life gave Cynddelw the advantage of becoming one of the most voluminous writers of his age. His compositions, published in the *Archaiology*, and some of them of great length, amount to forty-nine. He may be supposed to have commenced his poetic career soon after the year 1133. (Howel, son of Owen Gwynedd, overthrew several of the Norman fortresses in South Wales, for which exploits he is much applauded by Cynddelw.) (When Madog succeeded his father, Meredydd, in the principality of Powys. The being chair-bard to the new prince was a seat of honour; Cynddelw aspired to it, and was opposed by Seisyllt: a sharp contest ensued, but Cynddelw succeeded.) These feats of the gifted son of Owen took place about A.D. 1146. The bard's repeated eulogies on the prowess of the princes of Gwynedd and Powys roused



the indignation of a zealous rival for martial fame, lord *Rees*, of *Dinevaur*. To appease the wrath of the prince, Cynddelw underwent the ordeal of writing eight conciliatory poems, and was at last permitted to include in his final peace-offering, "*Llaesa dy vâr, dy vardd wyv*:" "Slacken thy wrath, for I am thy bard."

Cynddelw composed the Elegy on the death of			
Madog, prince of Powys, in	...	...	1159
<hr/>			
<i>Ririd Vlaidd</i> , cousin to Prince Madog, in	...	on the death of	1160
<hr/>			
Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, in	...	on the death of	1169
<hr/>			
Owen, son of Madog, slain in Careg Hova Castle, by Gwenwynwyn, his nephew	...	...	1187
Among his last poems is that called "The Battles of Llewelyn," in which he enumerates that prince's devastations in Powys, the Marches, and mentions his encampment at "Bryn Gwyth," near Shrewsbury. All these transactions on the borders took place during the last years of the reign of King John, from 1207 to			
...	...	...	1216

It appears from the above chronological sketch, that Cynddelw composed poems, &c., during a period of between seventy and eighty years, and that period one of the most eventful in Cambrian history. His contemporaries, princes of the three provinces of Gwynedd, Dyved, and Powys, were all men of military talent, and capable of action; but what accelerated the fate of the whole was, that they seldom or never acted in concert. When Henry II. vowed vengeance against Owen, worthily surnamed *Gwynedd*, with the force of England, Gascony, Brabant, the Marches, and even the unnatural alliance of Powys, at his heels, how did the eagle-eyed and lion-hearted son of Conan act upon this

emergency? Did he retire beyond the Menai (upon the first intelligence of the approach of such a formidable host of adversaries, determined upon the extermination of himself and nation), or retreat into the fastnesses of Snowdon, whilst submissive terms were offered to appease the wrath of the ireful Plantagenet? *No!* He met the enemy with his handful of heroes, "*eryron Eryri*," on the very borders of England. Henry's repeated defeats are well known. No wonder, then, that he should give his sturdy neighbours such a character, in answer to some queries proposed to him by Emmanuel, emperor of Constantinople; which, according to Giraldus (*Cambr. Descript.* c. 8), was in these words:—

"In a corner of this island, there is a nation called *Wallenses*, so bold and daring that they will never flinch from engaging armed troops, though they themselves were naked. They will freely shed their blood in defence of their country, and sacrifice most readily even their lives, when honour calls."

Taking the arms and discipline of the Welsh in those days into consideration, it must be allowed that in comparison with Henry's *gendarmerie*, they were *naked*; but their *cause* and their *country* were their arms, and their courage their armour.

6. "*Llyr Craff, of Meivod.*" } When David ab Owen  
 7. "*Collwyn, of Meivod.*" } succeeded to the  
 sceptre of Gwynedd, on the death of his brave but unfortunate brother Howel, he expelled all his numerous brothers and nephews from his territory, in the year 1173. His nephew, Meredydd, son of his brother Conan, sought refuge in Powys, where the Convynian princes made him a grant of the lordship of Rhiw Hiriaeth, Llyslyn, and Coed Talog, in Montgomeryshire. He married Alson, grand-daughter of Llewelyn with the Golden Torque, of Ial. His son, "*Llyr Craff*, was of Meivod," and, by Alice, daughter of Einion ab Seisyllt, of Mathavarn, lord of Meirionydd, he had a son named "*Collwyn of Meivod*," who married Elen,

daughter of Einion ab Llewelyn, of the tribe of Brochwel Ysgythrog. At what mansion in Meivod, Llyr and Collwyn resided, we are not informed.

Among the descendants of Meredydd ab Conan, are the Hammers, of Hanmer, and Williamses, of Dolanog and of Henllys. Meredydd's arms were, "Quarterly argent and gules, four lions passant counterchanged of the field:" but Davies, in his *Heraldry Displayed*, p. 66, says, "that all Meredydd's descendants, which formerly were numerous, bore, 'argent two lions passant, guardant azure.'"

8. *Davydd Meivod*, a poet, who flourished from about A.D. 1630 to 1670.

9. *Humphrey Owen*, D.D., son of Humphrey Owen, of Gwaelod, in Nant y Meichiaid, became principal of Jesus College, Oxford, on the death of Thomas Pardo, D.D., in 1763, and was succeeded by Joseph Hoare, D.D., in 1768.

10. *Methusalem Jones*, } These persons became  
11. *William Pugh*. } wealthy by buying  
cattle in Wales, and selling them in Kent. The *former* is recorded, in *Heraldry Displayed*, p. 36, among the descendants of Cynric Evell. His son (if we mistake not), of the same name, served the office of sheriff for the county in 1725. The *latter* erected a spacious gallery in the Church, for the accomodation of attendants at divine worship, and bequeathed a legacy towards the support of the poor of the parish for ever. On his death, a pathetic elegy, recording his private virtues and public charities, was composed by the next, and the last, to be here noticed.

12. *Robert Evan*, it is said, never debased his *Awen* by writing on profane subjects. All his themes, like those of his contemporary, Morus ab Robert, of Bala, were of the serious or religious class. His "Call to the Vineyard," and his "Penitent's Prayer," are published in the *Blodeugerdd*. He was parish clerk; taught his vicar, Dr. S. Pryce, to read Welsh; and died in the almshouse.

## SECTION VI.

## POPULATION, POOR.

It is not commonly found that the number of inhabitants decrease, even in agricultural parishes; and where a diminution appears, the correctness of the enumeration remains doubtful.

The population of Meivod was taken with scrupulous exactness, in March, 1798, and found to					
amount to	...	...	...	...	1649
In 1811, the number returned to government					
was but	...	...	...	...	1633
In 1821, the number, more correct, we believe,					
than the last, was	...	...	...	...	1761

It is the increase of population, aided by the operation of the present system of poor laws, and the disproportion between the wages of agricultural labour and the price of provisions, that have caused the poor rates to attain their present alarming pitch: and if some new system be not adopted, it does not require any supernatural gift to predict that the landed property, not many scores of years hence, will be swallowed up in the gulf of pauperism. The increase of the poor rates in Meivod, will appear from the following table, extracted out of the overseers' books, from 1744 to 1828.

Year.		Parish Rate. £	...	Per pound.			Sum Collected.		
				s.	d.	...	£	s.	d.
1744	Old Rate	2780	...	0	4	...	46	6	8
1745	...	—	...	0	5½	...	60	16	3
1751	New Rate	3671	...						
1761	...	—	...	0	6	...	91	15	6
1763	...	—	...	0	7	...	107	1	5
1765	...	—	...	0	8	...	122	7	4

Year.		Parish Rate.		Per pound.			Sum collected		
		£		s.	d.		£	s.	d.
1767	...	—	...	0	10	...	152	9	2
1768	...	—	...	1	0	...	183	11	0
1777	...	—	...	1	2	...	214	2	10
1780	...	—	...	1	3	...	229	8	9
1782	...	—	...	1	4	...	244	14	8
1788	...	—	...	1	6	...	275	6	6
1789	...	—	...	1	10	...	336	10	2
1792	...	—	...	2	0	...	367	2	0
1796	...	—	...	3	6	...	642	12	0
1800	...	—	...	6	6	...	1195	7	0
1810	...	—(a reduction)		5	6	...	1011	14	6
1820	A New Rate	4328	...	6	3	...	1352	15	6
1828	...	—(a reduction)		5	5	...	1167	15	6

By comparing the amount collected in 1744, with that in 1820, it appears that for every *penny* raised in the former year, about *half-a-crown* was exacted in the latter. How the amount of 1828 was brought lower than that of 1820, by £185, no reasons have been assigned, as none were required.

# AN ESSAY

ON THE DISTINCT CHARACTERS AND COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES OF THE BARDIC INSTITUTIONS OF CAERMARTHEN AND GLAMORGAN; AND ON THE NOTICES THAT REMAIN OF EACH. TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED, SOME INTRODUCTORY REMARKS UPON ALLITERATION.

"Y gwir yn erbyn y byd."

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## REMARKS ON ALLITERATION.

### NOTE.

THE substance of the following Remarks was sent in the year 1819,<sup>1</sup> in answer to a question proposed by one of the earliest patrons<sup>2</sup> of the Cambrian Society in Dyved, viz.:—"Can Alliteration be dispensed with in Welsh Poetry, without detriment to its excellence?"

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ALLITERATION, in poetry as well as in prose, consists in the repetition of the same initial letter or syllable at certain intervals of a line, couplet, or sentence.

The classic writers sometimes indulged their fancy by using this kind of decoration; of which the following are examples:—

"Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis  
Visa viri."

<sup>1</sup> [To the Eisteddfod held at Caermarthen on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of July in that year. This Essay obtained the prize.]

<sup>2</sup> [The late Rev. John Jenkins, better known as *Ivor Ceri*.]

————— "*Populi ad proceres primumque parentem.*"  
 "*Neu patrie validas in viscera vertite vires.*"

VIRGIL.

"*Corpora Cecropidum pennis pendere putares;*  
*Pendebant pennis.*"

————— "*Sed pugnae pectora praebent.*"

OVID.

————— "*Pudor prohibebat plura profari.*"

HORACE.

————— "*Timidus praegustet pocula pappas.*"

JUVENAL.

The figure is also noticed in Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and other English writers. But one of the most complete Alliterations is in the following satirical distich on Cardinal Wolsey; where every word in the first line begins with a B, and in the last with H.

"*Begot by butchers but by bishops bred,*  
*How high his haughty highness holds his head!*"

*Rhyme* differs from Alliteration in being applied to the lines of a distich, &c., by ending them with the same vowel and consonant, for the sake of unison. This ornament was used but sparingly, and by most writers not at all, in the classic languages. Some examples might be selected from Theocritus, Callimachus, and others among the Greeks; and from Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius among the Latins.

Verses of this description came at length to be called *Leonine*; and, according to Pasquier, from a poet of the 12th century, named Leoninus. The following is a specimen:—

"O dives! dives!—non omni tempore vives!"

But the most prevalent verse in the middle ages was that called the Monkish rhyme; such as that exhibited by the Monk of Chester, in versifying Giraldus Cambrensis's tale of the wonders of Savaddon

**Lake, in Brecknockshire; with an illusion to the swans thereon, congratulating the lawful heir of South Wales, prince Gruffydd ab Rhys, in preference to Henry II. of England.**

“Ad Brechnoc est vivarium  
Satis abundans piscium,  
Sæpe coloris varii,  
Scommma gerens pomarii,  
Structuras sedificii,  
Sæpe videns inibi.  
Sub lacu cùm sit gellidus  
Mirus auditur sonitus  
Si terre princeps venerit  
Aves cantare jusserit,  
Statim depromunt modulus  
Nil concinant ad cæteros.”



the "*Ransom of Egyll*," a Norwegian Scald, in double rhymes:—

"Rand hilmer hior	Ol Flagds gota
That var hrafn-agior	Tharbiödur sköta
Fleinn hitte pior	Thrad nift Nara
Flugn dreyrug spior—	Nattuerd ara."

Neither *Alliteration* nor *Rhyme*, strictly speaking, is the prosodial characteristic of our Welsh verse, especially that which obtained from the fifteenth century to our time; but a compound scale, partaking in some degree of both, called *Cynghanedd* (Concentus, vel Symphonia Consonantica). This *Cynghanedd* has been improperly styled *Alliteration*, by writers not well acquainted with its characteristics. Professor Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, says that the Scandinavian Scalds conveyed the knowledge of their art to Ireland, Scotland, and even to the Welsh bards. The learned and ingenious translator<sup>1</sup> of Mallett's *Northern Antiquities* has enlarged upon this groundless hypothesis. I leave the surmises, that the Welsh bards of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, might borrow their system of alliteration from the Scaldic camp followers, if such there were, of Danish marauders, to the fate they deserve. The Scaldic rhyming of the *eighth* century, the earliest period attributed to its existence, could not be borrowed by *Aneurin* and *Taliesin*, or any other Welsh writer in the *sixth* century. These bards had very few *Alliterations* properly so called; but *rhyme* appears in the oldest verses we have, even those which bear the stamp of Druidic origin, before the introduction of Christianity, and before we could have had any intercourse with any of the Scandinavian tribes. When our bards were converted, they continued to rhyme in couplets and triplets, and frequently followed the same termination for ten, twenty, thirty, and so on to a still greater number of lines,

<sup>1</sup> [Bishop Percy.]

without many repetitions of the same words. In addition to this terminating rhyme, *Cynghanedd* faintly appears in the compositions of our early bards. About the thirteenth century it pervaded every line; until at length, in the fifteenth, it obtained the *ne plus ultra* of ingeniously combined consonancy. The poems of this period were not equalled in the correctness of this national and peculiar kind of metrical composition by any former bards, nor have they been since surpassed by any subsequent writers. But to return from this Scaldic digression.

On the dawn of the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, by the expulsion of the Greeks and of science from the east, the public taste in Christian Europe became diverted, by degrees, from the prosecution of the "*difficiles nugæ*," the monkish rhymes, to admire and to imitate the classic elegance of the ancient writers of Greece and Latium, both in verse and prose.

Imitations, however, of the classic poets may have been carried too far in languages not equally adapted to express poetical ideas in blank verse. English writers have excelled in both kinds; but the preponderance of public taste is evidently in favour of rhyme. Two English critics have given their opinions on blank verse, thus:—

"*The language (English) suffers more by distortion to keep it out of prose, than any inconvenience or limitation to be apprehended from the shackles and circumspection of rhyme.*"

DR. JOHNSON.<sup>1</sup>

"In this distortion, the lines appear manufactured, and lose all the character of enthusiasm and inspiration, without which they become cold and vapid, however sublime the ideas may be which they express."

R. P. KNIGHT.

If the opinions of these eminent linguists, with respect

<sup>1</sup> *His Life by Boswell*, vol. i., p. 584.

to *English* blank verse, are well founded, what are we to think of the serious proposition of stripping *Welsh* verse, not only of its natural ornament, but of its very essence, *Cynghanedd*? Such learned critics as consider our *Cynghanedd*, not as the embellishment and spirit, but as the disgraceful fetter of *Welsh* poetry, seem to have acquired their notions from their more intimate acquaintance with the measured quantities of Homer and Virgil, &c., than with the principles and character of that language, in which, according to the opinion of others, *Cynghanedd* forms the *sine qua non* of elegant and spirited poetry. I shall here beg leave to introduce the corroborating sentiments of other writers upon the subject.

"The Bards, by means of these intricate fetters, have unalterably preserved the pronunciation and etymology of the language; as not a single sound or letter could be changed, by any means, without confounding the whole structure."

MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

"The Welsh, in the structure of its poetry, is widely different from all other languages, both ancient and modern: for herein we may observe such a peculiar ingenuity in the selection and arrangement of words, as to produce a rhythmical concatenation of sounds in every verse; which is so characteristic of, and essential to Welsh poetry, that exclusive of this, it would have no existence. The laws of poetical composition in this language are so strict and rigorous, that they must greatly cramp the genius of the bard, but that there is in the language a peculiar aptitude for that kind of alliteration, which constitutes the beauty of its poetry."

REV. J. WALTERS.

"In investigating the nature of the rules of versification in our poetry, we perceive that the leading principle to which they are subservient is the *Cynghanedd*, or concatenation, on which depends the harmony of the Welsh language. So exact is this system, and so

interwoven in all its parts, that if words were lost in a verse, the particular accented letters in such a blank are always unquestionably known from the context or pretext, and consequently a great probability of replacing the very words of the original composition."

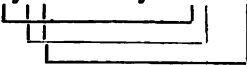
MR. W. OWEN.<sup>1</sup>

The following is an instance of *Cynghanedd* correcting typographical errors in orthography: In an elegy on the death of Sir Richard Herbert, brother to the Earl of Pembroke, who was beheaded at Banbury, in the year 1469, published in the *Gorchestion*, by Rhys Jones, p. 135, one line appears thus:—

"Tyrva wan yw Vreucani."

This would pass very well in prose, or blank verse; but by the rules of our *Cynghanedd*, we immediately perceive and conclude that the line *must* have been originally written,—

"Tyrva wan yw Tre Venni:"—



which is the town of Abergavenny, in Monmouthshire; near which place Sir Richard had his seat of Coalbrook.

Another instance of the use of *Cynghanedd* in restoring *lost* words:—

In preparing the works of *Huw Morus* for the press, one page of a poem had the first half of every line torn off by some accident; but the *Cynghanedd* being of the right sort, the lost words were without much difficulty restored by the assistance of the remaining preserved fragments. Another full copy of the poem being afterwards found, proved the correctness of the amendment made in the mutilated transcript. Words,

<sup>1</sup> Preface to *D. ab Gwilym*.

and especially half lines, missing in prose, or in blank verse, can have no such probability of being correctly restored.

Let the advocates for Welsh blank verse write on the same subjects as some of our best poets have done in the established *Cynghanedd*; for instance, the awful part of the description of "Thunder," the addresses to the "Sun," the "Summer," the "Winter Fog," &c., by D. ab Gwilym; the description of a "Horse," by Tudur Aled; and let the impartial public decide upon their respective merits, which can be most easily and permanently committed to memory, &c. In fine, let them produce a single epigram that will bear a second reading. It is only wasting time to talk or write about the abolition of *Cynghanedd* in Welsh verse; it cannot be abolished as long as the language which seems to delight in it endures; whilst any other mode of verse, intended as its substitute, will be only ephemeral, doomed to be forgotten nearly as soon as produced. The Welsh *Awen* breathes most naturally and fluently in accents of *Cynghanedd*. The bards must, and will write in their favourite manner, or they will not write at all. "Prose run mad" they abhor.

## AN ESSAY, &c.

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THIS little globe, which we inhabit, affords innumerable subjects of curious investigation to the inquisitive mind: and of these, the similarity or discordance of the varieties of languages, spoken by its several classes of nations, is not the least interesting. In some may be observed the simplest rudiments of organized speech still retained; in others these have been more or less lost in improved construction, and cultivated complexity. The former, as it were doomed to the perpetual sterility of inharmonious prose, capable only of giving names to the most common objects, and of expressing the wants and the meaner passions of the human race; the latter, by their copiousness and mellifluous cadence, afford never-failing sources, of all the materials of persuasive eloquence, to the animated orator, and of the most seraphic strains of easy and flowing numbers to the inspired bard. Poetry, therefore, as to its diction, is either humble or elevated, simple or majestic, according to the degree of artificial cultivation bestowed upon the language in which it is written. As languages differ much in their construction, so they are respectively more or less adapted to particular species of composition in verse. The classic languages agree well with the measured quantities of Dactyle, Spondee, Trochee, Iambic, &c.; and the English rivals them in being excellently well adapted to the scale of alternate emphatic and non-emphatic syllables. Neither of these characteristics, however, supply the gamut of Welsh verse. The language has its peculiarity of construction; and its proper rules of prosody appear to be the best that could be invented to accord with its syntax. It will not easily admit

any foreign scale of composition; neither is its own scale apparently calculated for any other language, for obvious reasons. Such languages as are written in particular characters, and read or pronounced, in numerous instances, by sounds or powers entirely foreign to those characters, as for instance, the English, French, and Irish, can never adopt, with the least shadow of success, the present Welsh mode of prosody, which is exclusively adapted to a language having *no* quiescent or mute letters, but every symbol invariably maintaining its own peculiar power or sound. Such is the Welsh; excepting in the instance of the vowel *y*, which occasionally assumes the sound of its sister vowel *u*.

The Italian has been represented as coming nearer than any to the Welsh in its symphony of consonants. The following is a specimen extracted from a supposed epistle from Circe to Ulysses, inserted in Dr. J. D. Rhys's *Latin Grammar of Welsh Prosody*, published in the year 1592.

"Ulisse o lasso, dolce amore i' moro,  
Se porci parci, qui armento hor' monta,  
In selua saluo à me più caro coro."

The Doctor, a graduate of Oxford, took his degree in physic at the University of Sienna in Italy, and was so much a master of the Italian language as to be appointed Moderator in the School of Pistoia, in Tuscany; he however without overstraining his spirit of nationality, gives the preference, in his *Institutes of Prosody*, to the consonant symphony of his native country. The cause of this preference is to be found in the different characters of the respective languages. The Italian abounds in vowels; and every pause, and even every word, with a few exceptions, ends in a vowel; which in the method of concatenation exhibited above, must crowd the ear with the continual repetition of similar sounds, so as to become tiresome. On the contrary, in the Welsh language, the number of vowels

and consonants, and the terminations of words in each, are just equal; so that in verse, an equipoised harmony between vowels and consonants is invariably preserved. The case is very different in the English language, which abounds with consonants, in a given number of words, in the proportion of about nine for every five vowels.

Welsh prosody is also much facilitated by numerous inflexions of initial letters, as well as by what may be termed synthetic and analytic variations, or roots derived from compounds, and compounds combined from roots. *Gwiw* and *llon*, for instance, are two adjectives, and may be combined unto one, *gwiwllon*; transpose them and we have *llonwio*, a compound adjective of similar import.

Scarcely has any system of human science ever existed without being disturbed by the demon of party. This also has been the lamentable lot of Welsh prosody, ever since the memorable Session or *Eisteddvod* of Bards, held at Caermarthen, in the year 1451, under the patronage of the illustrious and patriotic Gruffydd ab Nicolas. The *Venedotian* party insist that the standard of Welsh prosody is that system of twenty-four metres established at the fore-mentioned *Eisteddvod*, in 1451. The *Silurian* party, though fewer in number, are not less positive in their tenet, that a complete system of twenty four metres of prosody existed previous to that period; a system, they say, in every respect superior, as well as anterior, to that of Caermarthen.

In order to warrant an impartial opinion upon this disputed point, which party should be called orthodox, and which schismatic, it will be necessary to take a cursory view of the state of Welsh prosody in the sixth century, the earliest period of certainty in our annals of versification; and thence to trace its progressive advancement towards perfection, in the intermediate space between the age of Aneurin and the schism of the fifteenth century.



From such a view drawn impartially from the only authentic documents in our possession, the "distinct characters and comparative advantages of the two rival Bardic Institutions," will appear, it is presumed, as incontrovertible evidences to decide the question of pre-eminence.

The very different quality and character of the effusions of the muse at different portions of the long period of 900 years, will make it necessary to adopt the division of that term into *three* distinct Epochs: and indeed it is naturally divided into so many, by chasms of total inaction and silence, the consequent effects of political convulsions and national disasters.

#### EPOCH I.

THE *first* epoch commences with our earliest writers upon record, in the sixth century, as stated above, laying aside the druidical triplets of a remoter and unknown date; and continues to the unfortunate conclusion of the struggle against the growing power of the Saxons; when a general abdication of the territory eastward of the Severn and the Dee became unavoidable. From this retreat of the native Britons commences the first chasm in our poetical annals; for we have but few, if any, pieces extant between the conclusion of the first epoch in the *eighth* century, and the commencement of the second epoch in the *twelfth*, which took place under the auspices of the illustrious son of Cynan, the patron of both poetry and music, and the regulator of abuses which had crept into both systems during the long night of darkness, confusion, and discord, of several centuries' continuance.

## EPOCH II.

THE *second* epoch continues from the date of the patronage of genius, and the revival of learning under the munificent princes of Aberffraw, to the death of their gallant but unfortunate descendant, the last of the native princes, in the year 1282. The fall of *Llywelyn* carried in its train, not only the fall of Cambrian independence, but also nearly the extinction of Cambrian genius. We need not have recourse to the unfounded tradition of the barbarous and bloody massacre of the Bards; the persecution and proscription of their order affording sufficient check. Thus unprotected by law, ungoverned by institutes of bardic regulations, and forbidden by the new laws of their new masters, the Bards are not recognized as an existing Order for about a century of desponding silence.

## EPOCH III.

At length, the inspired *Awenyddion*, collecting confidence from a lapse of comparative repose, appeared more numerous than ever; as if persecution, instead of annihilating genius, had sown its seed among the fertile rocks, and cloud-capt mountains of Cambria. They also appeared as a new race of beings; improving the construction of canons already in use; inventing additional metres, and applying new ideas to new subjects: and all this without any privileged patronage, save what spontaneously flowed from the applause and munificence of a few patriotic individuals.

In length of time, however, for want of the proper and periodical regulation of their order, the Bards increased in number, whilst the majority of their productions decreased in merit. They shook off the

obligations, both civil and moral, under which their fraternity had been customarily and prudently governed in happier times; and assumed to themselves, individually, the privilege of writing and acting, as their own whims and propensities dictated. Rhapsodies on trivial subjects, and low satires, abounded.

To correct this growing abuse, the grand Eisteddvod at Caermarthen, already noticed, was convened<sup>1</sup> by the munificent representative of the house of the illustrious *Urien*, whose halls had often resounded with the songs and the lyres of the primitive Bards of the isle of Britain.

The avowed objects of the Eisteddvod were to admit Bards of merit to their several degrees, according to their respective qualifications; to regulate their perquisites, according to ancient usage; and to reduce the number of claimants by the rejection of unqualified candidates, who had, owing to the neglect of such wholesome discipline, become the nuisance of society.<sup>2</sup>

Ieuan Llawdden, an eminent Bard, and native of Glyn Llychwr, in Glamorganshire, but who had spent most of his time as minister of the Church of Machynllaith, in Powys, had been appointed by the president to draw up the code of regulations for the Bards and minstrels. He did this with great skill and fidelity, and it received the unanimous approbation of the Eisteddvod.

Matters being so far carried on with unanimity and

<sup>1</sup> This eisteddvod is said to have been held in the year 1451; whilst the account of it in the *Greal* says, that a royal commission was obtained for the purpose from Edward IV. Edward was only Earl of March in 1451, and but 8 years old. I must leave this point undecided.

<sup>2</sup> The royal commission upon this occasion has not apparently been preserved; but that issued by Queen Elizabeth in the ninth year of her reign (1567), for holding a similar congress at Caerwys, in Flintshire, published from the original document at Mostyn, in Dr. Brown's *Dissertation on the Union of Poetry and Music*, has this explanatory preamble:—"Whereas \* \* \* \* \* vagrant and idle persons, naming themselves Mynstrells, Rythmors, and Barthes are lately grown into such an intollerable multitude within the principalities of North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others, by their shameless disorders, are oftentimes disquieted in their habitacons but also the expert mynstrells and musicians in toun and contry thereby much discouraged to travail in the exercise and practize of their knowledge; and also not a little in their lyvings and pferm<sup>ts</sup>. The reformacon wherof, &c."

\* \* \* \* \* See also Mr. Pennant's *Wales*.

satisfaction to all, the president proposed from the chair a revival of the metrical canons then known, and in use; recommending the adoption of others to supply the place of such as might be found wanting in the customary number of 24 metres. This being an arduous undertaking without previous notice, nine days' time was allowed for the Bards assembled to prepare and produce this new modelled system of prosody; and the Bard who would furnish the best, in the opinion of the Eisteddvod, with verses of his own composition, adapted to the several metres, was to be rewarded with the highest honour, the *silver chair*. D. ab Edmund, a gentleman of property from Hanmer, in Flintshire, and one of the most highly-gifted Bards of his age, succeeded in the contest, and was rewarded accordingly. The 24 metres he framed upon the occasion, are those styled "the Bardic Institutions of Caermarthen." The silver-chaired and silver-tongued Bard, it is acknowledged in Welsh history of this Eisteddvod,<sup>1</sup> adopted in his new system several of the old metres; and rejected others, supplying their places with new ones of his own invention. It does not appear that he met with any serious opposition at the Eisteddvod upon his introducing such a sweeping innovation. Llawdden, it is said, objected to the substitution of the new crambo called *Gorchest y Beirdd* in lieu of the *ancient*, and the most ancient of all the metres, called *Triban Milwr*; but he was soon silenced by the superior eloquence and fascinating address of his more successful opponent.

The Bards of the province of Gwent (Gorsedd Morganwg) chagrined at the adoption of the innovations at Caermarthen, convened an Eisteddvod within their own district, giving the customary notice of a year and a day, for the express purpose of entering a protest against the validity of the new system. They

<sup>1</sup> Contained in an old MS. once preserved at Aber Marlais, copied therefrom by *Iago ab Dewi*, an able critic and antiquary of Blaen Gwili, in Caermarthenshire, and published from his copy in the *Great*, Nos. ii., iii., and iv.

asserted that they, in Gwent, were in possession of the ancient code of 24 metres, which had the authority of the sanction of ages. These they say were canons, properly so called; metres of distinct originality, founded upon scientific bases; whilst the new code was only a motley syllabus of incoherencies.

This Gwentian protest, it appears, had no effect out of its own province. Novelty, however absurd, has its charms; and it seldom fails to decoy the unwary. The Bards of Gwynedd, Dyved, and Powys, have adhered most rigidly, from that period to this day, to the new canons of Caermarthen. Thus originated the schism which is the subject of this essay.

Having already taken a retrospective view of the *three periods* in our bardic annals, and of the three classes of writers who made those periods memorable; I must again return to observe upon *what*, and upon *how many* metres, they respectively composed; so as to have the solid ground of authority in judging, whether the alterations made in the *metres*, or rather in the *canons* of prosody, at the Caermarthen Eisteddvod, were the effects of prudent necessity, with a view to real improvement, or otherwise of temerity, without the requisite seasoning of mature deliberation.

The Bards of the first epoch were Aneurin, Taliesin, Myrddin Wyllt, and Llywarch Hen; with a few others of less note.

Their subjects consisted of much bardic mythology, mystical and historical allusions, the triumph or the fall of the brave, and the lamentations of sorrow: subjects peculiarly characteristic of the age in which they lived. The state of our language at this time was not such as to admit of that strict and interwoven consonancy adopted, and so much admired, in the *third* period, hereafter to be more fully noticed.

Their metres of composition in this first period, were the nine elementary canons of song (*naw Gorchan neu naw colovn cerdd dawawd*), that is, nine metricities of from four to twelve syllables. Their names I defer

giving, until we arrive at the close of the third period, where the 24 ancient canons shall be produced under one connected view.

To these nine simple canons were added, within this period, seven secondary metres, or varieties of combinations of the simple originals, called *Adlawiaid* or *Gogolownau*, under the respective names of

10. Clogyrnach,
11. Ban Cyrch,
12. Fforchawdl,
13. Triban Milwr,
14. Hupynt,
15. Cynghawg, and
16. Toddaid.

These seven added to the nine primary, made sixteen metrical canons.

Of the works of the writers of the second period, we have none prior to those of the bardic family of Meilir, in the twelfth century, under the patronage of Gruffydd ab Cynan, his son, and grandson. This gifted family consisted of the father, Meilir; the son, Gwalchmai; and the grandsons, Meilir and Einiawn. The system of prosody, under their cultivation, acquired a very considerable degree of improvement. Gwalchmai, in particular, was the Pen-Beirdd of his day.

The other Bards of this period are too numerous to be named. Among them were princes, and sons of princes: Owain Cyveiliawg, of Powys; Hywel, son of Owain Gwynedd; Llywarch Brydydd Moch; Gwilym Ryvel; Davydd Benvras; Llygad Gwr; Elidyr Sais; Bleddyn Vardd; y Prydydd Bychan; Einiawn Wan; and, though somewhat later than the rest, but inferior to none, Casnodyn.

The character of the productions of these Bards was accordant to the character and spirit of the times in which they lived. They celebrated in martial strains the triumphs of their chiefs; extolled their

princely hospitality; and lamented in accents of woe, the reverses of fortune.

Llywarch Brydydd Moch, was so called from his adroitness in composition. By mistaking the import of his cognomen, *moch*, he has been of late considered as the *swine*-poet, which made an humourist to observe, "that the *swine* of *those* times had better poets than the princes of the eighteenth century." This Bard first introduced into his compositions the *Ynglyn*, in its present form, called *unawdl uniawn*; in which he was followed by Bleddyn Vardd, Einiawn Wan, and others.

Casnodyn, about the year 1300, wrote in a more perfect form of concatenation than any of his predecessors. His poems exhibit what we would at this day consider as correct prosody.

The varieties of combinations of the nine primary canons, commonly called *adlawiaid*, or menials, invented during this period were three in number:—

17. Proest Cyvnewidiawg,
18. Ynglyn,
19. Triban Cyrch;

making in the whole, from the commencement of poetic history, nineteen canons of compositions.

Such was the consternation that pervaded Wales at the fall of its last prince, in 1282, that only two Bards are known to have the firmness to bewail his loss; at least no more have escaped either the ravages of time, or the more unrelenting flames of persecution, than the elegies by Bleddyn Vardd and Gruffydd ab yr Ynad.

The dread of the penal statutes of the conquerors having somewhat subsided, the Bards once more uplifted their down-cast crests; and the Cambrian muse flowed in more *harmonious* strains than ever. We hear no more from them such excitements to martial action, as "Gorlleinw gwaed am 'draed a ymdrychant," or, "Let slip the dogs of war." On the contrary,

most of the bardic effusions of this period breathe the genuine notes of peace and harmony.

Among the chief of this class of writers were D. ab Gwilym, the bard of Ivor the Generous; Trahaiarn; Gwilym Ddu; G. M. ab Davydd; Hywel ab Einion; Iolo Goch; Rhys Goch o Eryri; D. Ddu o Hiraddug; &c., &c.

To the nineteen canons of vocal song already enumerated, this period added the popular and well-known metre called *Cywydd*. Some writers attribute its invention to Trahaiarn; others, with much greater reason, to the Ovid of Wales, D. ab Gwilym, who composed most of his numerous and inimitable poems in this admired measure. At what period the remaining four were invented, to complete the number of 24 metres, I am at a loss to determine. The names of the four are these:—1, *Cadwyn Gyrch*; 2, *Proest Cadwynawg*; 3, *Traethawdl*; and 4, *Dyri*. Neither of these appear in the first Volume of the *Myvyrian Archæology*, which includes the other nineteen. It is worthy of remark that the seventeenth metre, called *Proest Cynnewidiawg*, had become popular early in the twelfth century; and that the other *Proest*, called *Cadwynawdl*, was not invented until many centuries afterwards. The former is found in the works of Meilir, and very frequently used by Prydydd Bychan; but the latter I have not happened to observe until the fifteenth century, in an ode by Gutyn Owain.<sup>1</sup> It is nevertheless claimed, as having prior existence, by the advocates of both systems.

I have now arrived at the period in which I have promised to bring under one connected view these authorized measures, arranging them under the several appellations by which they are recognized in the old system (*Dosbarth Morganwg*).

The *nine* canons of metricity, as before observed, are the nine elementary principles of song: from

<sup>1</sup> Excepting one by Pr. Bychan; which perhaps was not intended as such.





are said to contain all the possible varieties of alligation of the nine primitives, consistent with the requisites of harmony.<sup>1</sup> Each of these compound metres possesseth in itself a *mark of inherence* (*nod angen y mesur*), distinguishing it from all others. Although a measure may have ten or more beautiful variations, yet in each of these will be preserved the mark of inherence, the family distinction of the genus to which it belongs. This is very far from being the case in the new system of Caermarthen: there the whole is confusion; *genera* taken for *species*, and *species* for *genera*.

Besides the *nod angen* (mark of inherence) constituting a radical difference in the construction of each of the ancient canons, it has also an accompaniment, grounded upon immemorial usage, called *Braint y mesur*, the privilege of the metre, or in other words, the privilege or license of the bard in composing: such as in some canons he is *not* bound to the number of feet in the stave; in others, *not* to the number of staves in the stanza. In the new system of Caermarthen, there are no such *privileges* granted, no such *marks of inherence* known; the Bard must hop as well as he can in fettered metricity.

The fifteen compound Canons of the old system are the following, arranged, in some degree, according to priority of date.

#### I. TRIBAN MILWR (*WARRIOR'S TRIPLET*).

THIS is without doubt of Druidic origin; but was discarded at Caermarthen, probably owing to its antiquity. *Llywarch Hen*, in the sixth century, wrote all his poems in this metre. Its privilege by custom is choice of metricity from seven to ten syllables.

<sup>1</sup> What then becomes of the near 200 species of verse said to have been used by the Scandinavian Scalds?—See *Ol. Wormius*, p. 183, edit. 1636.

## EXAMPLE.

"Ni welir unwaith, eiliw'r hinon,  
 Ail i *Angharad* ddivrad ddwyvron,  
 Y van wech wyl—yn vwyn ei chalon."  
 M. PRWEL.

II. CLOGYRNACH (*RUGOSITY*).

THIS canon in the old system resembles in its construction a Pindaric Ode; the bard having the privilege (*braint y mesur*) of selecting the metricities (*cyhyddau*) as they best suit his subject, whether heroic, elegiac, or pastoral. In the hand of a skilful writer this is excellently adapted to the lyric kind of poetry; and in it might be composed, with advantage, an ode for St. Cecilia's day, or any other day or subject. But in the new system, the genius of the bard is fettered to one difficult rule of composition. The whole must be thirty-two syllables, neither more nor less, and those to be set in such mathematical positions, that it requires the skill of an expert player at chess to cause vowels, consonants, sense, and verse to occupy their proper stations.

## EXAMPLE ON THE OLD SYSTEM.

"Vel hydd am avonydd wyv vi,  
 Yn galed yn d'ymovyn, Geli !  
 Iesu pur, o'th dosturi,  
 Erglyw dost levain v'ochain i;  
 Bydd borth a chymhorth gwych imi,  
 Tro, Ion, dy was o'r trueni,  
 Vy Nuw wyd—rhaid it' vy nodi,  
 Ac eilchwyl rhaid ym golchi  
 Yn y gwaed—paid, Ion, ag oedi—  
 A ddaeth o'th ddwyfron dirion di!"  
 T. LEWYS.

Another *Clogyrnach*, according to the metre of that name in the new system. But the mark of inherence absolutely proves it to be none other than a variety of the canon called *Cynghawg* in the ancient vocabulary. See on No. 6.

"Os rhai geirwir sy wyr gorau,  
 I vyd y saint e vudes yntau;  
 Draw ddifraw ddwyvtron,  
 I vad lwysgad lon,  
 Angylion yng ngolau."

GEON. OWAIN.

### III. HUPYNT (*VAULTING STRAIN*).

THIS *one* metre, in two of its varieties, forms *two* distinct canons in the new system; whereas its mark of inherence is simple and unique: it cannot, in all its varieties, constitute but one genus; though it may be diversified into manifold species. This is the case with this metre upon the ancient order of things; its variations being exceedingly numerous. The following variety gave rise to a song tune much in vogue during parts of the two last centuries, called *Leave Land* (y ffordd hwyav).<sup>1</sup>

#### CAROL HAV—HUPYNT.

"Cawn Eos mewn closydd,  
 Yn vawrwych leverydd,  
 Vel gwin ym min mynydd  
                                   yw'r hedydd yr hav;  
 Cawn dywydd cain dawel,  
 Nid tawch a gwynt uchel,  
 Llym oerfel ac awel  
                                   y gauav."

D. WILLIAM.

### IV. FFORCHAWDL, NEU LAMGYRCH (*FURCATED TRANSITION*).

THE well-known *mark of inherence* (nod angen) of this metre proves its identity as a canon *sui generis*. Its privilege is the choice of the nine metricities in its

<sup>1</sup> In the songs of Huw Morus, those of Mr. Edward Richards, of Ystrad Meirig, and the Lyric in *Cyvaill y Cymro*, by D. Jones, this variety of Hupynt shews its capacity for harmonious consonancy.

combination. Varieties of it are to be found in most of the modern languages; such as the following:—

1. In *English*, from Francis's *Horace*, B. II., ode xix. To Bacchus.

"Fountains of wine shall pour along,  
And, melting from the hollow tree,  
The golden treasures of the bee,  
And streams of milk shall fill my song."

2. A *Spanish* compliment to Queen Elizabeth of England; from Howell's *Familiar Letters*.

"Aquí yaze Jesabel,  
Aquila nueva Athalia,  
Del oro Antartico Harpia,  
Del mar incendio cruel."

3. A *French* encomium on Cardinal Richelieu.

"Et si nous faisons des guirlandes,  
C'est pour en couronner un Dieu,  
Qui sous le nom de Richelieu  
Reçoit nos vœux et nos offrandes."

In *Taliesin*; sixth century.

"Cadair gedwidedd y sydd yma,  
A hyd vrawd parawd yn Europa,  
An rothwy y drindawd,  
Trugaredd dyddbrawd,  
Cein gardawd gan wyrda."  
*Cadair Ceridwen.*

A poem by *Cynddelw* to Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd, in the twelfth century, is altogether in this metre.

*Fforchawdl* mewn iaith a chynghanedd mwy diweddar.

"Y gog draw, yr wyt yn llawen,  
Yn gwingaw ar vlaen y gangen,  
Dan wên heulwen mewn helyg,<sup>1</sup>  
Yn mesur ceinciau miwsig,  
Ag eurddeoth big, a'r gerdd o'th ben,  
Yn gywydd serchog awen."  
S. D. M., o *Went*.

<sup>1</sup> Nid yw twyllawdl y Prydydd yn gwaethu dim ar *ddull* y mesur. [Diau mai *helig* (nid *helyg*) a ysgrifennodd y bardd.]

V. BAN CYRCH (*RECURRENT VERSE*).

THIS was adopted at Caermarthen, in one of its forms, by the new name of Awdl Gywydd.

## IN TALIESIN.

"Neud amug ynghadeir o beir Ceridwen,  
Handid rydd vy nhavawd  
Yn addawd gwawd Ogyrven."

*Am Feib Llyr.*

## DIWEDDAR.

"Mwyn yw dall yr hav mewn dolydd  
Glesin gweunydd glwys yn gynnar;  
A nod hwylus ednod tewiwyn  
Ucho'n loew-rwyn a chân lavar."

D. LL. MATHEW.

VI. CYNGHAWG (*COMPLEXITY*).

THE mark of inherence of this measure is the scientific arrangement of several metres into one compound. Its adopted varieties must needs be numerous. Several of them were admitted at Caermarthen, but under the disguise of novelty with other names, such as,

1. *Gwawdodyn Byr*; being the coupling of two lines of the *Gorchan y Gyhydedd Draws* (9 syllables) with the common *Toddaid*.

2. *Gwawdodyn Hir*; which differs in nothing from the last, save in having *four* Gorchan lines instead of *two*!

3. *Hir a Thoddaid*; being four lines of *Gorchan y Gyhydedd Wen* (10 syllables) prefixed to a *Toddaid*.

4. A fourth variety of *Cynghawg*, adopted as a radical standard at Caermarthen, is that called *Cyrch a Chwta*; being only a junction of six *Gorchanau y Gyhydedd Levn* with a *Ban Cyrch*. More varieties of *Cynghawg* might be instanced in the new syllabus. The family likeness of them all is so strongly marked, that it must have required considerable violence to separate them, and set them up for new and distinct measures. But such has been their fate; from fellow-subjects they were hoisted into independent princes. This *Cynghawg* is such a leviathan, that it swallows up at least seven of the young fry of the new system; out of which four have been here enumerated. I am not satisfied with the nomenclature of the old system entirely, unless it be allowed that every variety of *Ynglyn* is a species of *Cynghawg*. The *Ynglyn* called *Unawdl Uniawn*, for instance, bears the mark of inherence of a *Cynghawg*; in being a compound of a *Pennill Cywydd* added to a *Toddaid Cwta*. Several critics among the Silurians have been of this opinion; which, if allowed, would reduce the metres of the old system to twenty-three; and a small premium would be well offered at a future *Eisteddvod* to the inventor of the most approved new and independent metre, to complete the primitive number. This is no disparagement to the old system, especially as it can be proved, if required, that among the twenty-four measures of the new code, there are not above *ten* of them originals.

#### EXAMPLE OF CYNGHAWG.

"Y *Duw* mawr! tro di 'y mwriad,  
 I'r iawn ystyr yn wastad;  
 Wyv wan, bydd vy rhan yn rhad,  
*Naw* etol! tyn vi atad;  
 Vy *Ner*, i'm gwaelder na'm gad,  
 I'm serthedd lle mae'm syrthiad;  
 Rhoi llew hyd eurnev arnad—yw'm gorchwyl,  
 Duw anwyl, am danad,  
 Claved wyv—clyw vi, O *Dad!*"

S. JONES, *Offeiriad*.

# VII. TODDAID (*CONFLUENCY*).

## EXAMPLE.

"Maengaer glod belldaer glud baldeg  
Mygrvan, Meingan dyn eurwan y Dinorweg."  
CARNODYN, i *Wentlian Verch Gynan*.

## ARALL GAN GASNODYN.

"Gorvoledde gwinwledd gwenwlad,—tragywydd  
Lle bydd hael Llywydd haul a llenad."

## TODDAID CWTÀ, BY TALIESIN.

"Ni ddodes na maes na choedydd—tud achles  
Diormes pan ddyvydd."  
*Gwaith Gwengstrad.*

# VIII. PROEST CYVNEWIDIAWG (*COMBINED VOWEL ALTERNITY*).

THIS was admitted under its proper term among the new canons; but, though radically a distinct metre, it is there confounded with the class of *Ynglynion*. But an *Ynglyn* is not a *Proest*, nor a *Proest* an *Ynglyn*, any more than a cat is a mouse, or an antelope an elephant, and the reverse.

This metre came into early use. From *Meilir*, in the twelfth century, downwards, it became very common.

## EXAMPLE.

"Gwŷr riv y sŷr yssyt yn y gad  
Gwrthrudd Veredydd vur gryd,  
Twn y bar dreig anwar drud  
Di dwn y eir vel creir cred."  
PRYDYDD BYCHAN, i *Veredydd ab Owain*.

This metre has no privilege in the new system, being rigidly confined to *seven* syllables; but in the ancient code, there was a latitude permitted, and a very



rational one, from seven to ten syllables. The privilege of a metre, properly attended to, never destroys its identity.

### IX. YNGLYN (*COUPLET*).

THIS metre in the old system is a Canon genus, varied by the bards at different periods into five species. One of these, *Triban Toddaid*, was rejected in the new class; a second variety was adopted as a canon, under the name of *Unawdl Grwca*; being only a transposition of the two parts of an Ynglyn, *usteron proteron*. A third old variety of this measure, called *Hir a Thoddaid*, was favourably received, but like all the rest under a new name, *Byr a Thoddaid*.

#### TRIBANAU TODDAID, RHYWIAU O YNGLYNION.

"Ni chred ail Luned y leni—'y mod  
Yn y mawr drueni;—  
Och! liw haul—am ei chael hi.

"Wy'n wr gwael dan argoelion,  
Awch oer y brath a chur bron,  
I'm cyvlwr wy'n dwr blinderon—am gael  
O'r vun hael ir-vain hon,  
Iach hwyl!—o vodd ei chalon."

### X. TRIBAN CYRCH (*RECURRENT TRIPLET*).

THIS is one of the outcasts of Caermarthen; but adopted under a new name, *Ynglyn Unawdl Gyrch*; but in fact it has not the least mark of an *Ynglyn*. Its component parts are two lines of *Gorchan y Gyhyddedd Levn*, and a *Ban Cyrch*.

#### DULL PROESTIAWG.

"Castell cog & deiliog do,  
Caer ddiddos cerdd eos dda,

Cell bronfraith lân â'r gân goeth,  
 Neu galliawg doeth a'i glog du."  
 ED. DAVYDD.

Well composed verses on the tune, called *Triban Morganwg*, are of this metre. Examples of it are to be found in *Cynddelw*, and other ancient bards.

# XI. CYWYDD (*RECITATIVE*).

THIS is the only metre bearing the name in the ancient code; but in the new one, the twenty-four are divided into three classes, viz:—

<i>Ynglynion</i>	5
<i>Cywyddau</i>	4
<i>Awdlau ...</i>	15
<hr/>	
	24

This division is all arbitrary, without the least attention having been paid, either to the real import of the terms *Ynglyn*, *Cywydd*, *Awdl*; or to the mark of distinction, which evidently points out to what genus every species or kind of measure belongs. There being but one species of this metre, and that so commonly known, it does not require an example, in this place.

# XII. PROEST CADWYNAWDL (*COMBINED ALTERNATE RHYME*).

SEE the observations on the other *Proest*, No. 8. There is but one example of this metre in the 1st Volume of the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, viz:—

"Raeadyr gwaed am draed am drwyn  
 Ryw rae uy llyw llew aryein  
 Rwym bryneich branhes terrwyn  
 Rwyv gawr awytuawr Ywein."

PR. BYCHAN, y Ywein ab Gr. ab Rys.

This was a composition of the thirteenth century; and the next that I have observed is by Gutyn Owain, in the fifteenth.

"Y vendith drwy gyviawnder  
 A gavas Nudd ac Ivor  
 Ar Ddavydd riv sydd o ser  
 Ac a roi'r mwy no gro'r môr."

Fr Abad Davydd.

### XIII. CADWYN GYRCH (*RECURRENT CATENATION*).

THIS in an altered form was adopted at Caermarthen, and styled *Cadwyn Vyr*. A critic upon this alteration says, "This compounded rhyme crowds the ear too much with its cuckoo-like repetitions: yet, if a bard chooseth this kind of cramp verse, let him be indulged with the toy. It is not forbidden by our institutes on account of its mechanical ingenuity."

With the bauble-like distinction of having the first syllable of a stanza on this metre, in unison with the leading rhyme; and an addition of a stanza of *Hup-ynt*, all in unirythm, it formed in the new system its distinct 24th metre, called *Tawddgyrch Cadwynawg*; which in reality is none other than a variety of the *Cynghawg* of the ancient code, No. 6, in this list.

### XIV. TRAETHAWDL (*NARRATIVE*).

THIS is one of the rejected measures of 1451; but one affording great facility in composition. Its mark of inherence is, that the rhythm be changed every couplet,

like a Cywydd, No. 11; and its privilege is choice of metricity, from seven to twelve syllables.

EXAMPLE.

*I Wŷr Cromwel.*

"Y chwi, gyveillion dewrion diras,  
Glewion y sydd un galon & Suddas;  
Cynllwynwyr, bradwyr o'ch bŵr ydych,  
Yn mynu'r aelwyd man yr elych."  
ED. DAVYDD.

XV. DYRI, NEU LEISIAWN GERDD (*LYRICA*,  
*VOCAL SONG*).

THIS must necessarily be a free flowing metre, and of endless varieties, adapted to lyric songs. Like *Traethawdl* (the last metre), this was an outcast at Caermarthen, because both had fallen into unskilful hands. If this be a ground for accusation and conviction, *Gorchest y Beirdd*, &c., may be in danger of proscription at the next Eisteddvod, for they also have fallen, and that frequently, into hands that could not well manage them.

EXAMPLE.

*Dyri i Voddlondob.*

"Tra bo rhew yn dew ar dwyn,  
Ia yn y cwm, a llwm y llwyn,  
Wyv ddivraw'n cyweiriaw cân,  
Yn vardd hy mewn ty min tân;—  
Byw vel hyn mewn bwthyn bach  
Brenin wyv—a'm bron yn iach."  
D. WILLIAM.

These two last metres shew, by the examples above, that they are as capable of correct prosody as any other of the twenty-four. And had these exact rules of composition, on *Traethawdl* and *Dyri*, received the sanction of the Eisteddvod at Caermarthen, there is some reason to believe that we should not now have

had to deplore the torrents of "brutal satires, ludicrous elegies, and despicable hymns," which have for the last centuries overwhelmed the land.

Having thus taken a particular view of the twenty-four metres of Welsh verse, which have caused the dissention between the respective advocates of the rival Bardic Institutions of Caermarthen and Glamorgan, I cannot, with any regard to truth, forbear being of opinion, and that not slightly grounded, that the measures adopted at Caermarthen, in 1451, upon the suggestions of D. ab Edmund, were so far from being useful, that they were on the contrary, in their consequences, highly injurious to the art he professed to cultivate and improve. The new measures then established were of two kinds. First, the old varieties under new names, without distinction of genera or species; and secondly, the new eccentric measures, which are much better calculated for mathematical puzzles than helps to poetical composition. But after all, these supposed new measures, which have caused such a bardic bustle from *Penmaen Mawr* to *Twyn Barlwm*, may be easily recognized as deformed species of the old genera. Even *Gorchest y Beirdd* is no other than a curious kind of the venerable *Hupynt*; which in its more simple state had been used by Aneurin and Taliesin.

In the material world there are various kinds of tests employed to distinguish between genuine substances and their respective counterfeits. We may as well apply an S key to a D lock, as endeavour to discover the metres made use of by the ancient bards, by any help afforded us by the new measures. On the contrary, there is scarcely a line from *Taliesin* in the sixth, to *Casnodyn* in the thirteenth century, but what may be recognized as belonging to some metre or other of the old system: they would even assist the critic in recovering the true reading of some of the obscure and corrupted pieces.

Mr. Gronwy Owain, the first bard of his age, or

of any other, in a letter to a friend, writes thus of the cramp metres adopted at Caermarthen.

"I find that the *old* metres were, what all compositions of that nature should be, lyric verses, adapted to the music then in use. Of this kind were the several kinds of *Ynglyn*, *Toddaid*, *Tribanau*, and *Clogyrnach*, which appear to have in their composition the genuine stamp of genuine lyric poetry, and of true primitive antiquity. As to the rest, *Gorchest y Beirdd*, and so forth, being the newest, they were falsely thought the most ingenious and accurate kind of metres. But I look upon them to be rather *depravations* than improvements in our poetry. What a grovelling low thing that *Gorchest y Beirdd* is!<sup>1</sup> And I would have an impartial answer, whether the old, despised, and exterminated *Triban Milwr* hath not something of antique majesty in its composition? Now when I have a mind to write good sense in such a metre as *Gorchest y Beirdd*, and so begin, and the language itself does not afford words that will come in to finish with sense and *Cynghanedd* too; what must I do? Why, this, to keep *Cynghanedd* I must write nonsense to the end of the metre, and cramp and fetter good sense; whilst the dictionary is turned over and over, and tormented, to find out words of alike ending, sense or nonsense: and besides, suppose our language was more comprehensive and significant than it is (which we have no reason nor room to wish), what abundance of mysterious sense is such an horrid jingling metre, of such a length, able to contain!

"In short, as I understand that this *Gorchest y*

<sup>1</sup> It is said in the *History of the Eisteddood*, before quoted, that *Llawdden* was offended at the substitution of this *Gorchest* instead of the old *Triban Milwr*; and that he attacked D. ab Edmund in the following *Ynglyn*, calling his *Gorchest* in derision, *Tôn Deuair*, a very appropriate term:—

"Cam oedd ar gyhoedd roi'r gair—yma gwn  
Am ganu *Tôn Deuair*;  
A gwedi rhoddi'r gadair  
Yna dwyn dwy bunt neu dair."

LLAWDDEN.

*Beirdd*, and its fellows, were introduced by the authority of an Eisteddvod, I wish we had an Eisteddvod again, to give them their *dimittimus* to some peaceable *acrostic* land, there to sport and converse with the spirits of deceased puns, quibbles, abracadabras, and conundrums of pious memory. *Then* would I gladly see the true primitive metres re-instated in their former dignity, and sense regarded more than a hideous jingle of words, which hardly ever bear it."<sup>1</sup>

Thus wrote, thus wished the *bard*, I was going to say, the prophet, the critic, the everything that was meritorious and great in the literature of his native country: but alas poor *Gronwy*! unpatronized and forlorn, he was doomed to quit his native *Mona*, and to breathe his last, we know not how, on the inhospitable shore of a foreign land!<sup>2</sup>

Had he lived to have seen the ides of July, 1819, I am verily persuaded he would have enjoyed the inexpressible gratification of having his wishes upon this subject fulfilled: for truth and justice, emanations of the Eternal Being, though under a cloud for a season, must finally prevail, and shine as the luminaries of heaven.

Therefore, on the behalf of truth and justice, on the behalf of all the bards of the Island of Britain, I earnestly, though humbly propose, that at the ensuing Eisteddvod at Caermarthen, the proceedings of the former Eisteddvod in 1451, as far as they relate to Welsh prosody, be taken into consideration; that they may be either *confirmed* or *annulled*, at such a time and place, as the Eisteddvod, with due regard to ancient customs, may deem expedient. .

And I further beg leave to propose that the most proper steps be taken to bring together the few manuscript copies that remain of *Cyvrinach y Beirdd*, or

<sup>1</sup> See Yorke's *Royal Tribes*, p. 64.

<sup>2</sup> The last intelligence received of this child of genius and sport of fortune, was in the year 1767. He was then settled as Minister at Williamsburg, in Virginia.

the "Mysteries of Bardism," which contains the ancient system of Welsh prosody, to be collated; and that an approved copy be printed for the benefit of aspirants in the divine art, to all future generations.

This manuscript contains a synopsis of poetical criticism and prosody; with disquisitions on fancy and invention, on the nature and principle of just thinking; and other matters necessary to be known by all who wish to be acceptable devotees at the shrine of the fair *Ogyrven*. On these interesting subjects it contains the accumulated bardic lore of ages; together with the sentiments of *Gwilym Tew*, *Ieuan Strydwal*, and *Ieuan Lleision*, the three Silurian bards, who entered their protest against the innovations of the Eisteddvod at Caermarthen. The protesting bards were zealously attached to the system of prosody which they considered sacred and inviolate, the result of the investigation and study of the most celebrated poets from the remotest period. They and their successors are therefore wronged in having their upright tenets stigmatized by the term, "*the Schism of Siluria*," for the heresy is entirely on the other side. If the Silurians must be accused, let them be accused for not tacitly acquiescing, like the three other provinces of Wales, in bartering their *diamonds* for *paste*.

Bards, during their noviciate, are apt to try their skill upon the new metres, in the mathematical arrangement of labials and dentals, in order that they may have the self-complacency, the inward satisfaction, of having passed the "Asses' Bridge" of *Gorchest y Beirdd*. About 30 years back, the candidates for the prizes given by the *Gwyneddigion* Society, composed on the whole of the *pedwar mesur ar hugain* of Caermarthen. Of course these productions contained a mixture of sense and nonsense, of "wit and folly in a maze." But in time, many of them saw the futility of this mode of versifying; so that of later years, the best compositions of candidates are generally upon a few selected metres; whilst the twenty-four, in one



bead-like string, regularly named and numbered, are left to the cultivation of such as have more leisure, more patience, and less reward.

The very proposal made, by the President of the Eisteddvod of 1451, for revising and new-modelling the metrical canons, and the issue thereof, seems to indicate that a great number of the metres were then unknown, at least in the three provinces of *Gwynedd*, *Dyfed*, and *Powys*. The productions of the bards of that age exhibit only the six following metres:— 1, *Cywydd*; 2, *Ynglyn*; 3, *Proest Cynnewidiawg*; 4, *Toddaid*; 5, *Cynghawg*; 6, *Hupynt*. *Triban Cyrch*, *Traethawdl*, and *Dyri* having been neglected by the best writers, and consequently falling into meaner hands, had entirely lost their primitive character. Upon more probable grounds than these, it is difficult to account for the proceedings of the Eisteddvod. Why the Silurian Bards did not enter their protest “in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light,” at the Bardic Assembly at Caermarthen, instead of waiting the portentous issue, and then, after the expiration of some years, to publish their disapprobation, may be unaccountable to us, at this distance of time.

I write in strong terms, but not too much so, in defence of a system, complete in its construction and venerable for its antiquity; but hastily interdicted on the spur of the moment, and in an age when trifles were considered as matters of importance. I may be accused of giving my opinion in too decisive a tone: the only apology I can give is, that I am not a party man, no Silurian either by birth or connection; and that the clearness of the case and the strength of the evidence may have hurried me to use some unguarded expressions.

Defend the truth, wherever found,  
On *Gwentian* or *Dimetian* ground.

## APPENDIX I.

### HYSBYSIAD.

AR ddyddiau Merchur, Iou, Gwener, a Sadwrn, sef y seithfed, wythfed, nawfed, a degfed o Orphenaf, pan oedd oed Crist un mil, wyth gant, a phedair ar bymtheg, y cynneiliwyd Eisteddfod ar wŷr wrth gerdd Dafawd a Thant, o fewn cyfoeth tref Caer Fyrddin, yn nhalaeth Dyfed, dan osteg a rhybudd cyfreithlon, a than nawdd gwlad a y Gwir Barchedig Tomas, Arglwydd Esgob Ty Ddewi, er dwyn o yr encudd a'r diflant eilwaith Farddoniaeth gyssefin a Gwybodau Cymruaidd ereill; a rhoddi trwydded i bawb a geisient addysg, a nawdd, a gradd, a thrwyddedogaeth ym mraint Beirdd Ynys Prydain: ac yno yn erwynebawl Iolo Morganwg, Elizezer Williams, Daniel Ddu o Geredigion, Dewi Silin, Rhobert Nantglyn, Hywel Glandyfroedd, Gwilym Morganwg, ac ereill gyda hwynt, yn Feirdd wrth Fraint a Dafawd Beirdd Ynys Prydain.

Ac yn yr Eisteddfod hon, ym mhlith pethau ereill a ddarweiniwyd dan ystyriaeth, y barnwyd yn unfryd unllais, heb nag na gwrtheb na llaw na thafawd, bod y Rheithiadau Cerdd a freiniwyd yn Eisteddfod Caer Fyrddin, yn y fl. 1451, dan enw y pedwar mesur ar hugain, yn cyfyngu awen y Bardd o fewn llyffetheiriau rhy gaethion; a bod, yn rhy fynych o yr achaws, synwyr a rhwyddineb iaith yn cael eu hofferwm ar allawr gwag-orchest egwanbwyll a diansawdd. Herwydd hyn, barn yr Eisteddfod hon ydyw, bod o hyn allan ryddid i Feirdd Ynys Prydain gyfansoddi Caniadau ar y mesurau mwyaf teilwng a chyfaddas i eu testynau; ac na byddo rhag llaw wahaniaeth o barth teilyngdawd i ei roddi i fesurau yr un Ddosbarth, na'r hen na'r newydd, ragor neu uwch na eu gilydd; ond

bod urddas Cerdd neu "Awdl" uwch ereill, i gael ei farnu wrth gymhwylliadau synwyr, a phwyll, a chynghanedd rywiawg a diledryw, yn hytrach nag wrth amrywiaeth mesurau.

"CALON WRTH GALON."

## APPENDIX II.

MYNEGAI BYR, YN DANGAWS AR BA FESURAU, YN OL RHEITHIADUR YR HEN DDOSBARTH, Y CANENT Y CYNFEIRDD A'R GOGYNFEIRDD RAI O YR AWDLAU A GYHOEDDWDYD YN Y LLYFR A ELWIR *ARCHAIOLOGY OF WALES*—LLUNDAIN, 1801.

### 1. ANEURIN.

*Gododin*.—Dechreu â Gorchan y Gyhydedd Gaeth, gan ei chymmysg weithiau â y Drosogl, yna y Gyhydedd Draws, naw ban yn unawdl.

Tudal. 3. Mae Fforchawdl: yna Brithawdl.

—— 5. Hupynt a Fforchawdl.

—— 9. Hupynt.

—— 10. Fforchawdl a Hupynt; ond Gorchanau gan mwyaf.

*Ynglynion y Misoedd*.—Pennillion Gorchan, anghyfunhyd drwyddynt. Camenw yw "Ynglynion."

### 2. TALIESIN.

*Bustl y Beirdd*.—Gorchanau y Gyhydedd Draws—31 o fanau yn unawdl yn *ant*.

*Llath Moesen.*—Llawer o Hupynt.

*Anrheg Urien.*—Hupynt agaws oll.

*Canu Cyntaf.*—Cynghogion yn y dechreu; yna Orchanau, ar y mân golofnau.

*Yr Awdl Fraith,* } Hupynt oll. Ofergoel a rydd y gân  
tudal. 92. } hon i Daliesin. Hen lyfr darogan  
Bodhenlle a ddywawd mai Ionas Mynyw,  
athraw yn yr unfed ganrif ar ddeg, a ei  
gwnaeth: ond wrth yr iaith a'r cynnwysiadau,  
mae sylfan i ammheu mai rhyw fonach mwy  
diweddar fyth oedd y twyllwr.<sup>1</sup>

### 3. MYRDDIN WYLLT.

*I Ysgolan—* }  
*Gwasgargerdd.* } Tribanau Milwr.

*Hoianau.*—Gorchanau amryfaelryw o fan ac awdl.

*Cyfoesi Myrddin a Gwenddydd.*—Amrywiol fesurau;  
yn eu plith Triban Milwr a Thriban Toddaid.

*Afallenau.*—Gorchanau ar yr hirion golofnau.

### 4. GOGYNFEIRDD.—MEILIR.

*Marwnad Gruffydd ab Cynan, 1137.*—Gorchanau y  
Gyhydedd Draws gan mwyaf.

38 o fanau yn awd.

52 ————— awc.

64 ————— yt.

16 ————— ed.

*Pan las Trahaiarn.*—Proest a Banau Cyrch.

<sup>1</sup> [See, *anté*, vol. ii., p. 292.]

## 5. GWALCHMAI.

*Arwyrain Owain.*—Llamgyrch, neu Fforchawdl: y Penogiaid yn ddeufan, a'r Llam yn bedryfan.

## 6. CYNDELW.

*Marwnad Owain,* } Pennillion o Hir a Thoddaid yr  
*tudal.* 206. } Hen Ddosbarth: a gorchestawl  
 yw. Mae yn diweddu gydag Ynglyn Toddaid  
 Cwta.

*I Fadawg ab Maredudd.*—Ynglynion—Pennill Gorchan—Triban Cyrch. Y mesurau amlaf yng ngwaith y Bardd hwn ydynt Orchanau ar yr hirion golofnau, a Thoddeidiau yng nghymysg; Ynglynion a Phroestau; a Thribanau Cyrch; a Chyngdawg.

## 7. OWAIN CYFEILIAWG.

*Hirlas Owain.*—Cynghogion o Orchanau a Thoddeidiau.

## 8. HYWEL AB OWAIN GWYNEDD.

*Gorhoffedd.*—Cynghogion anghyfunhyd; neu yn ol Dosbarth Caerfyrddin, Gwawdodyn Byr, a Hir, a hwy na hir.

## 9. LLYWARCH BRYDYDD MOCH.

*Y Canu Bychan,* } Hupynt drwyddaw; onid math ar  
*tudal.* 303. } Ynglyn yn y diwedd.

*Ynglynion i Lyw.* } Y rhai cyntaf a sylwais yn  
*ab Iorwerth, tudal. 307.* } rheolaidd o Doddaid Cwta  
 a Phennill Cywydd o acen amryfalryw. Un  
 ban yn y diwedd yn ammherthynawl.

## 10. DAFYDD BENFRAS.

*Cynnydd Llywelyn,* } Llaweroedd o Hupynt, a diweddu  
*tudal. 317.* } mewn Pennill Gorchan pedryfan.

## 11. EINIAWN WAN.

*Marwnad Madawg* } Ynglynion yn cadw yr amrafael  
*ab Gruff. Maelawr.* } acen, gyda Chyrch gymmeriad.

## 12. ELIDYR SAIS.

*Tudal. 350.*—Proestau Cyfnewidiawg. Ni arferwyd  
 y Cadwynawg hyd yn ddiweddar amser.

*Tudal. 351.*—Cân Hupynt o gwbl.

## 13. LLYWELYN FARD.

*Dydd Brawd,* } Tribanau Cyrch oll, hyd y pennill olaf,  
*tudal. 362.* } hwnw yn Broest.

## 14. PHYLIP BRYDYDD.

*Awdl Ymryson,* } Cynghogion a Llamgyrchau.  
*tudal. 377.* }

## 15. GR. AB YR YNAD COCH.

*Marwnad Llywelyn,* } Cynghogion—o Ynglyn, Todd-  
*tudal. 396.* } aid, Banau Cyrch, Hupynt,  
 Gorchanau: 104 o fanau yn odli yn *aw*.

## 16. GWILYM DDU O ARFON.

*I Syr Gr. Llwyd,* } Cynghogion o'r hirion golofnau.  
*tudal. 408.* }

## 17. CASNODYN.

*I Abad Aber Conwy,* } Ugain o Doddeidiau yng nghyd,  
*tudal. 422.* } dau Ynglyn, a Phroest, gyda  
 Chyrch gymmeriad drwy yr Awdl.

*I'r Drindawd,* } 1. Toddeidiau yng nglŷn yn... *ych*.  
*tudal. 428.* } 2. Gorchan yn ... .. *an*.  
 3. Cynghawg yn ... .. *awdd*.  
 4. Ynglyn yn... .. *i*.  
 5. Gorchan yn ... .. *ant*.  
 6. Hupynt yn ... .. *at*.  
 7. Cynghawg yn ... .. *on*.  
 8. Proest yn *ec, ac, ic, uc*.  
 9. Gorchan yn ... .. *yf*.  
 10. Hupynt, boniaid deufan ... *wch*.  
 11. Cynghawg o Orchan a Thoddaid.

## 18. GR. AB M. AB DAFYDD.

*I Dudur ab Gronwy,* } Hupynt, 14 o bennillion: bon-  
*tudal. 437.* } iaidd triban amrafaelawdl; a'r  
 llostau yn unawdl yn *ar*.

- I'r Grog o Gaer,* } 1. Hupynt yn ... .. *edd.*  
tudal. 460. } 2. Cynghawg yn ... } *af.*  
} 3. Hupynt yn ... .. *ain.*  
4. Ynglyn } bob yn ail. Gorchestawl  
5. Proest } yn ol yr amser a'r  
testyn.

**19. GRONWY DDU.**

- I Ferch,* } Hupynt, boniaid pedryfan; awdl yn *u.*  
*tudal. 509.*



# AN ESSAY

## ON THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE UPON NATIONAL MANNERS AND CHARACTER.<sup>1</sup>

"Men change with manners, manners change with climes,  
Tenets with books, and principles with times."

POPE.

As the nature and properties of some particular substances in the material world have eluded the scrutiny of philosophy, so in the moral world it may appear difficult to ascertain the efficient causes of the various manners and characters of different nations. However, some light may be thrown upon the subject by applying the different terms which are made use of to express the various modes of government in civil society, to the several agents which influence national manners; and then, by drawing inferences, the propriety of the comparison may be evinced. In the one as well as the other, there appear to be monarchy, aristocracy, and a mixed kind of government.

Why the Isthmus of Darien should produce *Blafards*, a particular part of Africa *White Negroes*, or the Vallais *Cretins*, is a paradox that will probably remain among the arcana of nature, and baffle all the efforts of

<sup>1</sup> [This Essay was written on the subject proposed for the English Prize Essay in the University of Oxford in the year 1797. The successful candidate was Robert Philip Goodenough, Student of Christ Church.]

investigation. But in the frigid regions bordering on the arctic circle, *climate* assumes the sceptre, and reigns with an absolute sway over the mental faculties, as well as the corporeal powers of the human species. Uncontrolled by any counteracting principle, it triumphs despot of the north. Intense cold checks the proper circulation and other functions of the animal fluids, and consequently diminishes the nourishment which is necessary to the growth of the solids. The reciprocal action of body and mind upon each other, in such circumstances, will account for the diminutive size and feeble mind of the Esquimaux Indians, and the natives of Lapland and Greenland. It is more natural for such ungenial climes to contract than to expand the human soul. Plains of desert waste, and hills of eternal snow, are objects unfavourable to the generation of ideas. Such perpetual sameness in the objects of vision must beget in the natives a permanent inactivity and languor of mind. The inventions of men, in music, poetry, painting, and other arts which require a capacity of reflection, have all had their origin in nature. True genius is naturally the genuine and spontaneous production of happy climates. Wherever exceptions to this rule are found, art and application will be seen to be the substitutes of nature. It is highly probable, that the minds of the desert Arabs were as barren as the sands over which they traversed, whilst the fervid Arabian muse was always a native of Arabia *Felix*, where the beautiful variety and harmony of the creation inspired the bard with pregnant fancy. The universe is the volume of nature, published for the glory of its Author, and the benefit of its readers; but the wilds of the north seem to be only blank leaves at the conclusion of that volume; and consequently their inhabitants, who have no opportunity of deriving information from any other part of the instructive code, must remain illiterate.

Civilization and the arts never blessed mankind with their influence, save in places where men have

combined in a state of political society; but near the northern polar circle, climate has sealed the impracticability of such associations of the natives, and, by causing an incorrigible sterility of soil, has established the perpetuity of their wandering life.

This moiety of the empire of climate may be said to lie in the vicinity of its throne, and accordingly under its most immediate and concentrated power. Here it dictates laws, to its animate, as well as inanimate subjects, from which there seems to be no appeal. The other regions, peculiarly obnoxious to its influence, though not in so high a degree, are those situate under the equator, where excess of heat promotes too rapid a circulation of the fluids, relaxes the muscular fibres, and enervates the whole frame of the natives. At the polar circle, insensibility and deficiency in the first principles of thought, are the effects of cold; under the line, and in several tropical countries, a want of inclination to call forth the dormant powers of mind into action, is the consequence of vehement heat: averseness to every exertion renders the inhabitants torpid and indifferent under the pressure of the most abject slavery. Servitude may be accounted an evil by some of the most enlightened among them; but the trouble of breaking its bonds asunder appears to them insurmountable; and accordingly, in the true philosophic spirit of the torrid zone, *of two evils they choose the least*. The subjects of an Indian Sultan are mere animal machines, the fixed furniture of the state; they either treat the possibility of gaining their liberty as a fanciful chimera, or view it at a hopeless distance.

The same *vis inertiae*, which causes their pliant necks to bend to the yoke of political slavery, leaves them neither inclination nor ability to change their situation in any other respect. Authentic history, the Mosaic excepted, is of too modern a date to trace the origin of the present religion, laws, and customs of the Brahmins of Hindostan: it seems to be surpassed only by their own absurd chronology. If they deem the

world eternal, the duration of their present manners will probably be commensurate.

Powerful, therefore, as the influence of climate appears to be within the tropics, yet the possibility of mitigating, if not subduing the evils resulting therefrom, by the efficacy of moral and political correctives, should not be treated as chimerical. This may be surmised by analogy, by what we find to be actually going forward among nations in their various stages on the progress of civilization and political wisdom. Savage nations only are the absolute slaves of climate, in whom it generates peculiar dispositions, which gives rise to customs congenial to the influence of their first cause; and by such a reciprocal corroboration, their manners are rendered permanent. But when men have emerged above the horizon of barbarism, and united in civil society, they are capable of forming to themselves certain principles of conduct, sufficient to counteract most, if not all of its effects. These principles of conduct, religion, laws, political and domestic economy, compose the aristocracy and mixed kind of government in the dominion over national manners, which, if established and directed by sound policy, will tend to subvert the influence, or at least to meliorate the malignity of climate. But where such policy has no share in the legislation, this aristocracy, in fact, becomes a nonentity, being formed of the creatures of the climate, more disposed to sanction than to oppose the decrees of the despot. This concurrence of climate, religion, laws, and customs, in the formation of national manners, obtains in most of the countries of the East, from the Nile to the Mecon, and from Tartary to the Bay of Siam. The climate of the Hindus disposes them to be feeble and timid, and their religion, by its precepts of inanition, enhances that natural propensity. Similar effects, proceeding from the same cause, may be seen in Europe. The Roman Catholic religion, by depriving industry of one-half of the calendar, and civil society

of one-half its members, concurs in establishing that national indolence to which, in warm climates, such as Spain and Italy, the inhabitants are naturally too much inclined. The evil tendencies of Popery would have less effect upon the people of England and Holland, owing to their commercial spirit, and habitual attachment to industry. There seems to be a kind of mutual elective attraction between climates and sects of religion. The states in the south of Europe are still adherents to the doctrine of the Holy See, whilst those of the north have long ago emancipated themselves from its shackles. Had Luther attempted the conversion of the Spaniards, he would have found the climate in league with the Inquisition against him; and had Mahomet been a native of the north of Germany, he would have invented his Alcoran in vain.

It is a well-known fact in physics, that by the union of two heterogeneous substances, a third, different in nature from both, will be produced; so the powers of the different climates of the frigid and torrid zones, before described, advancing as it were from their respective seats of empire, their clashing properties destroy each other's force as they approximate, until at length their peculiar and primitive influence is lost, or rather mixed to compose that inertitude of mildness which is the characteristic of the temperate zones.

As the cause, the power of climate, diminishes in its progress from the tropics to the polar circles, and *vice versa*, so its influence upon national character gradually ceases, until both the extremes are entirely changed in the centre. On the equatorial side of the northern temperate zone (for the savages and barbarians of the southern zone are not so subject to any rules or laws, save those of nature and climate), notwithstanding the opposition from counteracting principles, the natives have generally greater vivacity, more ingenuity of invention, and better planned schemes of stratagem; owing probably to a more subtle attenuation of the nervous fluid. On the contrary, the inhabitants of the

polar sides, are of a more robust constitution; and have courage, so as to dare to besiege Death in his own citadel.<sup>1</sup> Their nerves, which are proof against shocks that would electrify Asiatics to death, never convey the sense or idea of fear to the seat of judgement, except the danger be great and imminent. The latter would excel in the field, among warriors; the former in cabinets, among statesmen. A general from the one, and an army from the other, would be able to spread terror and desolation from the Danube to the Ganges.

The temperature of the air, then, depriving the monarch Climate of his sceptre in the temperate zones, and especially in the milder regions of Europe, their national manners and character must be ascribed to the influence of some other agents.<sup>2</sup> These have already been shewn to be government, laws, and religion; including, by ellipsis, a concatenate train of their dependant moral and political circumstances. Where these govern, the effect of climate is hardly perceptible; except it be urged that all such agents are themselves only secondary causes, deriving their origin from the primary cause, the influence of climate; which is a concession, that experience and mature reflection will by no means allow.

Whenever a nation, by a violent convulsion in its government, is reduced from liberty to slavery, it will soon cease to be either courageous under the miseries of war, or industrious under the auspices of heaven-born peace: pusillanimity and indolence will become the most prominent features in its character. A nation of slaves, engaging in war at the nod of their despot, are as it were compelled to fight for others: the sons of liberty fight for themselves, for their own dearest

<sup>1</sup> As, for instance, Charles XII. with his 300 Swedes in Turkey.

<sup>2</sup> In some instances, climate is so far from influencing national manners, that the case is the very reverse. A free nation has incitements to be industrious; industry cultivates the soil; cultivation mollifies the rigour of the climate. There then exists a mutual benignity of influence between the earth and the air.

enjoyments and rights. The former is the ill-boding omen of defeat: the latter is the harbinger of victory.

Different kinds of religion will form a striking contrast in the characters of their respective professors. How superlatively more amiable must the manners of a nation be, which takes for its rule of conduct the precepts of the Gospel of peace, than those of another, whose passions of revenge and sensuality are cherished by the bloody rites and licentiousness of paganism; or whose reason is perverted by the religion of the author of the Coran, which commissioned the sword to destroy.

To elucidate this subject further, and to corroborate the hypothesis that national manners and character, within the temperate zones, are peculiarly subject to certain moral and political agencies, it may be necessary to have recourse to historical vouchers, and to examine the experience of ages.

It must, indeed, be observed, that wherever a permanent revolution takes place in the government or religion of a country, a metamorphosis of national character will be the necessary consequence; though the climate, by the immutable laws of the universe, remains invariably the same.<sup>1</sup>

There are instances of the vicissitudes of national character exemplified in the history of the inhabitants of Italy. The descendants of those renowned Romans, who had too high a sense of patriotic virtue to permit even the ingratiating ambition of a Cæsar to abridge their liberties, became so dejected under a change of government, that they servilely caressed the chains

<sup>1</sup> Some authors have asserted that the climates of Italy, and the vicinity of the Euxine, are now much warmer than they were in the days of Ovid and Virgil. But to question the uniformity of the operations of nature, because the contrary is insinuated in the poetic exaggerations of those writers, is certainly an act of great temerity. Cultivation of the soil, is probably, the only principle that may be proved to affect the climate.

[The experience of the English army before Sebastopol in 1854-55, tends to show that the shores of the Euxine are about as inhospitable in our day, as they were when Ovid, in his exile at Tomi, disconsolately complained,—“Frigida me cohibent Euxini litora ponti.”]

imposed upon them by the vilest of human beings, even a Commodus and a Caracalla. The Goths and Lombards, and other hardy warriors of the north, who overcame the decrepitude of Roman valour, by being enthralled in ecclesiastic as well as civil slavery, degenerated, in their turn, to the present effeminate and pusillanimous Italians.

It is asserted by some travellers, that the climate of Greece and the Lesser Asia, has so enervated the followers of the impostor of Mecca, that they fall far short of the prowess of their ancestors, who under the auspices of Mahomet the Second, and Solyman the Magnificent, threatened to change the laws and religion of Christian Europe. But the climate of those once happy regions, if it had any influence, would tend to produce a contrary effect; for the free-born sons of ancient Greece gave the greatest instances of valour and genius that human nature ever exhibited. The soldiers of the Porte at present possess as much personal bravery as ever their resistless ancestors did, when they first descended from the borders of Caucasus or encamped upon the banks of the Euphrates. Their first onset in battle is still impetuous and formidable. Their inveterate attachment to their old system of tactics, and to their confused manner of retreating and rallying, which they still blindly and obstinately prefer to the French genius in evolutions and manœuvre, will account for their present inferiority in the field to their more successful rivals of the north, who continually avail themselves of every military improvement.

Ottoman despotism has indeed unstrung the nerves of the modern Greeks; but restore unto them Achaian liberty and Achaian laws, and give them time to recover their native energy of character, and ten thousand of them, conducted by a second Miltiades, would be able to overthrow half a million of the faithful upon the plains of Marathon.<sup>1</sup> Give liberty,

<sup>1</sup> [May the prediction prove true!]



even to the subjects of the Great Mogul, and that debility which is ascribed to the climate, and that mental lethargy, which is κατ' ἐξοχήν termed Asiatic, will be succeeded by a spirit of heroism, and capaciousness of ideas, worthy of the principle which gave them animation. Substitute the laws of Lycurgus for the institutes of Menu, and the meek and effeminate Gentoos will become as it were inspired with the fire and energy of the warlike Spartans: their leaders would emulate in the field the activity of a Clive, and rival the prowess of a Cornwallis.

The influence of climate upon Russian manners, has already been in part subdued by the counteracting power of civilization. Those inhospitable deserts, which before the days of Czar Peter, worthily sur-named the Great, afforded only a scanty sustenance to hordes of lawless savages, may in time, through the efficacy of wise policy, produce philosophers that will as much astonish the literary, as their soldiers have already awed the military world. Northern regions have, as it were in spite of climate, given birth to authors whose talents have greatly enriched the treasury of universal science. Linnæus, the dictator of the botanical kingdom; Euler, the second Newton in mathematics; Margraaf, Bergman, and Stahl, investigators of the analysis and synthesis of nature, have given lustre to the obscurity of Sweden, and immortalized the shores of the Baltic.

The national character of the modern French is very different from that of the ancient Gauls. The Parisians of the fourth century, according to the Emperor Julian, were grave and austere in their deportment. The vanity of the Capetian grand *monarques*, and the fawning adulation made use of by the parasites of their courts, effected a revolution in the manners of the populace, who caught the contagion of example. A kind of mock-affection for their superiors, external gestures, instead of inward sincerity, pervaded all ranks, from the foot of the throne to the dwelling of the

peasant. This, aided by other collateral causes, gradually brought the national character to that zenith of levity, and intoxication of refinement which have, within this last century, so notoriously distinguished our Gallican neighbours.

As soon as a traveller passes the Pyrenees, instead of being disgusted with the officious French complaisance, he is surprised with the remarkable contrast of Castilian haughtiness and reserve. The *Celtiberi* of Spain, and the *Aquitani* of Gaul, were equally warlike and brave in their glorious struggles for liberty against the invading power of Rome. They seemed to have been inspired with the same congenial sentiments. Shall we then attribute the present anomaly in the Spanish character from that of the French, to the effect of difference in climate? Rather to the gold mines of Potosi, to false notions of honour, to pride and indolence, to bigotry and superstition.

Within the limits of the British empire in Europe, exist two nations, whose respective characters are diametrically opposite. In the one, a volatile irritability, in the other a sedateness of temper, are the general *insignia nationis*. Emblematical of the character of one nation, is the rapidity of an alpine torrent, which is too violent to be stemmed by any barrier, whether placed by design, or falling accidentally in its way; then, all of a sudden, it is lost in the vortex of a subterraneous cavern. The character of the other may be compared to the composure of a smooth stream, gliding in an uniform channel, and collecting increase of bulk from every rill, during the whole extent of its progress, from its hardly visible source, to the harbour of national celebrity. The former is calculated to surprise, the latter to benefit mankind.

Such a contrast in the characters of two nations apparently derived from the same lineage, and dwelling nearly within the same parallels of latitude, must have some causes independent of climate.

The government of Scotland was entrusted to a

succession of monarchs, who in times of repose from Transtweedian broils, cultivated the civilization of their subjects; whilst that of Ireland was seized by several petty despots, who continually rivalled each other in the arts of violence and devastation, and in all other arts, except those which promote the harmony and edification of society.

The superiority of Protestant Christianity over that of the Church of Rome, in diffusing useful knowledge, and consequently in determining the morals of a nation, is too obvious to require a comment.

Education, and the general examples given by parents to their children, and by other superiors to their inferiors, will generate, and at length establish an inveterate national habit, insomuch as entirely to model the mental constitution of a whole state. Imitation is as naturally the effect of example, as the image is of the object presented to a mirror. The mind of youth is formed by what it sees and hears: it is the canvas upon which may be drawn, at pleasure, either a philosopher or a savage; perhaps equally as indifferent as Phidias could have wrought at his option, either three Graces or three Furies out of the same pieces of marble.

From these, and such data, may be traced *à priori* the present different characteristics of Hibernian and Caledonian manners.

The physical situations of states, whether maritime or inland, the qualities of their soils, whether rich so as to preclude the necessity of labour, or otherwise so as to require tillage and attention, have some force in forming the manners of their respective inhabitants. The industry of the Swiss, and the commercial spirit of the Dutch, owe their origin to the nature and position of their countries, as well as to their emancipations from the foreign yokes of Spain and Austria.

It is observed by Montesquieu, that the descendants of Europeans, born in India, degenerated into that effeminacy and sensuality of character, which is peculiar to the climate of the East: but this degeneracy may be

effected by their social intercourse with the original natives; and by their being from their infancy daily spectators of eastern manners, whilst those of Europe are never seen by them, save on the page of history. A riveted attachment to their religion and customs has rendered the manners and character of the Jews uniform and permanent, wherever they inhabit, throughout every region, and in all the climates of the globe.

Foreigners have frequently accused *our* nation of being so impatient under trivial grievances as to render life insupportable; and this total destitution of those virtues of reflection and fortitude, which in most other instances we so happily possess, they do not scruple to attribute to our climate. But let us search for other causes of this reproachable malady, and they may be found to have one source in national affluence and prosperity. If the French will ever rival the English in great and generally diffused wealth, the Montesquieus and Rousseaus of that age may have occasion to apply the sarcasm to the suicides of their own nation. Accumulated wealth, though derived from the laudable springs of commercial speculation and industry, when diverted from its useful channels of circulation, becomes the *primum mobile* of unbounded luxury, *intemperance*, *gambling*, and *universal dissipation*: strike at the root of these evils, and some of the most impulsive causes of English suicide will be eradicated. By ascribing the cause of suicide to climate, men arraign Providence to exculpate their own immoral conduct. The climate of the British Isles has the two happy qualities united, of invigorating the statesman's mind, and bracing the soldier's arm. Long then may England's laws and the genius of England's liberty combine with England's climate, to excite her free-born sons to a conduct worthy of the character they have in general supported: the character of being hospitable to their friends, and generous to their foes; of being true to their God, firm to their country, and loyal to their king.

## KNIGHTS OF THE ROYAL OAK.

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[IN the second volume of the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, was published a list of "Knights of the Royal Oak," by the late D. Rowland, Esq., M.D., F.A.S., with Annotations on the same from the pen of the Rev. Walter Davies. As an appropriate introduction to the Annotations, the entire list, as furnished by Dr. Rowland, with his preliminary remarks addressed to the Editors of that valuable Magazine, is here subjoined.

"Viewing with much gratification the valuable information which your excellent work is now diffusing throughout the Principality, I have sent you a list of the gentry of North and South Wales, who were deemed 'fit and qualified to be made Knights of the Royal Oak,' with the value of their estates, Anno Dom. 1660, taken from a manuscript of Peter le Neve, Esq. This order was intended by King Charles II. as a reward to several of his followers; and the knights of it were to wear a silver medal, with a devise of the king in the oak, pendent to a ribbon about their necks: but it was thought proper to lay it aside, lest it might create heats and animosities, and open those wounds afresh, which at that time were thought prudent should be healed; and, as no list of them was ever published, we thought such a curiosity would be acceptable to the public, though not immediately relating to the order of baronets.

"The same desire, as the editor of the note first quoted, has induced me to send it to you, trusting that some of your correspondents in the Principality will favour your readers, at their leisure, with a list of the places where these gentry resided. I have added my little knowledge in that respect, as a temptation to others to follow my example."

KNIGHTS OF THE ROYAL OAK.<sup>1</sup>

## ANGLESEY.

1. John Robinson, Esq.	...	...	...	£0500
2. William Bould, Esq.	...	...	...	1000
3. Thomas Wood, Esq.	...	...	...	0600
4. ——— Bodden, Esq.	...	...	...	1000
5. Pierce Lloyd, Esq.	...	...	...	1000

## BRECKNOCK.

6. Richard Gwynn, Esq.	...	...	...	£0600
7. Wilbourne Williams, Esq.	...	...	...	0600
8. John Jefferys, Esq.	...	...	...	0600
9. Walter Vaughan, Esq.	...	...	...	0700

## CARDIGAN.

10. John Jones, Esq.	...	...	...	£0800
11. Edward Vaughan, Esq.	...	...	...	1000
12. Thomas Jones, Esq.	...	...	...	0600
13. Reynold Jenkins, Esq.	...	...	...	0700
14. James Lewis, Esq.	...	...	...	0700

## CARMARTHEN.

15. ——— Vaughan, Esq.	...	...	...	£1000
16. Philip Vaughan, Esq.	...	...	...	0600
17. Henry Maunsell, Esq.	...	...	...	0700
18. Rowland Gwynn, Esq.	...	...	...	0800
19. Charles Vaughan, Esq.	...	...	...	0600
20. William Gwynn, Esq.	...	...	...	0700
21. Nicholas Williams, Esq.	...	...	...	1000
22. Richard Gwynn, Esq.	...	...	...	0700

## CARNARVON.

23. Sir John Owen's heirs	...	...	...	£1500
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<sup>1</sup> The original orthography is used in the list.

## DENBIGH.

24.	Charles Salisbury, Esq.	...	...	£1300
25.	Huscall Thelwall, Esq.	...	...	0600
26.	Foulke Middleton, Esq.	...	...	0600
27.	John Wynn, Esq.	...	...	0600
28.	Sir Thomas Middleton, Knt. (of Chirk Castle, of Westminster after, spent most of his estate)	...	...	£0600
29.	Bevis Lloyd, Esq.	...	...	0600
30.	John Lloyd, Esq.	...	...	0800

## FLINTSHIRE.

31.	Sir Roger Mostyn, Knt., of Mostyn, Bart.		£4000
32.	Sir Edward Mostyn, Knt.	...	1500
33.	——— Salisbury, of Hegrage, Esq.	...	0600
34.	Robert Davies, Esq.	...	2000
35.	John Puliston, Esq.	...	2500
36.	John Hammer, Knt., Bart.	...	3000
37.	William Hanmer, Esq.	...	1500

## GLAMORGANSHIRE.

38.	Sir ——— Esterlinge, Knt.	...	£2000
39.	Herbert Evans, Esq.	...	1500
40.	David Jenkins, Esq.	...	1500
41.	Thomas Mathews, Esq.	...	1100
42.	William Bassett, Esq.	...	0800
43.	William Herbert, Esq.	...	1000
44.	Edmund Lewis, Esq.	...	0800
45.	David Mathews, Esq.	...	1000

## MERIONETH.

46.	William Salisbury, Esq.	...	£0800
47.	William Price, Esq.	...	1500
48.	William Vaughan, Esq.	...	1200
49.	Howell Vaughan, Esq.	...	0800
50.	——— Attwyll, of Parke, Esq.	...	1500
51.	Lewis Owen, Esq.	...	0600
52.	John Lloyd, Esq.	...	0600

## MONMOUTH.

53.	William Morgan, Esq.	...	£4000
54.	William Jones, of Lanarthe, Esq.	...	1000

55. Thomas Lewis, Esq.	...	...	£1000
56. Charles Vann, Esq.	...	...	0800
57. Walter Rumsey, Esq.	...	...	0600
58. William Jones, of Llantrischent, Esq.	...	...	0600
59. ——— Milbourne, Esq.	...	...	0800

## MONTGOMERY.

60. John Pugh, Esq.	...	...	£1000
61. ——— Owen, Esq., of Ruserton	...	...	1000
62. ——— Blaney, Esq.	...	...	1000
63. Roger Lloyd, Esq.	...	...	0800
64. Richard Owen, Esq.	...	...	0800
65. Richard Herbert, Esq.	...	...	0700
66. Sir Edward Lloyd	...	...	1200
67. Edmund Wareinge, Esq.	...	...	0700

## PEMBROKESHIRE.

68. Tho. Langhorne, Esq.	...	...	£0800
69. Lewis Wogan, Esq.	...	...	1000
70. Hugh Bowen, Esq.	...	...	0600
71. Essex Merricke, Esq.	...	...	0600
72. Sir John Lort, Knt. (Bart. after)	...	...	2000

## RADNORSHIRE.

73. George Gwynn, Esq.	...	...	£1500
74. Evan Davies, Esq.	...	...	0600
75. ——— Price, Esq.	...	...	1000]



## ANNOTATIONS.

### I. ANGLESEY.

1. *John Robinson, Esq.*, £0800. The Robinsons of this island, and of Gwersyllt, near Wrexham, were the same. William Robinson, of Gwersyllt, Esq., was Sheriff for Denbighshire in 1631, and for Anglesey in the following year, as William Robinson, of Mynachdy, Esq. Mynachdy is on the sea coast, opposite Skerry Lighthouse, which was erected about the year 1730, for the direction of vessels sailing in the Channel. Mr. Pennant says the Skerries once formed a portion of the perquisites of the see of Bangor, and that Dr. Nicholas Robinson, when bishop of the see in the reign of Elizabeth, alienated it in favour of one of his sons. The same author adds that, between the years 1720 and 1730, William Robinson, Esq., of Mynachdy and Gwersyllt, the last male descendant, perished in a storm, on his return from a sporting excursion on the Skerries.

John Robinson, Esq., in the year 1660, may probably be indentified with the Colonel Robinson, who, in 1645 or 46, took the castle of Aber-llienawg, near Beaumaris, from Sir Thomas Cheadle, who kept it for the Parliament.<sup>1</sup>

2. *William Bould, Esq.*, £1000. He was of Tre'r Ddôl, and served the office of Sheriff for the county in 1644, 1649, 1655; and his successor, Owen Bold, in 1684.

3. *Thomas Wood, Esq.*, £0600. Thomas Wood, of Rhosmore, was Sheriff for the county in 1661; his father, Richard Wood, in 1656; and a predecessor, Owen Wood, of the same place, in 1577, 1614, 1640,

<sup>1</sup> ["Of *Colonel Robinson* (the first in the series), there is a monument at Gresford Church, the inscription on which some one of your correspondents will perhaps be pleased to communicate, as well as the various traditions concerning him that are attached to the decayed tree in front of Gwersyllt House."—SIR S. R. MEYRICK: *Camb. Quart. Mag.* ii. 277.]

and 1650. In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Richard Bulkeley had all Anglesey at his command, excepting the "Woods of Rhosmore," who were perpetually thorns in his side; and, as it is supposed, set on by the infamous Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. It may, however, be presumed that they stood firm to their allegiance at the period of the rebellion.

5. *Pierce Lloyd, Esq.*, £1000. Pierce Lloyd, *senior*, Esq., of Gwardog, near Llanerch y Medd, was Sheriff for the county in 1603, and Pierce Lloyd, *junior*, Esq., of Lligwy, near Amlwch, Sheriff in 1612, 1638, and 1651; his son, Pierce Lloyd, of Llannidan, pleasantly situated on the Menai, served the same office in 1699. These Lloyds becoming extinct, their estates were bought by Lord Uxbridge, who left them to his nephew, Sir William Irby, the first Lord Boston.

## II. BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

6. *Richard Gwynn, Esq.*, £0600. (Gwynns of Buckland, still extant.)

7. *Wilbourne Williams, Esq.*, £0600, of Penpont.

9. *Walter Vaughan, Esq.*, £0700, of Tretower, near Crickhowell. Bridget, the daughter and sole heiress of Walter Vaughan, of Talgarth, married July 22, 1677, John Ashburnham, great grandfather of the present Earl of Ashburnham.

## III. CARDIGANSHIRE.

10. *John Jones, Esq.*, £0800. — Jones, of Nanteos, now Colonel Powell, M.P.,<sup>1</sup> and Lord Lieutenant for the county, to both which offices he succeeded on the demise of the late Thomas Johnes, Esq., of Havod Uchtryd.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Father of the present Colonel Powell.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Colonel John Jones (the tenth), son of Edward Jones, of Nanteos, by Margaret, daughter of James Lewis, of Abernant Bychan, in the same county, married Mary, daughter and heiress of Jasper Cornelius, by whom he left four coheiresses, one of whom, becoming the wife of William Powell, Esq., conveyed the estate to the family which still possess it. There is a half-length portrait of this Colonel Jones, in armour, preserved at the house."—SIR S. R. MEYRICK: *Camb. Quart. Mag.* ii. 277.]

11. *Edward Vaughan, Esq.*, £1000. He was son of Sir John Vaughan, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the friend and executor of the learned Selden, and the father of John Vaughan, first Viscount Lisburne, by King William III, in 1695. Their present representative is John, tenth viscount, and third Earl Lisburne, of Crosswood, near Aberystwyth.

12. *Thomas Jones, Esq.*, £0600, of Llanvair Clywedogau, on the Teivy. His descendant of the same name and place married the sole daughter and heir of William Herbert, of Havod, Esq., and granddaughter of Morgan Herbert, a staunch adherent to the solemn League and Covenant. Their descendant was the late spirited improver of the romantic scenery of Havod, now again reverting to its primitive wildness.<sup>1</sup>

14. *James Lewis, Esq.*, £0700, of Abernant Bychan, now belonging to Pryse Pryse,<sup>2</sup> of Gogerddan, Esq., M.P. for Cardigan.

#### IV. CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

15. — *Vaughan, Esq.*, £1000, of Golden Grove, in the Vale of Towy. The title in this family of Earl of Carbery, &c., became extinct, and the late John Vaughan, Esq., bequeathed his whole estate to the late Lord Cawdor, of Stackpole Court.

18. *Rowland Gwynn, Esq.*, £0800. The name still continues at Glan Brân Park. The present owner, Sackville Gwynn, Esq.

21. *Nicholas Williams, Esq.*, £1000, of Edwinsford, now Sir James Hamlyn Williams, of Clovelly Court, in the county of Devon, Bart.

22. *Richard Gwynn, Esq.*, £0700. Gwynne of Taliaris, now extinct. The estate passed, by sale, into the noble family of Seymour.

<sup>1</sup> [Most of the descendants, and among them the present owner of Dolau Cothi, Carmarthenshire, write the name *Johnes*.]

<sup>2</sup> [Grandfather of Sir Pryse Pryse, Bart., the present proprietor.]

## V. CAERNARVONSHIRE.

23. *Sir John Owen's heire*, £1500. This knight was the well-known loyalist of Clenennau. He was a colonel in the army, and vice-admiral of North Wales. He signalized himself at the siege of Bristol, when taken by Prince Rupert, and was appointed governor of Conway Castle in 1645, when the Primate of York<sup>1</sup> veered about. In 1648, William Lloyd, of Plas Hen, Esq., Sheriff for the county, raised the *posse comitatus* against him, but was wounded, defeated, and taken prisoner. Sir John then laid siege to Caernarvon, but, hearing of the approach of Colonels Carter and Twistleton with a strong force, he marched to meet them, carrying the wounded sheriff with him, upon a litter. The two hostile parties met near Penmaen Mawr, and Sir John had the misfortune of being dismounted and taken prisoner by one Captain Taylor. He was taken to Windsor, and tried with the Lords Goring, Capel, and Holland, and condemned. The lords had advocates, Sir John had none, and this, noticed by Ireton, saved his life. He was permitted to retire to Clenennau, where he lived until 1666, when he died, at the age of sixty-six, and was buried in Penmorva Church. This was six years after the date of the intended list of Knights of the Royal Oak; but Sir John, for some reasons or other, may have declined the honour, in favor of his "heire," Sir Robert Owen, of Porkington, near Oswestry, Knt., who, in 1698, was buried in his parish Church of Sylattyn. The family surname continued until lately, when Miss Owen conveyed the estate to her husband, Owen Ormsby, Esq., and their daughter again to Ormsby Gore, Esq., the present proprietor.

## VI. DENBIGHSHIRE.

24. *Charles Salisburie, Esq.*, £1300. He was of

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. John Williams.]

Bachymbyd, in the Vale of Clwyd, now the property of Lord Bagot. Charles Salisbury was Sheriff for the county in 1661.

25. — *Thelwall, Esq.*, £0600. The Christian name is difficult to be deciphered. Edward Thelwal, of Plas y Ward, was Sheriff for the county in 1670; John Thelwal, of Plas Coch, in 1672; Simon Thelwal, of Llanbedr Hall, in 1692, "*utrum horum*," &c.

26. *Foulke Myddleton, Esq.*, £0600. He was of Gwaenynog, and the eighth son of Richard Myddleton, governor of Denbigh Castle, in the reigns of Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. He was also the brother of Syr Thomas Myddleton, Lord Mayor of London, who purchased the Chirk Castle estate from the Lord St. John, of Bletso; of Capt William Myddleton, the Welsh Grammarian; and of Sir Hugh Myddleton, the Engineer, who, with the silver of the Cardiganshire mines, supplied the ungrateful metropolis of England with water. Foulke Myddleton married Gwenwyvar, daughter and heir to Richard Wynn, of Bodlith, in Llansilin, Esq.

28. *Sir Thomas Myddleton, Knt.*, of Chirk Castle, &c., £0800. In the family history he is known as Sir Thomas the *Soldier*, to distinguish him from his father, Sir Thomas the *Lord Mayor*, as well as from his son, Sir Thomas the *Baronet*. The latter died in 1663, his father, the Soldier, survived him three years, when he retired from his labours at the full age of four score; having passed the three first scores in comparative ease, and the last score, a few years excepted, as an active officer in the Republican forces. At first, taking the castles of others for the service of Parliament, and at last, surrendering his own battered castle, for his premature attempt to restore Charles II, in 1659. The value of his estate, in Le Neve's list, is exceedingly low. It is also added that "he spent most of it." He may have mortgaged it heavily to support the democratic cause. The Chirk Castle estate, in his time, was the most ample in the county of Denbigh;

and so it continued until the late unfortunate gavel-kind division between three coheirresses.

## VII. FLINTSHIRE.

31. *Sir Roger Mostyn, of Mostyn, Bart., £4000.* He was an eminent loyalist at the breaking out of the civil war: he collected together, in twelve hours' time, a regiment of 1500 men for the service of the Crown. He was at first a knight, and created a baronet August 3, 1660. The title has continued without interruption to this day, and is now vested in Sir Thomas Mostyn.

32. *Sir Edward Mostyn, Knt., £1500.* Sir Edward Mostyn, of Talacre, was created a baronet in 1670. He was a descendant of Pierce Mostyn of the same place, who was president of the Royal Eisteddvod held at Caerwys, in May, 1568; and ancestor of the present Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart., of the same place, president of the Grand Provincial Eisteddvod, held at Denbigh in September, 1828.

33. — *Salisbury, of Hegrage, Esq., £0600.* John Salisbury, of Bachegraig, was Sheriff for the county in 1665, and R. Salisbury, of the same place, in 1602 and 1616. The last heir male of the Salisburys (a branch from the Lleweni stock), was John Salisbury, Esq., father of Hester Lynch, his sole heir, who married Henry Thrale, Esq., and afterwards Seignior Piozzi, who died in 1809. Mrs. Piozzi, in her lifetime, settled the estate upon her protégé, John Salisbury Piozzi, who thereupon took the name of J. S. P. Salisbury, and he was knighted shortly afterwards. Brynbella, the present family mansion, was built by Mr. Thrale, and is some distance from Bachegraig: the latter house, which was built in 1567, has recently been demolished.

34. *Robert Davies, Esq., £2000.* He was of Gwasanau, in the Vale of Mold, his paternal inheritance, and of Llanerch, in the Vale of Clwyd, by his marriage with Anne, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Peter Mutton, Knight, Chief Justice of North Wales, &c.

Robert Davies was Sheriff for the county three years in succession; viz., 1644, 45, and 46; and again 1660. At the breaking out of the civil war, he garrisoned his house at Gwasanau for the king, but he was compelled to surrender it, in 1645, to a superior force under Sir William Brereton. He died in 1666, and was succeeded by his son, Mytton Davies, Esq., the traveller, and he again, by his son Robert Davies, of Llanerch, Esq., a learned antiquary, and collector of ancient MSS. and rare curiosities, who died in 1728. The antiquary's grandson, John Davies, Esq., died unmarried in 1785, and his estate became divided between his two sisters. Mrs. Leo, the eldest, had Llanerch, which eventually became the property of the late Rev. W. Whitehall Davies, of Broughton, who lately died, in the prime of life, universally regretted, and his estates devolved to his sister; the other moiety, being the Gwasanau estate, fell to the younger sister, Mrs. Puleston, of Havod y Wern, whose only daughter married Bryan Cook, Esq., of Owston, in Yorkshire, and since of Havod y Wern; now to his son, Philip Davies Cook, Esq.

35. *John Puleston, Esq., £2500.* He was of Havod y Wern, near Wrexham, a place mentioned in No. 34, with the name of the present proprietor. This John Puleston was born in 1603, and married Elen, daughter to Sir Kenrick Eyton, of Eyton, Knight. In the reign of Edward I, one of his ancestors, Sir Roger Puleston, was roughly handled by the insurgent Welsh, at Caernarvon. His descendant, John Puleston *Hen* (senior), Chamberlain of North Wales, was more popular, and a great favourite with the bards: one of them must have flattered him by saying in his complimentary ode, "Di waed Sais ydyw Sion;" John has not a drop of Saxon blood in him. The Pulestons of Havod y Wern were from a second son of Emral, in Lower Maelor; now in the possession of Sir Richard Puleston, Bart.

36. *Sir John Hanmer, Knt., £3000.* His father, Sir

Thomas Hanmer, was appointed Governor of Chirk Castle, by King Charles I, at the commencement of the civil war, when Sir Thomas Myddleton's politics were either declared or suspected. The son was created a baronet in 1620, and served the office of Sheriff for the county in 1622. Of this family was Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart., for thirty years M.P. for the county of Flint, and Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Queen Anne. The present representative is of the same name and title, of Bettisfield Park, near the old residence at Hanmer, from which place the family assumed their surname, as the Mostyns from Mostyn, &c.

37. *William Hanmer, Esq.*, £1500. He was of Fens, a mansion not far distant from Hanmer and Bettisfield, and descended from a junior branch of the main stock. All the Hanmers, excepting those of Pentrev Pant, are descended from Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, and, maternally, from Gwenwynwyn, prince of Powys. The Hanmers of Pentrev Pant, now extinct in the male line, were from Llewelyn Aurdorchog, of Yale, and assumed their surname from the marriage of R. ab D. ab Howel Goch, with Margaret, daughter to John Hanmer, of Lee, son of Jenkin Hanmer, of Hanmere. Fourth in descent from this John Hanmer, of Lee, was John Hanmer, of Pentrev Pant, bishop of St. Asaph, who died at that house in 1629.

#### VIII. GLAMORGANSHIRE.

38. *Sir — Esterlinge, Knt.*, £2000. Sir John Stradling, of St. Donat's Castle, was created a baronet in the 9th year of James I. (1611.) His son, Sir Edward Stradling, commanded a battalion on the King's side at the battle of Edgehill, October 23, 1642. The Stradlings are all extinct, after having been in possession 684 years; and the estate, having passed to the Mansells, Drakes, &c., is now the property of the Earl of Plymouth.



39. *Herbert Evans, Esq.*, £1500. He was the son, or grandson, of Leyson Evans, of Neath, Esq., who married Margaret, daughter to Matthew Herbert, of Swansea, Esq. Their descendant was Evan Seys, of Boverton, sergeant-at-law. A majestic oak in the fold at Boverton is still shewn by the name of the "Sergeant's Oak."

40. *David Jenkins, Esq.*, £1500. He was of Hensol, one of the justices of Wales, and a firm adherent to King Charles I. He died in 1664. His grand-daughter, and heiress of Hensol, married the Lord Chancellor Talbot, and from the place, the family assumed one of their titles, Baron Hensol. From the Talbots it passed, by sale, to S. Richardson, Esq., and afterwards to the late Richard Crawshay, Esq., of Cyvarthva Ironworks.

An anecdote is told of Lord Chancellor Talbot, of Hensol, who married an heiress of the place: he acquired a smattering of the Welsh language, and, having occasion one day to ride through a ford of the Elai river when a flood was pouring down, inquired of a peasant who stood by, whether he could pass over with safety? "O yes!" was the reply. On entering the water, and finding it deeper than he expected, he repeated the question to the peasant in Welsh; "O! sir, for your life's sake turn back; you cannot land on the other side." "But did you not tell me just now, in plain English, you rascal, that I could!" "Yes, I did; but I then thought you were a Saxon."

41. *Thomas Matthews, Esq.*, £1100. He was a descendant of David Matthew, of Rhaiadr, Esq., standardbearer to King Edward IV, and ancestor of the Earls of Llandaff, of Thomastown, in the County of Tipperary.

42. *William Basset, Esq.*, £0800. Of Beauprè, commonly called Bewpyr, near Cowbridge. The ancient name of the place was *Maes Seisyllt*, i.e., Seisyllt or Cecil's Field, but by mistaking *Maes Seisyllt*, for *Maes Essyllt*, *Fair Mead*, the Normans converted it

to *Beauprè*. The Sytsyllts were owners thereof, from at least the period of the conquest of Glamorgan; and the last of them alienated it to the Bassetts of St. Hilary. Sir Richard Bassett held a Gorsedd of Bards here in 1681. A Colonel Berkeley, son to Lord Berkeley, as mortgagee, foreclosed the estate, and sold it to Mr. Edmondes, father to Major Edmondes, who was the proprietor in 1807. There are Bassetts still at Glan Elai, Bonvilston, &c.

43. *William Herbert, Esq.*, £1000. Of St. Fagan's. He was seventh in descent from William Herbert, the first Earl of Pembroke of the name, beheaded at Banbury, in 1469; and son of Colonel William Herbert, of St. Fagan's, slain at the battle of Edgehill, in 1642. The estate is now the property of the Earl of Plymouth.

45. *David Matthews, Esq.*, £1000. See No. 41.

#### IX. MEIRIONYDD (MERIONETHSHIRE).

46. *William Salisbury, Esq.*, £0800. He was of Rug, in the Vale of Edeyrnion. His descendant, Roger Salisbury, of that place, had an only daughter married to Rowland Pugh, of Mathavarn, Esq., and had issue Maria Charlotte, married to Thomas Pryse, of Gogerddan, Esq., M.P. for Cardigan, who left issue an only son, John Pugh Pryse, Esq., born in 1738, who died in the prime of life unmarried. In him were centred the three estates of Gogerddan, in Cardiganshire; Rug, in Merionethshire; and Mathavarn, in Montgomeryshire. At his death they were again separated; *Gogerddan* went to the heir at law, Lewis Pryse, Esq., of Woodstock, and is now the property of his grandson, Pryse Pryse, Esq., of that place, and of Buscot Park, Berks, M.P. *Mathavarn* was sold to the trustees of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and is now the property of his son,<sup>1</sup> the present baronet. *Rug* was bequeathed

<sup>1</sup> [The late baronet, who died in 1840, and father of the present proprietor of Wynnistay.]

to the late Colonel E. W. V. Salisbury, who died prematurely in Sicily, in 1807; and, by him, to his younger brother, G. Howel Vaughan, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> Colonel of the Merionethshire militia, who is the present hospitable representative of its former owner, *Owen Brogyntyn*, son of Madog, prince of Powys.

47. *William Price, Esq.*, £1500. He was of Rhiwlas, near Bala. He raised a corps for the service of King Charles I, and married Mary, one of the two coheiresses of David Holland, of Kinmael Park, Esq., whilst Elizabeth, the other coheiress, gave her hand to Colonel Carter, an active officer in the service of the Parliament. Colonel Price survived the Restoration many years, and died in 1691, aged seventy-two; he was buried in the Cathedral Church of St. Asaph, with a marble monument erected to his memory. The estate is now in the possession of his lineal descendant, Richard Watkin Price, Esq.<sup>2</sup>

48. *William Vaughan, Esq.*, £1200. He was of Cors y Gedol, an ancient mansion about half-way between Barmouth and Harlech. The Vaughans of this place represented the county in Parliament for many years. On the extinction of the male line at the death of the last William Vaughan, the estate went to the Mostyns of Mostyn, and now constitutes a portion of the vast domains of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart., by descent from his mother, the heiress Vaughan.<sup>3</sup>

49. *Howell Vaughan, Esq.*, £0800. He was of Glan y Llyn Tegid, near Bala, and Sheriff for the county in 1658: his son, Edward Vaughan, Esq., married the heiress of Llwydiarth and Llangedwyn; and his heiress married Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the first of the name, of Wynnstay, Bart.

50. — *Anwyl, of Parke, Esq.*, £1500. Richard

<sup>1</sup> [Colonel Vaughan died in the year 1848.]

<sup>2</sup> [The present proprietor is his grandson, R. J. Lloyd Price, Esq.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Cors y Gedol estate no longer belongs to the Mostyn family, having been sold by the present Lord Mostyn.]

Anwyl, of Parke, a mansion between Harlech and Tremadog, was Sheriff for the county in the years 1659 and 1660. These Anwyls derived their descent from Robert, third son of Morys ab John ab Meredydd, of the Gwydir line of Owen Gwynedd. They ended in an heiress, Katherine, who married Sir Gruffydd Williams, of Marl, near Conway: Ann, their daughter and heiress, maid of honour to Queen Caroline, married twice, and both of them of the name of Prendergast, from Ireland. She died without issue, and her estates were put to the hammer: Parke, Pant Glas, &c., were purchased by the late Sir Edward Lloyd, of Pengwern, Bart.; and Marl, &c., by the late Thomas Williams, of Llannidan, Esq.

51. *Lewis Owen, Esq.*, £0600. Lewis Owen, of Dolgelleu, called the Baron of the Exchequer of North Wales, murdered by the *Mawddwy banditti*, in 1555, had been Sheriff for the county in 1543, and 1552, and his grandson, Lewis Owen, of Llwyn, in 1599; the intermediate link, John Lewis Owen, in 1563, 1575, and 1591. The Lewis Owen, of 1660, must be a descendant of this line of Sheriffs. Llwyn in after times passed to the Nanneys, and by marriage to the present proprietor, Thomas Hartley, Esq., Sheriff for the county in 1827.

52. *John Lloyd, Esq.*, £0600. John Lloyd, of Keiswyn, Esq., was Sheriff for the county in the years 1652 and 1665. The mansion of Aberlleveui is in the township of Keiswyn, in the parish of Tal y Llyn; and we find John Lloyd, of Aberlleveni, Sheriff in 1696: his daughter and heiress, Anne, married Lewis Pryse, of Gogerddan, Esq., and had issue three daughters: Mary, the eldest, married John Campbell, of Stackpole Court, Esq.; and his grandson, John Campbell, the late Earl Cawdor, sold Aberlleveni to the late John Davies, of Machynlleth, Esq., whose daughter and heiress married Pryse Jones, Esq., of Cyfronydd, near Welshpool, the present proprietor, as guardian to his son, a minor.

## X. MONMOUTHSHIRE.

53. *William Morgan, Esq.*, £4000. His representatives, the Morgans of Tredegar, now baronets.<sup>1</sup>

54. *William Jones, of Llanarth, Esq.*, £1000. Sir Philip Jones, Knt., in the time of the rebellion, was a staunch loyalist, and commanded the troop raised in Monmouthshire for the King's service: he was engaged in the defence of Rhaglan Castle, when attacked by Fairfax: his son, William Jones, transferred the residence from Tre-Owen, near Monmouth, to Llanarth Court, which has ever since continued to be the principal seat of the Family.<sup>2</sup>

55. *Thomas Lewis, Esq.*, £1000. Lewis of Llandeilo Cresseney, Esq. Lewis of St. Pierre, near Chepstow, married Lucy, one of the coheiresses of Henry Herbert, of Wonastow, Esq., nephew of Sir Charles Herbert, of Troy, Knt.

56. *Charles Vann, Esq.*, £0800.

57. *William Milbourne, Esq.*, £0800. George Milbourne, Esq., married Christiana, one of the three coheiresses of Henry Herbert, of Wonastow, Esq. (see No. 55). The mother of these heiresses was the Lady Lucy Somerset, daughter to William, third Earl of Worcester.

## XI. MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

60. *John Pugh, Esq.*, £1000. He was of Mathavarn. See the alienation of the estate by sale in No. 46.

61. — *Owen, Esq., of Ruserton*, £1000. Richard Owen, son of Athelstan Owen, of Rhiw Seison, was Sheriff for the county in 1653. On the death of his great-grandson, Corbet Owen, of Ynys y Maengwyn, as well as Rhiw Seison, in 1750, the latter estate was sold, and is now the property of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Charles Robinson Morgan, Bart., was created Baron Tredegar, in 1859.]

<sup>2</sup> [A few years ago John Arthur Jones, Esq., of Llanarth Court, assumed the surname of Herbert.]

62. — *Blaney, Esq.*, £1000. John Blaney, Esq., of Gregynog, son of Lewis Blaney, and grandson of David Lloyd Blaney, was Sheriff for the county in 1630 and 1644. The inscription on his monument says, that "he faithfully served and suffered for the royal martyr." He died in 1665. The name continued to the late Arthur Blaney, Esq., who died in 1795, aged eighty, having bequeathed his estates to Henry Viscount Tracy, whose daughter and sole heiress married the present proprietor, Charles Hanbury Tracy, Esq., of Toddington, in the county of Gloucester.

63. *Roger Lloyd, Esq.*, of Talgarth, £0800. He was son of Edward Lloyd, son of Roger Lloyd, of Trewern, Esq., who married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Morgan Herbert, Knt. These Lloyds were descended from Sir Gruffydd Vaughan, bannereted at Agincourt, in 1415, but now mostly extinct.

64. *Richard Owen, Esq.*, £0800. Richard Owen, of Garth, near Llanidloes, was Sheriff for the county in 1653. His descendant of the same name served the same office in 1760. His daughter and heiress married John Edwards, of Machynlleth, Esq.; and their son, Colonel Edwards, of Greenfields, inherits Garth, &c.

65. *Richard Herbert, Esq.*, £0700. Richard Herbert, of Meivod, Esq., son of Richard Herbert, of Park, was Sheriff for the county in 1653: he sold his estate in Meivod, and the family is now extinct.

67. *Edmund Wareinge, Esq.*, £0700. The Warings were formerly proprietors of Aberhavesp Hall, &c.; a Walter Waring served the office of Sheriff in 1724. The estate is now vested in H. Augustus Proctor, Esq., Sheriff for the county this present year, 1830.

## XII. PEMBROKESHIRE.

68. *Thomas Langhorne, Esq.*, £0800. Colonel Langhorn, a gentleman of good extraction and fair

fortune, served in the Low Countries under the Earl of Essex, and was much in the Earl's favour. This connexion brought him into the field on the side of Parliament; but, not being a democrat in principle, in 1658, he joined Colonels Powell and Poyer in an attempt to restore Charles II: they were overpowered and taken prisoners by Cromwell: one of the three was doomed to die, they cast lots, and the die of death fell upon Poyer. His niece (Poyer's) was mother to the celebrated Beau Nash, of Bath notoriety. There are Langhornes still in the county, gentlemen of property, at Orlandon, Pont Vaen, &c.

69. *Lewis Wogan, Esq.*, £1000. The Wogans of Wiston, Boulston, and Llanstinan, were among the largest proprietors in the county. The name is now extinct.

70. *Hugh Bowen, Esq.*, £0600. Bowen of Upton, or Trevloyn, now extinct. Bowen of Llwyn Gwair, still in being.

71. *Essex Merricke, Esq.*, £0600. Meyrick, of Bush, Esq., has extensive and fertile possessions in the fine district of Castle Martin.<sup>1</sup>

72. *Sir John Lort, Knt.*, £2000. According to Dr. Heylin, Roger Lort, of Stackpole Court, Esq., was created a baronet, July 15, 1662. The name extinct. The estate went by marriage to a Campbell, ancestor of the Earls Cawdor, of Stackpole Court.

<sup>1</sup> [*Essex Merricke, Esq.* (the seventy-first), was so named from Robert Earl of Essex, who commanded the Parliament forces at the commencement of the civil war, and who was probably his godfather. He was the son of Sir John Meyrick (for thus he wrote his name), of Monkton, Knight, member to the Long Parliament for Newcastle under Lyne, and Sergeant-major General, or, we should now say, Adjutant-General to the Forces. He retired from the army with the Earl of Essex; and, being one of those members who voted that the King's concessions were sufficient for settling the peace of the nation, he was arrested, and thrown into prison by Cromwell, while that infamous measure was carried, which had in view the murder of the sovereign. It was no doubt from this circumstance, and a conviction that his opposition had been more to the measures of the government than the person of the king, that Charles II. included his son among the intended Knights of the Royal Oak.]—SIR S. R. MEYRICK: *Camb. Quart. Mag.* ii. 278.]

## XIII. RADNORSHIRE.

75. — *Price, Esq.*, £1000. Chase Price, Esq., of Knighton, died 28th June, 1777, aged forty-six. His sole daughter and heiress married General Gascoigne, who for thirty years has represented the borough of Liverpool in the Commons House of Parliament. The general's sole daughter and heiress is the present Countess of Salisbury. The representative of a junior branch of the Prices of Knighton is Richard Price, Esq., the present member for the borough of New Radnor.



# WELSH ORTHOGRAPHY.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

THE REV. THOMAS CHARLES TO THE  
REV. WALTER DAVIES.

REV. SIR,

By the desire of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, I send you the copy of the Welsh Bible, corrected at their request, according to the

<sup>1</sup> [Most of these Letters were written at a time when the subject of Welsh orthography attracted no small attention in the Principality; and they are here published together, as containing the views of some of the ablest Welsh scholars of that day on this still unsettled question. Mr. Davies's replies to some of the communications addressed to him, are not to be found among his papers.]

For a more complete discussion of the subject to which these Letters refer, the reader may consult the following works by the late Rev. John Jones (*Tegid*):—*A Defence of the Reformed System of Welsh Orthography* (Oxford, 1829, 8vo); *Traethawd ar Iawn-lythyreniad, neu Lythraeth yr Iaith Gymraeg* (Oxford, 1830, 8vo); *A Reply to the Rev. W. B. Knight's "Remarks" on Welsh Orthography* (London, 1831, 8vo). On the other side of the question reference may be made to a pamphlet by the late Rev. John Roberts, entitled, *Reasons for rejecting the Welsh Orthography, that is proposed and attempted to be introduced, with a view of superseding the system that has been established since the publication of Dr. Davies's Grammar and Dictionary, and Bishop Parry's Edition of the Welsh Bible* (Carmarthen, 1825, 12mo); and to the following works by the late Very Rev. W. B. Knight, Dean of Llandaff:—*Remarks, Historical and Philological, on the Welsh Language* (Cardiff, 1830, 8vo); and *A Critical Review of the Rev. J. Jones's Reply to the Rev. W. B. Knight's Remarks on Welsh Orthography* (Cardiff, 1831, 8vo).

The other works, specially written on the subject, are the following, which all recommend, with certain modifications, the adoption of the system advocated in these letters:—*A Brief Analysis of Welsh Orthography*, by Thomas Edwards (Denbigh, 1847, 8vo; second edition, Holywell, 1850, 8vo); *Y Gomerydd*, gan Samuel Evans (Cardiff, 1854, 12mo); *Orgraph yr Iaith Gymraeg*, gan R. I. Prys, a Thomas Stephens (Denbigh, 1859, 16mo); *Llythraeth yr Iaith Gymraeg*, gan D. Silvan Evans (Carmarthen, 1861, 16mo). Three of these publications, as well as one of Tegid's, it will be observed, are written in the Welsh language.]

best of my judgement and that of my colleague, Mr. Thomas Jones, now of Ruthin,<sup>1</sup> for their intended new impression of the Welsh Bible. The papers accompanying the books convey every information on the subject which I have to give; therefore I need add nothing further now on the occasion. If you wish an interview before you make your report, I shall be glad to see you at my house for a day or two; or will meet you wherever you please, on a day appointed by you. The parts sent, which are all we have done, are a sufficient specimen of the whole. At the request of the Society, I undertook the work *reluctantly*; but the promise of the able assistance of my intelligent and worthy colleague, encouraged me to undertake the arduous work. We have spared no pains to obtain correctness; this, we were sensible, the importance of the work demanded. I never expected to escape censure, but on a review and most mature consideration, we are fully satisfied with what we have done. We expect no other remuneration for our labours, but the conscious satisfaction of our doing our duty faithfully according to our best judgement. I am very glad so competent a judge has been fixed upon, to decide upon the subject. I have no doubt but you will report with the utmost deliberation, candour, and impartiality. I pray the Spirit of all wisdom and grace to direct and assist you in this and all other concerns.

I am, with respect and esteem,

Rev. Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THOS. CHARLES.

*Bala, Feb. 22, 1805.*

<sup>1</sup> [Afterwards of Denbigh; author of an *English-Welsh Dictionary*; *Diwygwyd, Merthyrion, a Chyffeswyr Eglwys Loegr*; a translation of Gurnal's *Christian Armour*; and several other works. He died in 1820.]

## II.

THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO THE REV.  
THOMAS RICHARDS, BERRIW, MONT-  
GOMERYSHIRE.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your packet, containing among other things, a proof sheet of the *Oxford Bilingual Common Prayer*. I am sorry, though not at all surprised, that our friend (the corrector<sup>2</sup>) is compelled to follow the standard edition. You know that I have had some correspondence with persons in authority on the subject. They mentioned to me the necessity of adhering to the *Standard Edition*; and my observations on the term were something to the following effect:—"If by a Standard Edition we are to understand a *correct* one, I should be gratified in having a view of it. The fact is, that a correct edition is still a desideratum, and I see no probability of its being soon supplied, as the persons entrusted with the correction of the press are permitted by their patrons to regard only typographical inaccuracies, and both parties may be satisfied with the supposed correctness of a foregoing edition; and by so doing, errors the most palpable are perpetuated from one edition and one generation to another!"

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. Richards, at the time this letter was addressed to him, was master of Berriw School. In 1826 he was collated to the rectory of Llangynyw, in the same county, which he retained until his death, which occurred in 1856. See, *antè*, vol. i. p. 282, note 1.]

<sup>2</sup> [The corrector of the press was the Rev. John Jones, M.A. (*Tegid*), at that time Chaplain, afterwards Precentor of Christ Church, Oxford; and latterly Vicar of Nevern, Pembrokeshire, and Prebendary of St. David's. This patriotic Welsh Scholar died at Nevern Vicarage on the 2nd of May, 1851, in the 61st year of his age. *Gwaith Barddonawl Tegid*, being a collection of his miscellaneous poems, was published in a 12mo volume at Llandovery in 1859.]

I have by me an 8vo edition of the *Welsh Common Prayer Book*, corrected for my own amusement, not with any expectation that it may be called for in my lifetime; though I do not despair that some such copy will be adopted at some future period, when party spirit shall have been subdued. Standard truth will bear the test of scrutiny, whilst *standard* error, if I am allowed such a solecism, must shrink at the touch of impartial criticism.

You say the Welsh clergy are to be blamed for not taking deeper interest in the work. What could they do? I wrote three full foolscap sheets on the subject, and in the strongest language I could muster; but all to no purpose, as I find by you that the work is to be printed *literatim* from a former edition. What then is the use of any criticism of mine upon the sheet you sent me? I care not a straw how it will be printed, so that I can read and comprehend it; and I defy even the Holy Alliance to issue an edition in Roman, or even Greek characters, or *Coelbren y Beirdd*, that I could not read. Correction of Welsh orthography must not be expected to issue from a Saxon conclave. The errors of our present editions of the Common Prayer are almost innumerable. In the marriage service we have, "a brydferthodd Crist â'i gynnyrchioldeb ei hun," i. e., that Christ adorned with his own *productiveness*; *presence* should have been rendered *gynnyrchioldeb*. *Amrafael*, for *amrywiol*, is frequent; and in one place we have *amrafaelion* bechodau. Anglicisms, such as *ysglandwyr*, *maentumio*, *yspysol*, *comminasiwn*, *pwrcasodd*, *temtio*, *ffafr*, *ammhosibl*, *esampl*, *trwbl*, *ministrio*, *appwyntio*, *pardwn*. It is no use to go on. You may write your letter on the blank of this sheet, and send it franked, as you live in Frankland, to our friend Tegid. I have looked over the sheet, and I see no necessity of altering anything in it, as it *must* be so and so. However, in the Apostles' Creed, both Morning and Evening Prayer, I find "a ddiscynodd i uffern," "a esgynodd i'r nefoedd." Why *c* in one and *g* in the

other? In *Deus Misereatur*, Evening Prayer, "Molian-  
ned yr holl bobl *di*, O Dduw; molianned yr holl bobl  
*dydi*." What is the difference between *di* and *dydi*  
here? *Tydi* and *myfi* I always consider as nomina-  
tive pronouns, and *Ti*, *Mi*, objective pronouns. See  
1 Cor. xv. 10: "Ac nid *myfi* chwaith, ond gras  
Duw yr hwn oedd gyda *mi*." Here both are right.  
"Amddiffyn *nyni*" occurs frequently in the sheet;  
"Amddiffyn *ni*" would be better, at least more uniform  
with the rule above. (There may be several exceptions  
to this general rule as well as others.) There is no use  
to proceed.

I remain, your obedient servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

P.S. Your effusions are very incorrect. When you  
compose next, have better care, or I will have you  
degraded at the very font in which you were dubbed  
in 1819.

"Be wise and beware,  
Of rhyming take care."

I intend writing in the *Gwyllyddydd*,<sup>1</sup> if the committee  
will permit me, on the inutility and impropriety of using  
two consonants where the etymology of the word  
requires but one, &c. If I am attacked by the mighty  
alliance of the dons of the old school, I shall expect  
some assistance from Tegid, Rhiw, and Miheli.—W.D.

December 27th, 1822.

<sup>1</sup> [An excellent Welsh Monthly Magazine, conducted by clergymen, and  
published at Bala from 1822 to 1837, to which Mr. Davies was one of the  
principal contributors.]

## III.

THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO THE REV.  
JOHN JONES (*TEGID*), CHRIST CHURCH,  
OXFORD.

DEAR SIR,

MY sentiments on the Welsh orthography are nearly in unison with your own. I wrote three long letters to the Bishop of St. Asaph<sup>1</sup> on the orthography that ought to have been adopted in the *Common Prayer* you had the superintendence of, but all, I believe, to no purpose. I think *tynnu*, *mynnu*, &c., express the sense of the words better than the single letters, and the vowel accented; *sy* before a consonant, and *sydd* before a vowel, I approve, and always adopt; *llef*, *nef*, without a circumflex; but *tân*, *glân*, must have it. One *t* sufficient in *bwyta*—*bwyd*, *bwyda*, *bwyta*; though it may look oddly to such as have accustomed themselves to write *bwytta*. One *r* in *careg*, and the plural *ceryg*. Dr. O. Pughe is a pretty safe guide in these matters, and we ought to adopt them when our own common sense tells us he is right. I think a circumflex necessary in *llawenhâu*, as also in *nesâu*, *neshâu*, because in these words, exceptions from the *general rules*, the accent is on the last syllable, which is never the case but in these and such few exceptions. For my own part, I wish to avoid double consonants, where the etymology of the word does not require them, as *calonau*, the plural of *calon*; *brenin*, &c.; but I am carried away with the stream of public opinion, public obstinacy I might say, in the *Gwyliedydd*. I began to write in what I considered the corrected

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. John Luxmoore, who was bishop of St. Asaph from 1815 to 1880, and was succeeded by Bishop Carey.]

orthography; but the editors recorrected every word according to what they considered the *standard* orthography of the Welsh Bible; and what will be said by such critics when your improved edition appears, I must leave you to judge. I intend to feel their pulse by writing a letter in the *Gwyliedydd* on the impropriety of crowding words with unnecessary letters, &c. I prefer *ysbryd* to *yspryd*; but when I write *ysbryd*, it is always changed to *yspryd*, *brenin* to *brenhin*, *calonau* to *calonnau*, &c. I would prefer *ynghyd* to *y'nghyd*; *ynghydd* ought to be circumflexed, to distinguish it from *ynghydd*. *Gorthrymu* requires but one *m*, from *gorthrwm*, *trwm*; two *m*'s in *gorchymmyrn*, I approve of; *hynny*, *accw*, *atted*, I have no objection to. You will please the "sapientists" by adopting *cyngbor*, *cymmhor*, &c. You see by these notes that our opinions coincide. I have not seen Mr. Charles's royal octavo edition. Mr. Roberts of Din Meirchion received the premium proposed by the Committee at Caermarthen, for his opposition to Mr. Charles on Welsh Orthography, if the public papers be correct in their announcement.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Dec. 1st, 1823.*

## IV.

THE REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS TO TEGID.<sup>1</sup>

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

I AM not sufficiently a master of the minutiae of Welsh orthography to write upon it. I can discern that it requires much amendment in its present state; but the greatest difficulty seems to be to prevail upon the rest of the world to agree with me in opinion. With many of Mr. Charles's proposed emendations I agree, but not with all. I should like also to change the double and triple letters for one simple character, if it could be accomplished without injury. I have sometimes thought of attempting this in the following manner, viz:—by proposing to the editors of the Welsh magazines to change one letter only at a time, and then at the end of two years to change another, and so on until we have effected a complete alteration. I do not approve fully of Owen Pughe's substitutes—*ç* for *ch*, and *f* for *ff* or *ph*, *z* for *dd*, and *v* for *f*. It may be a matter of *opinion*, but my reason is as follows:—those letters are already used to express another sound, and it is more puzzling to an old man to give a new sound to an old character, than to learn another that is entirely new. This objection does not apply to *ç*, but it is rather too like a *c*, and custom has already introduced in manuscript the *χ* of the Greeks: I should have preferred *χ*, *ð*, *ø*, and *f*, for the present. The last may however be altered hereafter, to please those who charge it with giving a “Scandinavian appearance” to our language. It is true that there is an advantage *now* in clinging to an orthography adopted in the great work of O. Pughe, but I shall myself never like his *z* for *dd*, and *f* for *ph*. If my brother

<sup>1</sup> [This letter has no date, and the first portion of it is apparently wanting.]



editors of the *Gwylledydd* would concur with me, I should have no great objection to try the change of a single letter, and wait quietly the result of popular opinion.

I hear that you have in your possession a collection of the different editions of the Welsh Prayer Book. If you would give it to the *Gwylledydd*, it would be very acceptable. It might be sent in separate articles, about three pages at a time, with such remarks as would occur to you. It would be proper to commence the collation with a few introductory historical remarks.

Yours truly,

ROWLAND WILLIAMS.<sup>1</sup>

## V.

### MR. TARN<sup>2</sup> TO TEGID.

*Bible Society House,  
Earl Street, Blackfriars,  
London,  
Nov. 11th, 1825.*

DEAR SIR,

ON behalf of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, I beg to present thanks for your friendly communication respecting the Welsh-English Testament. Information having been received

<sup>1</sup> [Vicar of Meivod, Montgomeryshire; afterwards Rector of Ysgeiviog, Flintshire, and Canon of St. Asaph.]

<sup>2</sup> [Mr. Tarn was Assistant Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from its formation in 1804 to the time of his death.]

from the Clarendon Press that such a work was about to be printed, accompanied with an inquiry whether our committee would take some, if an additional quantity were worked off? They have consented to take 2000 copies. In consequence of your letter, inquiry was made of Mr. Parker as to what copy it was intended to use (without intimating the occasion of the inquiry). His reply is, that "he believes Mr. Jones, as corrector of the press, intends to use the text of Mr. Hughes<sup>1</sup> to print from, and to read by that which was corrected by Mr. Charles, of Bala." If this course be adopted, it will embrace all that we wish for; as Mr. Charles's London edition is only a corrected copy of Mr. Hughes's, that text having been adopted in order to obviate objections which might otherwise have been taken. From the result of our correspondence with the Delegates of the Oxford Press, when we wanted an edition with marginal references, I am confident that no direct communication on the subject of the text would be attended to, but on the contrary, it would probably lead to a rigid adherence to Mr. Hughes's copy, retaining all its faults, which I understand are very numerous; insomuch that the copies we had printed from the stereotyped plates of that edition have been strenuously objected to in the Principality. If you can quietly proceed with the work, correcting in the manner named by Mr. Parker, it will be highly desirable.

The favour of a line when you have commenced the work, acquainting me with the course you adopt, will much oblige,

Yours faithfully,

JOS. TARN,

Secretary.

<sup>1</sup> [The late Rev. D. Hughes, Rector of Llanvyllin, who conducted the octavo edition of 1809 through the press.]

## VI.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Oxford, Nov. 12, 1825.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received a letter from Mr. Tarn, a copy of which I send you, relative to an intended edition of a Welsh-English Testament, 8vo size, which is to be printed at the Clarendon Press under my superintendence. Immediately on the receipt of it, I waited on Dr. Lloyd,<sup>1</sup> our Divinity Professor, who is also one of the Delegates of the Press, and expressed myself as being unwilling to follow Mr. Hughes's edition, and that I preferred Mr. Charles's, printed by the Bible Society, in the year 1814 (large 8vo size). Having, however, mentioned your name to him on several occasions, and also our correspondence on Welsh orthography, he has now requested me to write to you in order to have your opinion, first, respecting Mr. Hughes's Bible, whether you approve of it or not. Secondly, what is your opinion as to the correctness of Mr. Charles's edition, and whether we had better follow it. Thirdly, what is the best system of orthography I had better adopt? Fourthly, whether the Welsh people are fond of Bibles with marginal references or not; and whether a correct edition of such a Bible would be desirable to the Principality?

To the above queries I shall feel obliged to you for an early answer. Dr. Lloyd<sup>1</sup> is of opinion we had better do things in a quiet way without consulting the "Blind leader of the Blind," the Polyphemus of the flock, the Rev. J. Roberts, of Tremeirchion. It is the anxious

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Charles Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of Oxford.]

wish of the Delegates of the Press to procure an approved edition of the Testament, and I entertain no doubt but that a new edition of the whole Bible will be the consequence.

I should like for you to see Mr. R. Williams on the subject, for he is a host.

Without entering into a long discussion about Welsh orthography, allow me to state my opinion as briefly as possible on the subject.

Bwyta	Cynghor	A dŷn
Caniatâd	Ynghyd	Offrymu
Penod	Tynnu	Calonau
Penaeth	Hynny	Colommen
Careg	Atto	Nis
Cymmeryd	Etto	Megis
Cymmydog	Cenedlu	âg
Gorchymmyn	Brenin	â
Cymmhorth	A dŷr	Gydag

TEGID.

## VII.

THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO TEGID.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter in due time; but owing to circumstances, wetness of weather, &c., I had not the opportunity of consulting Mr. Rowland Williams until very lately: we then discussed the several items of your communications; and I am pleased to find that we had but one opinion upon most, if not all the points offered to our consideration.

You begin with four questions—

I. Whether I approve of Mr. Hughes's Bible?

I am at a loss to know what edition you intend to designate by this appellation. If you mean the edition printed at Oxford in 1799, I cannot recommend it as a pattern for future editions. You will allow me to be right, if you compare it with the subsequent Oxford edition in 1809 in the several places following:—*Gen.* ii. 10; xxxii. 32; xliii. 28; xliv. 25; *Lev.* iv. 30; *Num.* xiii. 2; *Deut.* xxix. 22; *Josh.* iii. 4; x. 34; *Judg.* vii. 25; 1 *Sam.* xxiii. 26; 1 *Kings*, ix. 7; 2 *Kings*, xviii. 31; 1 *Chron.* xvi. 33; 2 *Chron.* vii. 7; *Ezra*, vi. 3; *Nehem.* vii. 69; *Psa.* lxix. 35; cxlii. 6; *Prov.* xx. 5; *Rom.* xiii. 11; *Coloss.* i. 21. Other inaccuracies might be adduced, but these few are enough for our present purpose.

But if you give the name of Hughes to the Oxford edition of 1809,<sup>1</sup> I must beg leave to change my opinion. In this edition, the errors of 1799 are avoided, as the edition of 1752<sup>2</sup> was followed. I was one out of three deputed to read over the edition of 1752, for the purpose of correcting inaccuracies in orthography and punctuation. I was an advocate for uniformity in general; but I was outvoted in almost every instance. The word *meistrad*, for instance, I wanted to be printed so altogether; but my friends saw no deformity in *meistryd*, *meistred*, *meistreid*—sometimes one, sometimes the other, “for the sake of variety,” said they. In one verse of 1752 I observed *uniawn* and *union*: I proposed uniformity; but it was negatived. Bishop Parry, in 1620, has *diffaethwch* uniformly throughout; Bishop Lloyd, in 1690, has *diffaithwch* and *diffeithwch*; the editions of 1717,<sup>3</sup> 1746,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [This was the edition intended, and not the very inaccurate one of 1799.]

<sup>2</sup> [This was printed in London under the superintendence of Richard Morris, being the second of the two editions which he corrected.]

<sup>3</sup> [The corrector of this edition was the Rev. Moses Williams, the learned coadjutor of Dr. Wotton in the translation of the *Leges Wallicæ*, or *Laws of Howel Dda*, London, 1730, folio.]

<sup>4</sup> [Richard Morris's first edition, which was printed at the Cambridge University Press.]

1789,<sup>1</sup> follow *diffeithwch* altogether. I succeeded in proposing the restoration of Bishop Parry's *diffaethwch*; as I wished *di-ffaeth* to represent *barren, sterile*;—as a distinction from *di-ffaith*, a word in common use for *base, vile, &c.* However, in the stereotyped 12mo editions of the Bible Society, I find *diffaith* again adopted, excepting in *Job*, xxxviii. 27, where "*tir diffaeth*" occurs.

You now see that I disapprove of the edition of 1799, upon good grounds, but that in a great measure I approve of that of 1809, though it be a specimen of the old orthography.

Your question II. is, How do I approve of Mr. Charles's edition of 1814?

I approve of it equally with that of 1809, though there may be some variations in literal orthography between them. Mr. Charles, owing to a compromised understanding between the two Societies, was under considerable restrictions in the preparation of this edition. I remember well the alterations he intended for an edition in 1814, and which caused some unpleasant discussions at the time. Mr. Charles, in 1814, adopted more of the "*suaviter in modo*," and in my opinion can scarcely give offence to the most rigid advocates of the old orthography.

Your question III. may be soon answered, by saying that the Welsh people are in general partial to *Marginal References*, and they are very useful. But I am of opinion that they have not been revised since the middle of the last century. They should be correct, and without inappropriate references; otherwise they would be worse than blank margins. A correct edition of such a Bible would be very desirable for the Principality.

Your question IV:—"What is the best system of orthography?" &c.

That which can be fairly and clearly deduced from

<sup>1</sup> [This edition, among other blunders, has "*Epistol Cyntaf Paul yr Apostol at y Colossiaid*," as the title of the Epistle to the Colossians.]

the root of the word, without building upon fanciful etymology for system's sake; that which simplifies instead of that which barbarizes the construction of words; and also, if possible, that which varies the least from the orthography of the Bibles now in use. I will instance some particulars of the orthography Mr. Williams and myself would adopt, were we to write a History of Wales, or some other similar work. We would be ready to defend its propriety, but at the same time we would not consider ourselves responsible for the consequences of advising either the adoption or rejection of such orthography in an edition of the Holy Scriptures.

We would reduce double consonants in words whose respective etymologies do not require them, such as *calonau*, *bwyta*, *caniatâd*, &c. We would lay down a principle for each class, to be followed as invariably as possible. We see no occasion for two *n*'s in *penaeth*; but Mr. Owen,<sup>1</sup> in his *Geiriadur*, makes *pennod* to be *pen-nod*: here our principle is assailed. Cannot *od* be the termination of *pen*? Then *penod*. I approve of *careg*, plu. *ceryg*, very well; though I must confess that when I write *ceryg*, the word appears a foreigner to me, as not so easily recognized at first sight as the old *cerrig*. The eye leads us unawares to a different sound. But we must allow that provincial pronunciation has had a good deal, perhaps too much, to do in the formation of orthography. *Ceryg* seems to be the legitimate plural of *careg*, as *menyg* from *maneg*; though D. ab Gwilym wrote, "Ni wisgaf fenig nigus;" but he wrote thus for the sake of verse. On the other hand, it may be urged that *car* is no other than a fanciful root of *careg*. Let it be so until another root be found requiring the double *r*. To proceed: *cenhedlu*; *cenedlu* will do, from *cenedl*. *Brenin*; *breninoedd* may do, though from habit I always read the plural *brenhinoedd*, and *brenhiniaeth*, with an aspirate; but the root does not

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. W. Owen Pughe.]

warrant such reading. *Offrum, offrymu; cyfhwdd; Cyffwdd* is a corrupted word, though poets might use it for the sake of *cynghanedd* with *coffa, &c.*, and *cyfhwdd* with *cofio, &c.* *Tymnestl* looks full as well as *tymhestl*; either may do from *tempestas*. *Trugarog, trugarocaf*; the latter needs no accent, as a Welshman seldom misplaces it by reading or speaking. *Cyn-gauaf, cynauaf*, though I have been accustomed to *cynhauaf* sound. Our language appears to me too accommodating; *ysbryd* may be a genuine Welsh word; but I cannot help thinking that our ancestors received the word *yspryd* from the first Romanized preachers of the Gospel, with most other terms used in the revealed Word; such as *angel, efengyl, &c.*; though our prolific language may allow all, or most of them, to be derived from roots of its own. I see no objection, as etymology bears you out. The next simplification you propose is of the class—*a dyn, a dyr, &c., &c.*, in lieu of *a dynn, a dyrr, &c.* Mr. Williams says, and I think him right, that if you must use an accent, you gain nothing. The double letter secures the pronunciation clearer than the overhanging dot, wherever you can dispense with the accent; and with one out of two consonants, you will stand free from all objections.

Circumflexes are necessary only in words formed of the same letters as other words of a different signification; as *tân*, fire; *tan*, under; *glân*, pure; *glan*, shore. *Sef, nef, &c.*, require no circumflex; *gwydd*, wood, does, to distinguish it from *gwydd*, presence. In the latter, the *wy* form a diphthong; in the former *w* holds the seat of a consonant. Circumflexes are also necessary over the last syllable of verbs infinitive, ending in *au, oi, &c.* Whether the words consist of two, three, or more syllables; as, *nesâu, llawenhâu, ymdroî, parotôi*. Here the accent is on the last syllable, and the circumflex is necessary, because the pronunciation is contrary to the general rule; *â*, preposition, only to be circumflexed, and its mutation *âg* before a vowel initial. I omitted to mention *parhâu, trymhâu, &c.*, in their



proper place. Ni phery *parâu* yn hir, ac ysgafn wael yw *trymâu*, i'm golwg i: *trymâu* newydd yn ysgafnach fyth. *Acw*, for *accw*, may do in conformity with 'exai; *ato* and *eto*, for *atto* and *etto*, have an odd look until we become accustomed to them, though I cannot see or perceive any difference of sound between one *t*, *tt*, or even three *ttt*'s, when close together.<sup>1</sup> You are right for for peace' sake, in adopting *tynnu*, *mynnu*, &c. Such words have as it were *force* in the expression as well as in the signification, which single *n* does not appear to have in an equal degree. *Meddiant* requires *meddiannau* in the plural; *chwant*, *chwannog*, &c. I do not understand you when you say, "I prefer *diammau* to *dyammau*;" as they do not express the same meaning. Most of our editions have *dynoethi* already. Rest satisfied with that. *Di* is an established *affirmative* as well as a negative, and analogous to the *Alpha privativa*, *affirmativa*, &c., in Greek. *Am* is also as legitimate a negative as *an* and *af*, each having its appropriate province. I always consider *an* as an usurper when placed to negative the labial consonant *p*. What would you say to a Latin pupil who would insist upon writing *inmortalis*, instead of the old *immortalis*? or an English sciolist, who would write *inpartial* instead of *impartial*? To say that *am* (circum) stands in the way of an *am* negative is scarcely better than to say that a magpie may be mistaken for a nightingale! We have our *am* (circum) compounded in *amdo* (a shroud), *amgarn* (a ferrel). By this rule, join *am* (circum) to *perffaith*, and you will have *amberffaith* (thoroughly perfect): restore *am* negative, and you will have *ammherffaith* (imperfect). *Anmherffaith* and its fellows compose the greatest among the few blemishes in Mr. Charles's edition of 1814. Elisions: use as few of them as you can, without discarding the whole. Some young writers

<sup>1</sup> [It was not, apparently, understood at this time that a vowel before *t*, and some other consonants, is always *short*, except in a few cases in which an elision of one or more vowels has taken place, as *bôt*, for *böot* or *byddot*, &c. See *Llythraeth yr Iaith Gymraeg*, §§52, 86.]

assume to themselves a superiority in being able to write plain prose without elisions; this is like a school-boy's exercise, who frequently prefers whim, at the expense of euphony. Elisions are improper, yea barbarous, when preceding a consonant; as, "Mae'r priodfab," "Beddau'r prophwydi," &c.; for the *r* has no right at all to be there. But it has some right to its station before a vowel; as, "Yno'r oedd," "Yna'r aeth," &c. "Yno *yr* oedd" would be a conceited and circuitous mode of writing. I would as soon write "Yno oedd," "Yna aeth," &c., without the *yr*; but I would not take such liberties with the Scriptures. *Os*, *nis*, &c., require no elisions, for there is no letter omitted.

"Cymmaint *ag* y sydd," I would prefer to *a'r* or *ar* sydd.

Before I conclude, permit me to offer an emendation or two in the New Testament. In all the editions from 1620 to 1799, ἀπισθοῦντες Ἰουδαῖοι (unbelieving Jews), in *Acts*, xiv. 2, is rendered "*Iuddewon anghred-ady*," which means an infidel, in the singular number. This was noticed, it seems, by the editors of 1809, and they changed the adjective to *anghredadwy* (incredible Jews)! Mr. Charles, in 1814, preferred "*anghredadin*," a word to be found in the *Geiriadur* of W. Owen Pughe, but perhaps not known vernacularly in any part of Wales. *Anghred* is not recognized as an adjective by Dr. O. Pughe; but we commonly say *dyn anghred*; *dynion anghred* also. If *anghred* will not do, say *Iuddewon anghrediniawl*, or *anghred-iniol*.<sup>1</sup> We are more used to the latter than the former. *Duwiol*, for instance, looks much better than *duwiau*!

In the editions 1620, 1630, 1690, <i>Mat.</i> v. 18.	<i>iot.</i>
" " 1717, 1789, "	<i>jod.</i>
" " 1746, 1752, 1809, 1821,	<i>iod.</i>

Whether this word be derived from the Hebrew letter

<sup>1</sup> [See, *antl*, vol. fi. p. 546.]

*jod*, or from Greek *iota*, it is certain that Bishop Parry's *iot* sounds better in Welsh than either *iod* or *jod*.

I have no more to add at present; but permit me to recommend to you *pwyl heb ormod o'r grebwyll*. Torodd aml un eu grimogau wrth ymawyddu am ormod ar unwaith. Araf yw y buan. Cyrhaeddasai y Dr. O. Pughe a Mr. Charles i ben eu taith yn ddiogelach, pe cymmerasent yn arafach ar y cyntaf. Byddwch wych. Cofiwch fi yn garedig at *Alun*.<sup>1</sup>

Ydwyf, yr eiddoch yn ddiffuant,

WALTER DAVIES.<sup>2</sup>

*Rhagfyr 1af, 1825.*

### VIII.

THE REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS TO TEGID.

*Meivod, Welshpool,*

*Dec. 14, 1825.*

DEAR SIR,

SINCE my interview with Mr. Walter Davies, when the discussion of your questions came upon me rather suddenly, I have occasionally devoted some attention to the subject, and I now take the liberty of communicating to you the result. I must however premise that, with the exception of one or two

<sup>1</sup> [The late Rev. John Blackwell, at that time undergraduate of Jesus College, Oxford.]

<sup>2</sup> [On the subject of this letter, compare "*Llythyrau Garmon*," No. 10, *anté*, vol. ii. pp. 235-42.]

observations to which I will direct your more particular attention, the contents of the present letter have not the powerful sanction of Mr. Walter Davies's opinion, and they are proposed for consideration rather than for their decided adoption. It was impossible to settle more than a few principles in the course of a single evening, and many emendations have doubtless occurred to him subsequently, as well as to myself. A few days after our interview I suggested to him the substitution of *gwrandaw* for *gwrando*. "Yr hwn sydd ganddo glustiau i *wrandaw*," &c. Mr. Davies adds that there can be no harm in following generally Mr. Charles's adoption of the double consonants. \* \*<sup>1</sup>

ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

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## IX.

### THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO THE REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED, on the 23rd instant, your judicious observations on the orthography, &c., of our Welsh edition of the Holy Bible, and with most of them, if not all, I most readily concur. I read the whole hastily last night, and now I will do the same more leisurely, and note every item as I go on. In the first place I cannot but approve of your advice to Tegid, that he should select the excellencies, and lay aside the faults, of each edition.

<sup>1</sup> [This letter appears to be incomplete.]

1. *Niwaid, niwed*. You seem to prefer the former. Dr. O. Pughe does not recognize *niwaid* in his *Geiriadur*, but *niwed*, root *niw*; therefore the termination of *niw* may be optional, whether *aid* or *ed*. I look upon *ed* as a more proper substantive termination, leaving *aid* as much as possible for adjective terminations: but, as you say, the derivative words *niweidiau*, *niweidiawol*, &c., are in favour of *niwaid*. Try it by analogy.<sup>1</sup>

2. *Bwyall, bwyell*. I prefer the latter, for the sake of analogy with *cylllell*, &c. Mr. Charles followed Dr. O. Pughe in all his emendations, and seemed to be so entirely converted to his system that unless he had been restricted he would willingly have introduced all the innovations into the Bible in 1804. You say *bwyall*, in an old poem, is put to rhyme with *eraill*. This must be an oversight; it might rhyme with *arall*, but not with its plural. But we should never take rhymes for authorities in orthography.

3. *Preniau, prennau*. How came the *i* to be added to *au* in plural terminations? We have it in *naid*, *neidiau*; *dynawd*, *dynodiau*. It might have been admitted for the sake of euphony.

4. *Angylion, angelion*. The latter may be preferable, though it has a foreign look to a Welsh eye accustomed to *angylion*. *Engyl* is itself the plural of *angel*, without the additional *ion*. Dr. Davies says *engyl* is used both in the singular and plural: then *engylion* I should prefer to *angelion*.—Qu<sup>2</sup>?

5. *Disglair*, certainly. And,

6. *Gwybuasai*.

7. *Canwyllbren*.

8. "*Sydd yn y ty*," much better than "*sy'n y ty*,"

<sup>1</sup> [*Niwedu*, *diniwedu*, and *eniwedu* are forms derived from *niwed*; and *e* in some instances changes into *ei*; as *nifer*, *nifeiriant*, *annifeiriol*; *gorwedd*, *gorweiddiog*; *gosgedd*, *gosgeiddig*, &c.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Davies is evidently mistaken in this instance, *engyl* being always used as the plural of *angel*. *Engyl*, an old term signifying *fire*, is quite another word.]

or "*sy yn y ty*." *Sy* would do before a consonant, but *sydd* before a vowel.

9. *Pum-mil, pum mil*, πεντακισχίλιοι.

10. *Yn* before second *deilwng*, in *Mat. x. 37*.

11. *Ganddynt*, not *ganthynt*, though the latter be the most analogous to *gantaw ef, gantynt hwy, ganthynt, ganddynt*—*euphoniæ gratiâ*.

12. *Cyfreithlawn, anffyddlawn*, certainly best, and uniformity should be observed *passim*, though from habit and pronunciation I generally terminate my words in *lon*, as *anffyddlon*. *Treiglwch y geiriau, a daw yr on i'r orsedd; as, anffyddlawn, anffyddloniaid, &c., &c.*

13. If *Ozen-ford*, in the common acceptation, be the real name, *Rhyd-ychain*, not *-ychen*: but suppose *Rhyd-ychen* be from *Vadum Icenorum*.

14. Your note on *dywed*, pro *dywaid*, is very good: *dy—guredyd*.

15. *Deng-mil*, not *dengmil*.

16. As to the mutation of initials in proper names, I am positive you must be right, when you propose the changes to take place in *Crist, Dafydd, Petr*, and such names as are familiar to common readers and congregations; and others not so familiar to them should remain in their undeclined state. I never read *Pedr* in public, nor always *Petr*. Perhaps you will scold me for an Anglicizer if I tell you that I read it as the English *Peter*. My church Bible is the folio one of 1789; but I never confound my audience with initial mutations of proper names with which that edition abounds. I should be sorry to see *Paul* rendered *Baul, Mhaul, &c.*, or even *Mathew, Fathew*. You know *Pont Fathe*. Let the apostle be *Mathew* altogether.

*Fethlehem* is familiar to all Welsh readers ever since *Llyfr y Ficar* was published.

"Awn i *Fethlehem* oll dan ganu."

*Mat. xxiii. 23; xxiv. 15, 20, 22, 37; xxv. 24.* Un

talent (R.);<sup>1</sup> un *dalent* (Ch.);<sup>2</sup> un *dalent* (R. W.)<sup>3</sup> Qu.  
the gender of *talent*? *fem.*—W. D. “Y *dalent hon*, &c.”  
*Foru, fory*; the latter—W. D.: so R. W.  
*Cenfigen*, rather than *cynfigen*.  
*Henfwch, Henffych*.

WALTER DAVIES.

1825.

## X.

TEGID TO BISHOP LLOYD.<sup>5</sup>

*Christ Church, Oxford,*  
*April 24, 1828.*

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship having kindly allowed me to peruse Mr. Bruce Knight's letter to Mr. Campbell respecting the orthography adopted by me in the edition of the Welsh Testament printed under my superintendence at the Clarendon Press,<sup>6</sup> I feel grateful for the opportunity allowed me of vindicating myself, and also of making a few observations on the orthography of our language.

The study of the Welsh language has been my delight from my earliest years, and there is no study

<sup>1</sup> [The Rev. John Roberts, Tremeirchion?]

<sup>2</sup> [The Rev. Thomas Charles.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Rev. Rowland Williams.]

<sup>4</sup> [The gender of *talent* can admit of no reasonable doubt, as the expression “*dwy dalent*” occurs several times in one of the chapters here referred to.]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Lloyd succeeded the Hon. Edward Legge as Bishop of Oxford in 1827, and died in 1829.]

<sup>6</sup> [This edition appeared in 1828, and was soon afterwards suppressed, principally through the instrumentality of the Rev. W. Bruce Knight, then Chancellor, and afterwards Dean of Llandaff.]

that I prosecuted with so much zeal and attention. The greater portion of my leisure time I devoted to the orthography of the language; and if the knowledge I have acquired on this head can in any way be instrumental in throwing light on a subject so important to the Welsh as this confessedly is, I shall think my time well spent. There has not been (in Wales) of late years any literary question which has excited so universal an attention as Welsh orthography, and nothing can be more desirable than to see this point finally and satisfactorily settled. With this view, I lately drew up a plan of orthography, in which I adhered as much as possible to the old system, and at the same time allowed myself the liberty of adopting whatever I thought excellent in recent improvements. But, however, so near is my system to that used in the Welsh Bible, that no ordinary reader can find the difference. This plan I submitted to several individuals both in North and South Wales, well skilled in the language, and had the gratification to find that it met with their warmest approbation.

But I must attend to Mr. Bruce Knight. It is somewhat painful to my feelings to observe a person of his respectability representing in the worst possible light the efforts of worthy individuals who devote both their time and property to the cultivation of the Welsh language. Mr. B. Knight seems to attach great importance to things which certainly are very trifling, and of little consequence. It is true that, owing to our being compelled by our present alphabet to allow two letters, and sometimes three, to represent one simple sound, as *ch*, *dd*, *ff*, *ngh*, the gentleman to whom he alludes thought proper in his *Dictionary and Grammar* to use *c* with a cedilla (*ç*) for *ch*, and *z* for *dd*, and a single *f* for *ff*; and in doing this he did no more than what Dr. John D. Rhys, and Mr. Edward Lhwyd, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, did before him; and yet Mr. Knight says this is the same "as if in England an attempt should be made to restore some



of the old Saxon letters to our alphabet." This is not, however, the language of an eminent Welsh writer—the Rev. Rowland Williams, Vicar of Meivod, and Chaplain to the Bishop of St. Asaph, when treating on the same subject; he says, "I should like to change the double and triple letters for one single character, if it could be accomplished without injury. I have sometimes thought of attempting this in the following manner, viz.:—by proposing to the editors of the Welsh magazines to change one letter only at a time, and then at the end of two years to change another, and so on until we had effected a complete alteration."<sup>1</sup> But to proceed. It will be difficult, I think, for Mr. Knight to substantiate the assertion which he makes in the following passage; viz., that "others retaining the present letters have proposed an entire change in the system of spelling, which is, as if in England an attempt were made to reintroduce the orthography of Chaucer." Though the above remarks have nothing to do with me or my Testament, yet I think it right to mention them, as they tend to prove to what class of writers Mr. Knight belongs.

I shall now enter into an examination of the different charges which Mr. Knight prefers against me, and see whether or not he had any rational grounds for bringing them forward. But before I commence, I wish it to be understood, that when I undertook upon me to conduct the Testament through the press, that I was influenced by no other motive than that of presenting to my countrymen a correct and genuine copy. I was ambitious of so doing, and took for my standard an edition of the Bible which is the most correct, and best received in the Principality. I allude to the one published by the Bible Society under the superintendence of the late Mr. Charles, of Bala, who had previously collated every edition of the Welsh Bible then extant; and had Mr. Knight seen this edition, he

<sup>1</sup> [See, *antè*, p. 217.]

would no doubt have spared himself the trouble of accusing me of "suffering the article to stand by itself, when according to our octavo Bible, and the *best grammarians*, it would be merged into the preceding word by the apostrophical rejection of the initial vowel," &c. Now, as the quickest way to bring this discussion unto a close, I shall here state, fairly and honestly, the rules which I laid down for myself, and which, as Mr. Knight rightly observes, I "systematically pursued throughout." If these rules cannot be supported by common sense as being in unison with the genius of the language, I shall acknowledge my error; but if, on the contrary, I am supported and borne out by persons eminently skilled in our language, then I say that Mr. Knight can have no rational grounds for complaining, or finding fault.

In words like *tynnu*, *mynnu*, *hynny*, *honno*, &c., I retain the two *n*'s for the sake of preserving the proper accent, and also used *sy* before a consonant, and *sydd* before a vowel, as in Greek *'στν* before a consonant, and *'στνν* before a vowel. In this I am supported by the Rev. Walter Davies, Rector of Manavon, Montgomeryshire, whose very name is a host. In one of his letters<sup>1</sup> to me he says, "I think *tynnu*, *mynnu*, &c., &c., express the sense of the words better than the single letters. *Sy* before a consonant, and *sydd* before a vowel, I approve." Mr. Rowland Williams also wrote to me to the same effect. I omitted the circumflex in *llef*, *nef*, &c.; because there are no words spelt in the same way, and bearing a different meaning. But I used it in *cân*, *glân*, to distinguish them from *can*, *glan*, which are pronounced short, and are of different signification. On this head Mr. W. Davies, says, "I always adopt *llef*, *nef*, without  $\wedge$ ; *cân*, *glân*, must have it. Circumflexes are necessary only in words formed of the same letters as other words of a different signification; as *tân*, fire; *tan*, under; *glân*, pure; *glan*, shore.

<sup>1</sup> [See. *antè*, p. 215.]

Circumflexes are also necessary over the last syllable of verbs infinitive ending in *au*, *oi*, &c.; whether the words consist of two, three, or more syllables, as *nesâu*, *llawenhâu*, *ymdrôî*, *parotôî*.”<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Owen Pughe, to whom the Welsh are more indebted than even the English to Dr. Johnson, writes to me, stating that the circumflex is not wanted in *gwir*, *hir*, *gwilith*, *ser*, *dos*, *gwasanaethwyr*. “There is no occasion of the diæresis in *oddiworth*, *diofn*, *diolch*, *beiau*, *dioddef*: so far is my criticism,” says he, “on the sheet, what little you altered as to the orthography is better than the former editions.”

Mr. Knight accuses me of giving to some words different terminations: I suppose he alludes to *gwrando* (*gor-en-taw*), and *ymado*: but let us hear what Mr. Rowland Williams says on the point. “A few days after my interview with Mr. W. Davies, I suggested to him the substitution of *gwrandaw* for *gwrando*, to which he immediately acceded. I can entertain no doubt of similar approbation being given to *ymadaw* for *ymado*; nothing but inveterate prejudice would render these verbs so irregular in their construction as to form *gwrandawed* from *gwrando*,” &c.<sup>2</sup>

I am further accused by Mr. Knight of placing a single letter, when it should be doubled. That I was right in so doing, I have the concurrent testimony of Dr. O. Pughe, Mr. Walter Davies, and Mr. Rowland Williams.

Mr. Walter Davies writes thus to me:—“We would reduce double consonants in words whose respective etymologies do not require them, such as *calonau*, *bwyta*, *caniatâd*, &c. We would lay down a principle for each class, to be followed as invariably as possible.”<sup>3</sup>

I shall now close my observations, subscribing myself,

My Lord, with great respect,

Your Lordship’s most humble and obliged servant,

J. JONES.

<sup>1</sup> [See, *antè*, pp. 215, 225.]

<sup>2</sup> [See, *antè*, p. 229.]

<sup>3</sup> [Compare, *antè*, p. 224.]

## XI.

## BISHOP LLOYD TO TEGID.

*London,*  
30th March, 1829.

DEAR SIR,

It may perhaps be worth while that you should send me word who were the judges who awarded you the prize for Welsh orthography;<sup>1</sup> and whether any of the clergy were concerned in it. I congratulate you on the circumstance, which, besides the credit of the thing, may in the present state of controversy be important.

I return your certificate.

Very truly yours,  
C. OXON.

## XII.

## TEGID TO BISHOP LLOYD.

*Christ Church, Oxford,*  
March 31st, 1829.

MY LORD,

I WROTE my Essay<sup>1</sup> in consequence of seeing an advertisement, which appeared October last, in the Welsh newspapers, to the following effect:—

<sup>1</sup> [*Traethawd ar Iawn-lythyreniad, neu Lythraeth yr Iaith Gymmraeg: a ennillodd y tlws aur yn yr Eisteddfod a gynnalid gan Gymmreigyddion Caerfyrddin yn y flwyddyn 1829. Oxford, 1830, 8vo.*]

"The Caermarthen Cymreigyddion Society will award the following premiums at their anniversary in March next. 1st, A medal for the best Essay on the Orthography of the Welsh language. 2nd, Another medal for the next in merit on the same subject. The above to be decided by the Rev. Walter Davies, and Dr. Pughe."

Here followed several other subjects proposed. Archdeacon Beynon presided at the meeting, which took place on the 10th instant. I had my Essay transcribed by a friend, and sent my name under cover. I gained the first prize.

Your Lordship will, no doubt, be amused with the following circumstance:—I went to Holyhead immediately after voting at the last university election, to serve the Church there, for a friend, one of the Fellows of Jesus College; and on my return, I spent a day at Bangor, when I called to see the Rev. Mr. Jones, second master of Bangor School,<sup>1</sup> who lost no time in communicating to me that I was in a sad predicament; that about 75 clergymen of the Diocese of Bangor had signed a memorial against my edition of the Welsh Testament, and that he also had done so. On my asking the reason of his doing so, he said, "I thought I might as well put my name down as not, for I saw that several whom I knew had signed the memorial." I then asked him, if he ever saw the Testament. He replied, "No; I never saw it, and I am not aware that any of the others have seen it more than myself." I then became anxious to know with whom the memorial had originated; and he said, "With Mr. Henry Majendie."<sup>2</sup> Upon this I made up my mind to wait on Mr. Majendie, who received me very politely, and I asked if my informant was correct in telling me that he (Mr. M.) had sent a memorial to the different clergy for their signature.

<sup>1</sup> [The late Rev. Edward Jones, P.C. of Llandegai.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Rev. Henry William Majendie, son of the late Bishop Majendie, Prebendary of Penmynydd in Bangor Cathedral, and Vicar of Speen, Berkshire.]

He allowed that it was the case, and that Mr. Roberts, of Tremeirchion, had urged him to it. I then asked him, if he ever saw the Testament. He also answered in the negative; and all that he knew about it was, that the word *carai*, a shoelatchet, was spelt in the same way as *carai*, the future tense of *caru*, to love, which he thought would greatly startle every ordinary reader; and therefore he concurred in the propriety of sending a memorial to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Unfortunately for Mr. Majendie, the future of *caru*, is *caraf*; *ceri*; *cara*, &c. Believe me, my Lord, I could not help smiling at this remark of his; and I soon bade him good morning.

The Testament has already gone through four editions. The first edition which appeared early last spring, consisted of 2000 copies, the other three of 5000 each; and I can assure your Lordship, that there is a great demand for it in the country, and that it is greatly approved of by the rising generation. I am willing to stand or fall by the reception my Testament will have in Wales; let this decide in favour of, or against the orthography.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,  
 With great respect,  
 Your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant,  
 J. JONES.

P.S. I have nearly completed my Essay (English) on Orthography, in which I review that of Mr. Roberts.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The essay alluded to is the *Defence of the Reformed System of Welsh Orthography*, which was printed at Oxford in 1829.]

## XIII.

BISHOP CAREY<sup>1</sup> TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

REV. SIR,

I HAVE lately had some correspondence with Mr. Jones, Precentor of Christ Church, on the important subject of a new edition of the Welsh Bible, about to be printed at the Clarendon Press, for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He proposes that "he should be allowed to draw up a plan, stating what in his opinion ought to be done to ensure a faithful edition, and one which would be favourably received throughout the Principality, and that the plan should be submitted first to a committee formed by me in the diocese of St. Asaph, and then to committees in the other Welsh dioceses, and that the gentlemen forming such committees, should peruse every sheet as it comes from the press."

I cannot but highly approve of the plan, with some slight modification, and I hope that you will allow me to name you as one of the committee.

Mr. Parry, of Llanasa, has kindly signified his readiness to give his aid, and I apply by this day's post to Mr. Rowland Williams, of Meivod. Three, I think, will be sufficient. In the mean time, I enclose for your consideration a specimen of orthography which Mr. Jones has sent me, and if you will let me have your observations upon it, I will forward them to him.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your faithful servant,

W. ST. ASAPH.

*Palace, St. Asaph,  
Oct. 4th, 1830.*

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. William Carey presided over the see of St. Asaph from 1830 to 1846.]

## XIV.

THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO  
BISHOP CAREY.

MY LORD,

I WAS gratified in receiving your Lordship's letter, for two reasons. First, that you place confidence in my knowledge of my native tongue. Secondly, that your Lordship, though a stranger both by birth and residence until lately to our nation and language, is not a *Gallio*, caring for none of our internal affairs, but on the contrary, you have taken an immediate interest in the propositions made to you by Mr. Jones, of Christ Church. I shall therefore willingly comply with your request in being one of the committee in your diocese.

Mr. Rowland Williams, of Meivod, and I, as far as we have compared notes together, seem to have adopted the same system of Welsh orthography, which is also nearly in unison with that of Mr. Jones, of Christ Church, as exhibited in his late editions of the Welsh Common Prayer Book, and the Welsh New Testament. I am also of opinion that Mr. Parry, of Llanasa, will not dissent much from us.

I trust your Lordship will not accuse me of egotism, when I state that I have interested myself in consulting and comparing the several editions of the Welsh Scriptures, from William Salesbury's Testament in 1567, and Dr. Morgan's Bible in 1588, down to the last edition by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, comprising about fourteen editions, and have published notes on the former ones in the *Gwyliedydd*, with an intention of continuing them in subsequent numbers; but the discontinuance of the publication for want of support put a stop to my proceedings.



I agree with Mr. Jones in § 1 of his "Brief Specimen."<sup>1</sup> He proposes therein to preserve *an*, a privative particle, in *annuwiol*, &c. I do not see how he could avoid this; but he is silent as to his retaining, or otherwise, the negative particle *am* before words whose initial is the labial *p*, as *parod* (ready), *ammharod* (unready). The abettors of the improved system write *an*, pro *am*, in such words, which I do not approve of. *Am*, *an*, *av*, and *di*, are all negative particles, and have each of them their proper stations in composition, and neither of them should be permitted to encroach upon another's province.

I see no impropriety in adopting the suggestions in §§ 2, 3, 4.

§ 5. "Wedi iddo dreulio *y cwbl*," is much better than—*dreulio'r cwbl*; for the *r* here is a complete intruder, and owes its place to a long adopted vicious pronunciation. However, the latter examples—*d'r cleddyf*, *o'r nef*, *i'r tir*, are anomalies, but yet they had better be preserved, as they are more intelligible to common readers and hearers than the more correct *d y cleddyf*, *o y nef*, *i y tir*.

I agree with the propositions in §§ 6, 7, 8. As to the discarding of one consonant where two are not absolutely necessary, there can be no rational objection; though it has been urged by the abettors of the old school that double consonants secure the accent upon the proper syllable. This is extremely futile: the accent is equally secured with one as with two consonants. The most general plural termination of Welsh nouns is *au*; thus, *calon* (heart), *calonau* (hearts), which heretofore was written with two *n*'s, *calonnau*, to secure the accent on *on*. More uniform rules of accentuation than those in Welsh can scarcely be imagined; and no Welshman, however illiterate, misplaces the accent. Dissyllables have uniformly the accent on the

<sup>1</sup> [This "Brief Specimen" of Tegid's System of Orthography will be found printed in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, iii. 118.]

first, with a few exceptions of infinitive verbs ending in *au*, as *bywhâu* (to quicken, to restore to life), &c. Trisyllables, with a very few exceptions, are accented on the middle syllable, which indicates the propriety of writing *calonau*, and not *calonnau*, as before noticed. Polysyllables are uniformly accented on the penultima. In a monthly Welsh periodical called *Gwyllyedydd* (Watchman), under the signature *Garmon*,<sup>1</sup> I have elucidated the Welsh accentuation by introducing for example the dissyllable *Pèrchen*, and tracing it through its derivatives thus:—

*Pèrchen*, *perchènog*, *perchenògaeth*, *perchenogaèthau*. The accent regularly is found to recede from the first syllable to the second, third, and fourth syllable. According to the foregoing rules, writers on the old system would write the trisyllabic word *perchennog*, as they say, to secure the accent on the middle syllable *en*, which, as before observed, is secured by a more satisfactory rule. Were double consonants necessary to fix the accent, how would they write the next derivative of four syllables, *perchenogaeth*? Would they use the double *n* or the double *g*, or both? The fact is, there is no necessity for either.

§ 10. I approve of.

§ 11. The preservation of the double consonants in the words *torri*, *tynnu*, &c., will gratify those who are fond of them, though one of them in each word has no grammatical right to its station. The double letter, however, is as tolerable as the short accent placed over the first syllable, thus, *tòri*, *tỳnu*, which was the first proposal of the reformers in Welsh orthography.

\* \* \* \* \*

WALTER DAVIES.

1830.

<sup>1</sup> [See "Llythyrau Garmon," No. 10, *antè*, vol. ii. p. 235.]

## XV.

## BISHOP CAREY TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

REV. SIR,

I BEG you to accept my best thanks for your ready compliance with my request, and for the kind manner in which you express yourself towards me. Be assured that I shall always consider it to be my duty to promote, to the utmost of my ability, the interests of this diocese in particular, which cannot but be closely connected with those of the Principality in general. With this feeling I requested yourself, Mr. R. Williams, and Mr. Parry, to form the committee proposed by Mr. Jones, and I am confident that I have not erred in the selection of those best qualified to carry his plan into effect.

To the members of that committee, then, I leave the question of orthography. It would be presumptuous in me to say a word upon a subject of which I must necessarily be entirely ignorant. Perhaps, however, I may venture to express a hope, indeed even from the little correspondence which I have already had with them, I am sure, that they will not be induced to make any *unnecessary* alterations, which would only tend to puzzle and confuse the unlearned, whose edification is the main object in contemplation.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

W. ST. ASAPH.

*Palace, St. Asaph,*  
Oct. 15, 1830.

As we are on the subject of orthography, let me ask, is Manavon correct, or do you write it so, out of compliment to my Saxon ignorance?

## XVI.

THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO  
BISHOP CAREY.

Jan. 12th, 1831.

MY LORD,

ON receiving your Lordship's second letter, dated Oct. 15th last, I was in suspense whether it was incumbent on me to answer it immediately, as it ended with a note of interrogation, why I used the letter *v*, instead of *f* in *Manavon*. I might have given a long history of those rival consonants from the sixth century to the present time: but summarily I may say, that it never was a settled point which of the two ought to have the preference. We find in the works of the earliest bards that the same writer seldom wrote a poem of any length without using both indifferently. In *Taliesin* we have such lines as this:—

"Gogyferchais, gogyvarchaf, gogyverchid."

This variation in the form of the letter was common, if not general.<sup>1</sup> I have seen a fragment of a translation

<sup>1</sup> [In the oldest Welsh manuscript now extant, the Black Book of Carmarthen (*Y Llyfr Du o Guerfyrddin*), which was written in the twelfth century, we find that the letters *v* and *f* are used almost indiscriminately to denote the same sound, and that *v* very commonly stands for the sounds now represented by *u* and *w*, especially the latter. In the same manuscript we occasionally find the double form *ff* employed for *v* or *f*; as,

"Ac im cow val ioff adiwaund  
Urth y gureic y am dreic vffylaud."

*Poem xiii.*

"Afallen peren atiff ar lan afon."

*Poem xvii.*

"Och iessu na dyffv wynihenit  
Kyn dyffod ar willave lleith mab guendit."

*Poem xvii.*

This most valuable MS. is preserved in the Peniarth (formerly Hengwrt) Collection, and has lately been printed, with exquisite facsimiles of the original.

The most ancient manuscript of the works of *Taliesin*, now known to exist, dates from the beginning of the 14th century, and is deposited in the same collection.]

of the first chapter of Genesis in MS. on vellum,<sup>1</sup> in which "God said, Let there be light, and there was light," is thus rendered:—"Ac yna dywedut a oruc Duw, bit leuwer, heb ef, ac ef a wnaethpwytt lleuwer." Here, in this short sentence, are two *v*'s and two *f*'s. The same want of system continued when books were first printed. William Salesbury, the patriotic translator of the New Testament into Welsh in 1567, used the *v* and *f* indiscriminately to denote the same sound; but in 1588 Bishop Morgan adopted the *f* exclusively, and it has continued in every edition to this time. In 1793,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Wm. Owen (now Dr. Owen Pughe) published his valuable *Dictionary*, and therein attempted to establish a reformed alphabet, by introducing single characters to represent simple sounds,—viz., *ç* for *ch*, *z* for *dd*, *f* for *ff*, *v* for *f*; but such was the opposition of the public, that in the second edition, now in the press at Denbigh, the old double-letter alphabet is restored. In writing sermons, &c., for private use, I frequently use *v* for *f*, *ð* for *dd*, *ç* for *ch*, *φ* for *ph*, *θ* for *th*, for the sake of brevity, and owing to this predilection for *v* instead of the awkwardly formed *f*, I inadvertently, in my letter to your Lordship, wrote *Manavon*; as it secures correct pronunciation both in the Highlands and Lowlands. I have seen an Englishman with a letter in his hand, inquiring the road to *Man-a-ffon* (i.e., a place and a stick), owing to his giving the rough English sound to the Welsh *f*.

Mr. Rowland Williams shewed me a letter from your Lordship to him, dated Nov. 20th, a few days after the meeting of the committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and according to your Lordship's direction he requested me to compare the orthography of the two

<sup>1</sup> [A specimen of this ancient version may be seen in the *Gwylidydd*, vol. i. p. 141. See also, *ante*, vol. ii. p. 189.]

<sup>2</sup> [The first part or portion of the *Dictionary* appeared in the above year, but the whole work was not published until 1803.]

editions, the Bible of 1809, and the Testament of 1828, and to report thereon.

I accordingly perused and compared the two editions as far as the end of the Acts of the Apostles, and sent the result of my observation to our Welsh monthly magazine, called *Gwylieddydd* (Watchman), quoting chapter and verse where the orthographies varied in the last, and stating my reasons why the Testament of 1828 should be preferred as a model of correctness to the Bible of 1809.<sup>1</sup> This review has appeared in the number for this month, and I have presumed to fix my name to it, instead of my usual feigned signatures. I have invited discussion in future numbers, whether my criticisms are valid or otherwise.

I have since proceeded as far as the first Epistle to Timothy, and will continue to the end of the New Testament. Then the Old Testament of the Bible of 1809 must be examined by itself, upon the same scale of criticism as that observed on the New Testament in both editions.

I have lately met with Mr. W. B. Knight's *Remarks on the Welsh Language*,<sup>2</sup> and the orthography of the received text of the Bible of 1809. He is a decided opponent of Mr. Jones; just as I expected, and hinted at in my letter to your Lordship. I am not satisfied with Mr. Jones's system altogether, more than with that of Mr. Knight. In my review in the magazine above mentioned, I brought forward 27 texts in which I thought Mr. Jones's alterations were correct. I noted several other under the head Equivocal or Dubious, and some inconsistencies or inadvertencies. These are in number about thirty-four; but in some of them both editions are equally faulty. I need not at this time send any

<sup>1</sup> [See, *antè*, vol. ii. p. 542.]

<sup>2</sup> [*Remarks, Historical and Philological, on the Welsh Language*, in which the orthography of the Received Text, as sanctioned by the Commission of Bishops, under the Act of Uniformity, in 1809. is Vindicated, and such Objections as have been made to it are shewn to be without Foundation. By the Rev. W. B. Knight, A.M., Chancellor of the Diocese, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff. Cardiff, 1830, 8vo.]

specimens to your Lordship, as I intend throwing all these observations into a small pamphlet, with an historical account of the state of Welsh orthography at different periods, from the earliest ages down to the Society's edition of the Bible in 1809. To do this, I must ask your Lordship's permission, for I do not wish to intrude myself into public notice unless I am authorized so to do. I shall defend Mr. Jones as far as he is defensible, and Mr. Knight also, in several of *his* statements. Mr. Knight stands on the shoulders of Mr. Roberts,<sup>1</sup> late Vicar of Tremeirchion, whom I knew well, as a pious man, and a good divine according to the Geneva creed; but bigoted in his system of orthography, &c. He would not yield an inch, though he might thereby have gained a mile. I defended him, in a letter inserted in his printed reply to Mr. Dealtry, about the year 1809; but I could not follow him the length he wished me. Mr. Jones treated him too cavalierly in his *Reasons*;<sup>2</sup> but Mr. Knight, in his *Remarks*, has repaid him, in his own coin, and with interest.

My intention is to take a stand in the centre between the two extremes; a pertinacious adherence to Pope's maxim, "whatever *is*, is right," on the one hand, and a sweeping innovation on the other.

This medial position, managed with temper, unusual, they say, in a Welshman, may bring both parties to a

<sup>1</sup> [The Rev. John Roberts, who was a native of Llanneydd, Denbighshire, died at Tremeirchion, near St. Asaph, July 25, 1829, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. While at the University he supervised an edition of the Welsh Bible, which was printed at Oxford in 1799; and in 1817 he brought out a new and considerably altered edition of the Homilies in Welsh, of which there has since been another edition, with still greater deviations from the original black letter quarto of 1606. He edited also a Welsh and English Magazine called *Cylchgrawn Cymru*, of which only a few numbers appeared. In the year 1823, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and Church Union in the Diocese of St. David's, awarded to him their premium for his defence of the orthography of the Welsh Bible and Prayer Book, which was printed in a small 12mo pamphlet at Carmarthen in 1825, and to which Tegid, in 1829, published his *Defence of the Reformed System*, by way of reply. See p. 210, note.]

<sup>2</sup> [It was Mr. Roberts's pamphlet, not Mr. Jones's, that was entitled *Reasons*. See p. 210, note.]

co-operation in bringing out, under legal authority, an impression of the Holy Scriptures, that will remain to future ages a standard of Welsh orthography.

If this opportunity be neglected, and the edition of 1809 be adopted as the future model, all other Welsh publications, which are now numerous, will be in a different orthography, and the Society's Bible will stand by itself as a memorial of Welsh spelling at the commencement of the 17th century. The consequences are obvious, and ought to have their due weight in time. Four out of five Welsh monthly periodicals, now in circulation, have adopted the reformed system of rejecting double consonants, where only one is required by the etymology of the word. To compare the rejection of double letters in the Welsh, to the same treatment in the English language, as in *bitter*, *letter*, &c., is exceedingly futile; as no two languages known can be more dissimilar in their elements and construction than the English and Welsh.

I am,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

*Manavon,*

WALTER DAVIES.

*Jan. 13, 1831.*

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## XVII.

### BISHOP CAREY TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

REV. SIR,

I THANK you very much for your letter, and rejoice to hear that you are preparing a pamphlet on the subject of Welsh orthography.



The opinion of a person in every respect so well qualified to judge, cannot but be of infinite service to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in deciding the question with regard to the new edition of the Welsh Bible which they have in contemplation, and I am the more inclined to think so from the moderation you show in avoiding the two extremes.

My permission however, which you kindly ask, is by no means necessary for the publication of your sentiments, which I doubt not will meet with due attention, and have their just weight.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your faithful servant,

W. ST. ASAPH.

*Whitehall Place,*  
*Jan. 18th, 1831.*

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## XVIII.

### THE REV. DAVID HUGHES TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

MY DEAR SIR,

I UNDERSTAND that through the efforts of Mr. Jones, commonly called *Tegid*, an attempt is to be made to introduce the new orthography into the next edition of our Welsh Bible.

I wish you would give the Public the benefit of your sentiments on the subject. Pray send a paper to the *Gwyllyddydd*, or express your opinion in some other way to your countrymen. I do not wish to flatter you;

but certainly there is no man in existence whose opinion will have so much weight and so deservedly as your own.

Excuse this hasty scrawl, and

Believe me, my dear Sir,

To be sincerely yours,

D. HUGHES.<sup>1</sup>

*Llanvyllin Rectory,*  
*Dec. 8th, 1830.*

## XIX.

### THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO TEGID.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter containing your *Brief Specimen* of your proposed emendations in the orthography of a forthcoming edition of the Welsh Bible. In a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from our Bishop, wishing I would become one of the three in his diocese to form a committee who should state their joint opinion of your propositions. Mr. Parry, Vicar of Llanasa, had signified to his Lordship his willingness to be one; and by the same post he wrote to me, he wrote also to Mr. Rowland Williams, Vicar of Meivod. So now the St. Asaph committee is formed.

In my answer to the Bishop, I entered pretty fully into the subject of Welsh orthography, and stated

<sup>1</sup> Corrector of the Press, edition 1809.

strongly the non-necessity of double consonants formerly adopted in the editions of the Welsh Scriptures.

I also expressed my hope that you would permit the old negative particle *am* to retain its legitimate station, without converting it into *an*; that *di*, also in such words as *dioddef*, should be considered as *di* intensive, as well as *di* negative in *diniwed*. I do not remember that I dwelt on any other point. I received a second letter expressing his hope that no *unnecessary* alterations would be admitted into the sacred Code. This leads me to express my wish also, that you will think more and more of the advice I formerly ventured to lay before you, in the group of Welsh maxims you mentioned in your last. Innovate no more than you have already done in your Welsh Testament of 1828. You will take *that* as your model in the Bible edition now proposed, excepting some inadvertencies which must have escaped your notice; and whether you corrected them in the editions subsequent to 1828, I do not know. I have, since the Bishop wrote to me, read over carefully the four Gospels, and about half of the Acts of the Apostles, noting my remarks (approval or otherwise) on the blank interleaves. How my coadjutors and myself shall be able to consult upon such alterations, I am at a loss to know. I am no traveller of late; and the consultations can be carried on but slowly and imperfectly by correspondence.

Would you approve of Garmon<sup>1</sup> sending one letter more to the *Gwyliedydd*, as a critique upon your Testament? You would see by that what emendations of yours he approves of, and what not.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

WALTER DAVIES.

Nov. 8th, 1830.

<sup>1</sup> [See "Llythrau Garmon," *anté*, vol. ii. pp. 187—242.]

## XX.

THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO TEGID.

*Manavon,*  
Jan. 31st, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU mentioned in your last the *Remarks upon Welsh Orthography*,<sup>1</sup> &c., by the Rev. W. B. Knight, Chancellor of the Diocese of Llandaff. About the time I received yours, the above *Remarks* were sent to me by a person who knew nothing of the intended new edition of the Welsh Bible. I have read over the *Remarks*; and I dare say you have done so more than once, and that you are now preparing an antidote to the doctrine therein promulgated. Your text, this time, should be, "In patience possess your soul."

I shall not be ready to accompany you into the field; and I think I can serve you better by appearing afterwards as a body of reserve.

If you have seen the *Gwylledydd* for this month, you will find therein an "Adolygiad y Testament Newydd, Rhydychain, 1828," comparing its orthography with that of the "Standard edition" of 1809.<sup>2</sup>

I should be glad to hear from you, if you have any leisure, how you feel under your cuirass; for you must have buckled on before this. I expect the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge will postpone its edition until the question be decided, which orthography will be adopted.

My son has copied an extract from the *Oxford Herald* on the last page of this letter, wherein some Act is required to be done before the 10th of February, by or for such B.A.'s as intend to proceed to the A.M. degree. For the sake of a mouthful of fresh town air,

<sup>1</sup> [The first of the two pamphlets published by Mr. Bruce Knight on the subject.]

<sup>2</sup> [This review will be found, *antè*, vol. ii. p. 542.]

in going up one street and down another, as well as for the sake of serving a friend, will you call upon Mr. A. B. Clough, Jesus College, with my best regards, and ask him, what should be done in the case advertised in the *Herald*?

My son intends coming up the latter part of Easter term, to keep term, and take his A.M. degree in October before he returns.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WALTER DAVIES.

## XXI.

THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO THE REV.  
ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

*Llanrhaiadr, near Oswestry,*  
*April 27th, 1840.*

MY DEAR SIR,

It is now a long time since any correspondence took place between us, and I am now induced to re-open the old acquaintance, in consequence of a printed circular I received in March last from the Secretary to the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion Society. You have most probably received a circular; if not, "*Gwybyddwch*"—That a meeting was held there the 10th October last, in which five or six resolutions were voted; the substance of which points out the necessity of establishing an uniform standard or system of *Welsh Orthography*. In order to attain this, they thought it expedient to form a "*Pwyllgor*" (committee?), to con-

sist of *five* gentlemen, elected for the purpose, to agree upon one *uniform system*.

The third resolution thus:—"I bob Awdwr a Golygydd Cymraeg enwi rhyw *un* i ffurfio rhifedi allan o ba rai y bydd i'r Pwyllgor gael ei ddewis."

The fifth—"Fod i bob un o'r Awdwyr a'r Golygwyr rhagenwedig hysbysu ei foddlonrwydd i fabwysaw y cyfryw gyfundraeth a sefydlir felly."

Now, as to the third resolution above, in case I am looked upon as an *Awdwr* and *Golygydd Cymraeg*, and on that account to nominate *one* gentleman to be on the qualified list, out of which the five to form the *Pwyllgor* are to be selected, according to the majority of votes in their favour; if so, I have no hesitation in sending to the Secretary the name of the person I consider as the best qualified within the circle of my acquaintance, and that, as soon as I receive your permission by post, so as to be sent in by Dydd Calanmai, will be the reverend the Rector of Ysgeiviog, in the Diocese of St. Asaph, as I am satisfied that he stands in a mediocrity between extravagance and torpidity.

But I hesitate subscribing to the fifth proposition, that every Awdwr, &c., should adopt the system agreed upon by the Pwyllgor, before I shall be made acquainted with its character.

May I expect an answer by return of post?

I am much pleased that your son in his own person makes void the old adage, "Odid fab cystal a'i dad." I need not add more on that head.

I have just now received a letter by post, marked *Newcastle upon Tyne*, inclosing a small tract of 16 pages, with the title—"The Church of England *identified*." I began to consider, "identified" with what? After reading two or three pages, I found—with the *second* Beast in the xiii<sup>th</sup> chapter of the Revelations!! The tract is signed, R. B. Sanderson, formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and some time Secretary of Presentations to the late Lord Chancellor Eldon.

I expect that a copy is forwarded to the "Officiating Minister" of every parish, with what intention, time may develope.

With my best regards to Mrs. Williams, yourself, and your namesake, the Fellow of King's College, Cantab.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

P.S. I must write soon to Abergavenny on the proposed Pwyllgor, but my health will not permit me to stir from home.

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## XXII.

THE REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS TO THE  
REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Ysgeiviog,*  
Nov. 13th, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

I TRUST that you will not deem it too great trouble to answer the inquiry which I have now the trouble of addressing you.

You have probably remarked that the *Marginal References* in our present Welsh Bibles are more numerous than those which appear in Bishop Parry's original edition. They also exceed in number the references which are inserted in any English Bible that I am acquainted with, certainly those of Mant

and D'Oyly's Bible. Can you inform me at what period subsequent to Bishop Parry's time, they were introduced, and whether gradually or all at once.

I should be much obliged by an early answer, and remain,

ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

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XXIII.

THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO THE REV.  
ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

Nov. 20th, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

A WEEK has elapsed since the date of your last favour; but that is not much to be divided between coughing, and looking for the wherewithal to answer your inquiries respecting the multitudinous and overwhelming *Marginal References* in our late Welsh editions of the Bible. I am enabled to answer your inquiries satisfactorily to myself at least; and whether so to you, be pleased to let me know.

Our first edition of the Welsh Bible by Dr. Morgan, in 1588, has very few Marginal References. Bishop Parry, his successor, in his second edition of Dr. Morgan's translation, in 1620, adopted as Marginal References, all those made use of in the English folio edition called King James's Bible, published in 1610,<sup>1</sup> ten years before.

<sup>1</sup> [King James's Bible appeared in 1611, from the press of Robert Barker. The author probably wrote from memory.]



The first small octavo Welsh edition of the Bible, as the two foregoing editions were entirely absorbed by the Churches, was published in 1630, through the pious liberality of Sir Thomas Myddelton, and Alderman Rowland Heylin, both of Welsh extraction. This pocket edition for the use of families followed, as to Marginal References, the example set by Bishop Parry, and I believe them to have been exactly the same.

The third folio edition in 1690, for the use of Churches, did not follow the same uniform list of Marginal References. This was called Bishop Lloyd's edition; and the care of conducting it through the press was, according to Dr. Llewelyn's information,<sup>1</sup> entrusted to Mr. Pierce Lewis, an Anglesey gentleman, then at Jesus College, who, it is said, has discharged his trust accurately and well. This account of the folio edition of 1690, the Doctor says he procured from a MS. account *penes* Richard Morris, of the Navy Office, Esq.

I will take no notice of Mr. Lewis's orthography in this edition, called Bishop Lloyd's, such as "*dwyl* for *dwylaw*," &c; but I must lay at his door the origination of the absurd multiplicity of Marginal References.

I have taken the trouble, since I received your letter, to compare the number of Marginal References of several editions, from Bishop Parry's (1620) downwards, and find them thus:—

*Pregethwr*, xii:—1620 has five or six asterisks (\*);  
1630, 8vo, has the same.

I do not know how many are in Cromwell's edition, 1654, nor in the subsequent Nonconformist editions by Lord Wharton, David Jones, and others; but in the edition (folio) of 1690, the references extend from *a* to *k*, that is, ten references, instead of the former five or six.

*Galarnad Ieremi*, iii:—

<sup>1</sup> *Historical Account*, p. 35.

1620 and 1630, have seven asterisks for references.

1690, by Mr. Pierce Lewis, has literal references the whole alphabet from *a* to *z*, and *a b c*, in the second round, that is, 27 references. Thus 7 became 27.

*Galarnad*, iv:—1620 and 1630 have five asterisks.

1690 has from *a* to *r*, 17 references.

Here Mr. Pierce Lewis has more than tripled those adopted by his predecessors; therefore I am right in fixing upon him the stigma of increasing the Marginal References to such an useless and mischievous extent. Mr. Pierce Lewis was copied in his Marginal References by the Rev. Moses Williams in his edition (small 8vo) in 1717: and he again by Mr. Richard Morris of the Navy Office, in 1746, and again in the next edition of 1752, without any variation I am aware of as to the Marginal References.

I do not know the reason why Richard Morris was set aside in the next edition of 1770, the first within my recollection; it passed the press under the superintendence of one John Evans, but who he was I do not know.<sup>1</sup> It is singular in having the references at the bottom of each page, instead of the right and left margins. It was not well received; but for what reason, besides the transposition of the references, I do not know. I had a copy of it, but it has disappeared. I dare say the references were the same as in former editions as to number.

I believe you will now be satisfied that the overgrown references originated in the folio edition of

<sup>1</sup> [This John Evans was, in all probability, the Rev. John Evans, M.A., author of *Cyssondeb y Pedair Efyngyl* (Harmony of the Four Gospels), which was printed at Bristol in 1765, of which a second edition appeared at Chester in 1804, and translator of Bishop Gastrell's *Christian Institutes* (Deddfau Cristionogol), which issued from the Carmarthen press in 1773. He was a native of the parish of Llanarth, in Cardiganshire. There is printed in the *Greal* (London, 1806), No. 6, p. 282, a Welsh letter, dated Feb. 2, 1768, addressed by Richard Morris to John Evans respecting this edition of the Welsh Scriptures, in which he deprecates the injudicious resolution of the Committee (which consisted of Dr. Worthington, Dr. Henry Owen, and the Rev. John Evans) to adopt Bishop Lloyd's Bible as the basis of the new edition, after all the care and labour bestowed by Moses Williams and by himself, in their respective editions, upon the text and orthography.]

1690, which were continued through the subsequent editions of 1717, 1746, 1752, and all the Octavo editions of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to this time. The British and Foreign Bible Society put a stop to their further continuance; and all for the better. They were seldom used, and if not used they were useless.

I remain, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

## XXIV.

### THE REV. WALTER DAVIES TO BISHOP LUXMOORE.<sup>1</sup>

MY LORD,

I ONCE more take the liberty of writing to your Lordship on the subject of the incorrectness of our Welsh Common Prayer Book; as I am informed that the progress of the Clarendon Press has been suspended on the score that the corrector had in his first proof sheets deviated, in some instances, from the orthography of the "last *Standard* edition." If by a

<sup>1</sup> [This is one of the *three* letters referred to at pp. 212 and 215 as having been addressed to Dr. Luxmoore, bishop of St. Asaph, on the inaccuracies of the orthography and translation of the Welsh Prayer Book. The other two have not been discovered, and this was found too late for insertion in its proper place among these letters.]

Most of the errors in the Prayer Book, pointed out in this and several of the preceding letters, have been corrected in the folio edition printed at Oxford in 1841, which was revised by the "Rev. William Bruce Knight, Chancellor of Llandaff; Rev. Rowland Williams, Canon of St. Asaph; Rev. John Jones, Rector of Llanvachraith; Rev. Professor Rees, of St. David's College, Lampeter;" and which has been followed in all the subsequent editions; but in the opinion of many there is still room for considerable improvement.]

*standard* edition we are to understand a *correct* one, I should be gratified in having a view of it. The fact is, that a correct edition is still a *desideratum*, and I see no probability of its being supplied, as the persons entrusted with the correction of the press are permitted by their superiors to notice and correct only typographical inaccuracies; and both parties may be satisfied with the supposed correctness of a foregoing edition; and thereby orthographical errors are perpetuated from one edition and one generation to another.

I told your Lordship in my last letter that Gee's 8vo edition, printed at Denbigh in 1818, is the most correct extant; and I believe it underwent the revision and correction of Dr. P. Williams, of Llan Bedrog. Whoever was the corrector, he has deserved well of his country. In many instances, however, he has retained the inaccuracies of the "authorized and sanctioned" folio edition too faithfully. Since I wrote last to your Lordship, I have perused this 8vo edition carefully, and noted its imperfections in the margin as far as the 60th Psalm. I intend going over the whole as soon as I have leisure, not with any expectation that it may be called for in my lifetime, though I do not despair that some such copy will be adopted at some future period, when party spirit will have subsided. Standard truth will bear the test of scrutiny, whilst standard error, if I am allowed such a solecism, must shrink at the touch of impartial criticism.

The Welsh translation of the Bible, by your Lordship's predecessor at St. Asaph, is to be ranked among the best translations in Europe, and I wish the same might be said of the *Welsh Liturgy*. The great difference between them may be owing not altogether to the different talents of the respective translators, but to the greater similarity in construction, &c., between the Welsh and Hebrew than between the Welsh and English. Ames has insinuated that the Welsh translation of the Scriptures was obtained not from the originals, but from the English. Had that

been the case, our translation of the Bible and Testament might have been so stiff and inelegant as our translation of the Liturgy, which must have been from the English. The superiority of the Welsh Psalms above the rest of the Common Prayer, in ease and propriety of diction, is very evident, and must be owing to their having been translated from the original, and not from the English.

Lest your Lordship should suppose that I declaim for the sake of declaiming, I beg leave to lay down a few instances of errors (not niceties) in the orthography of the "Standard edition;" errors which have slipped through the press from the *first* edition to the *last*; and, if we may judge by present appearances, never to be corrected.

1. In the Form for Solemnization of Matrimony—for "*Christ . . . with his presence*"—we have "*Crist . . . a'i gynyrrholdeb*," which cannot be rendered into any other words than "*Christ and his productiveness*;" from *cynyrrch*, produce, increase; *a'i gynyrrychioldeb*, would be correct from *cynyrrychiawl*, present.

2. In the same Form—for "these two persons present"—we have in the folio edition 1768, "*y ddeuddyn bresennol hyn*." The adjective *bresennol* can refer only to the *female* person; the adjective masculine is *presennol*, and ought to have been preferred.

3. In the Lesson of the Burial Service, "as is the earthy, such are *they* that are earthy"—we have in the folio of 1768, "*fel y mae y daearol, felly y mae y daearol*," a curious instance of Welsh logic, which is, "as is the earthy, such is the earthy;" but in a former edition, it is rightly rendered according to the New Testament.

4. In the Communion, near the end of the Application, quoting Matth. xi. 30, for "his easy yoke and light burden"—we have in the folio of 1768, "*ei iau esmwyth, a'i faich esmwyth*;" that is, "his *easy* yoke, and his *easy* burden."

5. The title of the prayer, "For the King's Majesty,"

is translated literally enough, "Tros Fawrhydi'r Brenhin;" that is, for the *Majesty* of the King. This might have been more correct—Tros ei Fawrhydi y Brenhin—For his Majesty the King; i.e., not forgetting his person as well as his Royal attributes.

6. The word *amrafael* (contention, strife), for *amrywiol* (manifold), occurs in several parts of the Liturgy; and in one place in the plural, "*amrafaelion* bechodau," manifold sins.

7. Let the Collect for the 4th Sunday after Epiphany be compared with the English.

8. Anglicisms to be discarded, such as—*Ysglandr-wyr*, slanderers; *maentumio*, to maintain; *yspysol*, especial; *purcasodd*, purchased; *temtio*, to tempt; *ffafr*, favour; *ammhosibl*, impossible; *esampl*, example; *trubl*, trouble; *ministro*, to minister. Some terms had better be allowed to continue, such as *ordinhâd* (ordinance), *sacrament*, *sel*, *conffirmio*, &c.

I am,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

Sept., 1828.

## BALA LAKE.

[THE following correspondence respecting Llyn Tegid, passed between Mr. Davies and William Augustus Miles, Esq. ("Selim"), one of the Charity Commissioners, in the columns of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, in 1836. Mr. Miles was so pleased with the letter of his unknown correspondent, that he made inquiries at the office of the paper who the writer was; and having been informed, he drove to Manavon Rectory to pay him a personal visit.]

### I.

How broad and placid was this beautiful lake when I beheld it a few weeks since, after visiting the rough and sterner mountain scenery. Here was a quiet deep repose; the hills rose gently, not abruptly; there was beauty in every shrub; and although the scenes I had lately beheld might have dazzled me by their vastness and abruptness, yet this spot repaid me by its elegance and refinement. I thought of the styles of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Homer and Horace.

I have in vain endeavoured to obtain a satisfactory etymology of *Bala*, and in the absence of a better, may I be allowed to offer a few remarks upon the subject, remarking at the same time that I quote from memory, as I am but a traveller in this land of beauty and magnificence.

From the earliest periods, lakes, rivers, and fountains were held in the highest estimation. Even to this day, islands in the lakes of Ireland are considered holy; and wells have not yet lost their supernatural powers. Fire-worship and water-worship were presumed cotemporary; the ancient Druids well knew that heat and moisture frequently produced generative results.

The Phœnician trader doubtlessly introduced his

mythology, and, if I am not mistaken, this adventurous "Coll," who is described as the Red Giant, a personage of a different complexion from the rest of the inhabitants. Moreover, this Coll is said to have imported grain (i.e., agriculture) into this country; and in reference to this event, I believe the Cambrian mythology has sundry exploits of the mystical "Hwch," which implies a ship or a sow. This hero of unknown ages is likewise mentioned with a giant of a great renown, *Hu Gadarn*, the Cambrian Hercules; and Hercules was a deity peculiarly worshiped by the Phœnicians. He was propitiated before voyages were commenced, and rich votive offerings in the event of happy terminations to these undertakings were made upon the hill-tops and promontories overlooking the sea, to his honour, and for the no less peculiar benefit of his honour's priests.

If the Phœnicians imported their heroes, it is natural to presume that they did not neglect their principal deity, their *Baal God*, and thus I venture to suggest to those interested in inquiries of this nature, whether the *Bala Lake* might not have been the *Hallowed Lake*, where the rites of Baal were solemnly performed. At the eastern end, and at some short distance from the lake, stands an artificial mound of considerable eminence. It was on mounds of this description that burial ceremonies were performed; it was on such eminences that they held their meetings to promulgate their laws, try cases, or award justice. Such might have been, such I think was, the former use of this mound; but my ignorance of the language prevented me from inquiring among the old inhabitants what legends might appertain to it, or what might have been its original name.

It must have been a glorious sight to have beheld the white-robed Druids, decked with their six colours, with their golden torques upon their breasts, and ornamented with beads of amber, assembling on the shores of this mystic lake, while the harps of the



cubages sounded in the stillness of the scene, and spread a mystic feeling over the minds of the assembled multitudes, who left the chase, or ceased from carnage, to behold with awe the mystic ceremonies of their priests. Where are they now? The ruined cromlech, the lone barrow, tells the melancholy history of fleeting power; a sun-baked urn of clay contains the calcined bones of the Druid; his language remains, but his history is fading like the mist that rises from the vale.

SELIM.

## II.

YOUR correspondent "Selim," in his communication of the 25th August, appears well pleased with the "rough mountain scenery of our Arcadia" (Merioneth), and he seems to be in raptures of delight with a view of the "broad and placid *Bala Lake*;" but he regrets that his "ignorance of the language prevented him from inquiring among the old inhabitants of *Bala*, what legends might appertain to it, or what might have been its original name." He might have conversed with many at *Bala* in his own vernacular, and they could have informed him that the term *Bala*, which he would willingly derive from the Phœnician solar deity *Baal*, was never applied by the *Cymry* to the lake, as its only name by the Welsh is *Llyn Tegid* (the Lake of Tegid), so called, they say, from *Tegid Voel* (or the Bald), of Penllyn. But when this worthy lived, or where he resided, must be left to random conjecture; whether he once consisted of flesh and blood, like other mortals, or was only an ærial phantom dancing over the brain of the Apollinares Mystici of the fifth century, is but of little consequence now in the nineteenth. This mortal, or

hobgoblin, or whatever else it might be, has had the honour of bequeathing his name to this beautiful sheet of water, the largest in Wales. *Tegid*, then, being the only appellative of the lake, from whence issues the term *Bala*? It issues from the *issue* or outlet of the lake under *Pont Mwnwgl y Llyn*, which should have been called *Pont y Bala*, the Bridge of the Outlet.

Dr. Davies says,—“*Bala* pagus est situs ad fauces lacus *Tegit*.” Another doctor<sup>1</sup> says,—“*Bala*, a shooting out, a discharge; *Bala* coed, the budding of trees; *Bala llyn*, the outlet or efflux of a lake.” Hence *Bala Deulyn* (from whence Edward I. issued some of his Vandalian edicts in the year 1284), in Snowdon, that is, *The Bala* or outlet of two lakes. “*Selim*” may inquire into the meaning or derivation of *Bala Clava*, a seaport in the Crimea, noted for its unhealthiness. This may have more to do with Irish than with Welsh. The numerous *Ballys* of Ireland have no identity with our *Bala*. By metaphor, the term *Bala* was borrowed from the outlet of the lake, and applied to a few scattered cottages, erected by the primitive inhabitants of the vale, near the north-eastern corner of the lake, which, in after ages, grew to be what it is, a regular well-built town.

Another observation by “*Selim*” relates to an “artificial mound of considerable eminence, at some short distance from the eastern end of the lake.” He adds that “on such mounds, burial ceremonies were performed, laws promulgated, cases tried, and justice awarded.” The “old inhabitants,” had he conversed with them either in English or Welsh, might have informed him that they had *two* such mounds, one on the *north* and the other on the *south* of the Dee. That on the north of the infant Dee is situate in the angle of its junction with the more majestic *Trywerin*, which might have afforded Mr. Pennant the notion that it was of Roman origin. The other mound

<sup>1</sup> [See Dr. Owen Pughe's *Dictionary*, s. v. “*Bala*.”]

is on the south of the Dee, close to its birth, its *Bala*, out of the womb of the Lake Tegid. Mr. Pennant was of opinion that this latter mound was the castelet which Llewelyn II, whom we, Mervinians, take pride in calling Llewelyn *the Great*, "fortified" in the year 1203, when he was on his return from Powys. This term "fortified" used by Wynne in his *History of Wales*, and by Mr. Pennant, echoed in his *Tour*, is not a true rendering of the original "*goresgyn*," the term used by the continuator of Caradog's *History of the Princes of Wales*. Whether Llewelyn *fortified* or *demolished* the Castle of Bala, I leave the word "*goresgyn*" to explain. The castelet, however, has disappeared, and all that remains of either mound is only an earthen frustrum of a cone of considerable dimensions. That on the south of the Dee, near the Bala of the lake, was anciently called "Castell Gronwy Bevr o Benllyn" (Gronovius Pulcher of Penllyn). Whether *Gronwy Bevr*, as well as Tegid Voel,<sup>1</sup> was a sprite of heathenish allegory, determine who may. He is recorded, in the annals of spurious history, to have been transfixed by the poisoned javelin of Llew Llaw Gyffes, at Cynvael, near Ffestiniog, during that most mythological era of all Cambrian eras, the fifth century.

I conclude my cursory observations on "Selim's" contribution to your *Chronicle*, by assuming an anagram of his signature, which in reality, may be no anagram at all.

MILES.

Sept. 1, 1836.

<sup>1</sup> The Saxons, and their descendants the English, have had their heroes of romance, as well as the Welsh. They have had Woden, Guy of Warwick, Robin Hood, Tom Hickathrift, Jack the Giant-killer, and scores of others, no doubt "good fellows every one."

## PWLL CERIS.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

IN your *Cambro-Briton*, No. 5, p. 190, is an *englyn* on Pwll Cerys,<sup>2</sup> the Vortex in the Menai. In the note beneath, Mr. Llwyd says, the *englyn* is certainly worth preserving; but scarcely so, I presume, in the state in which it is printed. It appears that it never was correct. In the *Greal*, No. vii., p. 310, you will find five *englynion* upon the same subject by Sir Huw Robert, three by Gruffydd Hiraethog, three by Sion Tudur, and two by Wiliam ab Hywel. In the first *englyn*, however, which is *Proest*,<sup>3</sup> the 5th and 6th lines are supernumerary, and do not belong either to the metre or the rhythm. The bards, above named, vary in the orthography of the name of the Vortex. The 1st has it Cerys; the 2nd, Cerys and Ceris; the 3rd and 4th, Ceris. I shall copy one out of the thirteen: it is by Gruffydd Hiraethog.

"Cerys Bwll, megys am eigion—y trai  
Troad chwrl-gwgon;  
Crwydrad dwr, yn cordroi ton,  
Ceulwnc i ofni calon."

None of the bards of that age, or perhaps of any other, wrote in such a style of exquisite humour as Sion Tudur. Here are four *englynion* of his, as specimens of his talent in ludicrous satire; the subject—a gentleman, who had built a stately mansion with nine chimneys, and only one of them smoking:—

<sup>1</sup> [This notice of Pwll Ceris, Sion Tudur, and Thomas Prys, appeared in the *Cambro-Briton* for March, 1820.]

<sup>2</sup> [By English writers this whirlpool is generally called the Swellies.]

<sup>3</sup> [A term in Welsh Prosody signifying a sequel, in contradistinction to a first part, also a counterchange or contrast of vowels.—*Ed. Cambro-Briton.*]

"Di bleser yw dy balasau—corniawg,  
 Carnedd fo dy furiau;  
 Ai un tân coeg bentan cau,  
 Sy am naw o simneiau?

"Cyrn hirion, gwynion, di gynhes—gegin,  
 Cyrn gwagedd a rhodres;  
 Cyrn boet—heb rost, ac heb wres,  
 Carwn dori cyrn diwres!

"Ffei o gyrrn cedyrn, caudwaith,—heb ras,  
 Ac heb wres na'i obaith;  
 Ffagla wellt—was ffugiawl waith,  
 Gnaf gwan! a gwna fwg unwaith!

"Gwnaeth grinwas blas, a bu lu—i'w edrych  
 Af wydraw o'i ddeutu;  
 Ni rydd geiniog, daioig du,  
 A gwenwyn ganddo ganu."

Thomas Prys, of Plas Iolyn, in Ysppyty Ieuan, was a poet of talent, and, like Sion Tudur, excelled in satire and humour. He had a happy knack at what may be termed in versification, laconic alternation; such as in the *Cywydd i oganu eiddig, ac i ganmol ei wraig*—"Siwgr yw Gwen, a soeg yw'r gwr," &c. The following lines were written by him to the memory of Richard Middleton, Esq., Governor of Denbigh Castle, under the Earl of Leicester, and Jane his wife, the daughter of Hugh Dryhurst, of Denbigh; in which lines the laconic alternation is exemplified.

"Hir alar gwasgar a gaf;  
 Hwn oedd wr—hon oedd araf;  
 Hwn oedd lew—hon oedd lawen,  
 Hwn oedd wych—hon oedd wen;  
 Hynod fu'r ammod yma,  
 Hwn oedd ddoeth, a hon oedd dda;  
 Hwn oedd hael—hon oedd helaeth,  
 Hwn i nef—hon yno aeth."

A biographical sketch of the author would be interesting to your readers. It is said that a whim took him to fix his residence in Bardsey, and that he fitted out a privateer at his own charge, to cruise against the Spaniards. He was a descendant of Rhys ab Meredydd, called Rhys Vawr o'r Ysppyty, who distinguished himself in Bosworth Field.

CURIG.

## ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE WREXHAM EISTEDDVOD, 1820.

[“THE revived Eisteddvod of the Cymmrodorion in Powis was held at Wrexham; Sir W. W. Wynn, President. The worthy Baronet detailed the two-fold objects of the meeting; namely, to discover the relics of departed genius, and to discover and foster the living merit and mind in the Principality. Letters were read from the Bishops of St. Asaph and St. David's, expressing their zeal for the prosperity of the Institution, and regretting their unavoidable absence. Sir Watkin then requested that those gentlemen who were disposed would deliver their sentiments. The Rev. Walter Davies, M.A., Rector of Manavon, rose and observed:—]

AT the great Eisteddvod held at Carmarthen in the reign, and by the permission of Edward IV, the patriotic president, ancestor of the present worthy and noble proprietor of Dinevor Castle, proposed a question to the Bards—“What is the *purpose* and *end* of holding an Eisteddvod?” To which David ab Edmund (a Flintshire gentleman and a bard of the first class in his day) made the following answer:—“Remembrance of what is past, consideration of what is, and judgement of what should be in future.” These aphorisms are still to be acted upon in our time; and with greater effect, in more auspicious days, when the venerable antiquity of our language—when its wonderful construction, its strength of expression, and the mellifluousness of its cadences, are more admired and better understood. These properties must ensure its further study and cultivation; and of course its permanence. Few living languages have undergone such trying vicissitudes as our own, and yet *surviving all*; it has survived the revolutions of ages unknown,—ages involved in the mist of antiquity. It has survived the

exterminating mandates of relentless foes, as well as the freezing apathy of its own sons; when only a star here and there appeared above its clouded horizon; it has survived, not indeed the open attacks, but the insidious machinations of both Church and State. I do not wish to descend to notice another of its foes—as it has quitted the field in disgrace, with its envenomed shafts recoiling upon itself. The genius of Cambria, as it were, conscious of her dignity, only covered her face with a veil and smiled. That gift of the Deity which distinguishes man from the rest of the creation—that gift, in that form nearly, spoken by our ancestors twelve centuries ago, is even *now* enlarging its borders; and it may without presumption be predicted that in a given time it will be living—the cultivated, the admired language of a million of free-born Britons, whose ancestors said in the gloom of distress,

“Rhaid i'r gweilch cras-feilch croes-faith  
Ein lladd ni, cyn lladd ein hiaith.”

Brave ancestors, peace to your shades! may we, of the present generation, not disgrace such progenitors!

## HISTORICAL VIEW OF EISTEDDVODAU.<sup>1</sup>

THE peculiarities of national manners and customs afford matter of curious if not useful entertainment to the historian, the antiquary, and the general scholar; and in every instance where they have no tendency to disturb the peace or to corrupt the morals of society, the preservation of such peculiarities should not be unadvisedly abandoned.

Among the customs peculiar to Wales, that of holding Eisteddvodau, at stated periods, for the formation and regulation of laws respecting bards and minstrels, may be traced to a remote antiquity. Our native princes, when not embarrassed by domestic broils or attacked by foreign force, and when abuses or innovations in the bardic system required their interference, seem to have taken delight in convening and presiding over these national synods.

After the several regulations made in bardism and minstrelsy by the Princes Bleddyn ab Cynvyn and Gruffydd ab Cynan, the first Eisteddvod we read of is that under the auspices of Cadwgan, son of Bleddyn, the founder of *Castell y Trallwng*, now POWYS CASTLE, the seat of our noble President; and he not the first of the noble family of the Herberts, who shed lustre by their patronage on the pursuits of Welsh literature. The Eisteddvod alluded to was held with great magnificence

<sup>1</sup> [Read at the Powys Eisteddvod held at Welshpool, September 7, 8, 9, 1824, under the presidency of Lord Clive (afterwards Earl of Powys). A Welsh translation of this paper appeared in the *Gwyliedydd*, ii. 306.]



in the year 1107, at the Castle of Aber Teivi, now Cardigan, and then in the possession of the Prince of Powys. Thirty years afterwards, a commemoration of forty days' continuance was held at Carmarthen, under the patronage of the renowned Gruffydd ab Rhys, ancestor of the illustrious representative of the House of Dynevor. Forty years from this period, his no less renowned son held a more regular Eisteddvod at the Castle of Cardigan, where the Prince's own domestics excelled in minstrelsy, and the bards of North Wales in poetical compositions.<sup>1</sup>

In the following century it was the destiny of Wales to have its silenced harp hung on the willow of despondency on the fall of its last Llewelyn. Notwithstanding this national disaster, the popular predilection for the ode and the harp was not totally extinguished. An Eisteddvod, previously proclaimed *a year and a day* throughout the four Provinces and the Marches, according to immemorial usage, was held at Carmarthen, under the presidency of a descendant of the last named prince; and this during the period of the struggle for the crown between the contending Houses of York and Lancaster. When the Rival Roses had formed an union, and the house of Tudor leisurely occupied the undisturbed throne, then it might have been expected that the National Eisteddvod would again have recovered its wonted popularity. But we read of only two Eisteddvods held in North Wales during the five reigns of this family, and both at Caerwys, in Flintshire.

For want of continued patronage, the national enthusiasm in the cause of music and poetry again gradually subsided; until at length it settled in a freezing kind of apathy. During the reign of the misguided and unfortunate House of Stuart, little could be expected, and still less obtained. However, during

<sup>1</sup> [See *Brut y Tywysogion*.]

this gloomy period, a few *Gorseddau*, comparatively private, were held in Glamorgan, the Arcadia of the Principality. When the House of Brunswick succeeded, the Awen of Cymru suffered still more from the paralyzing effects of the protracted contention between the political actors, called Whigs and Tories.

In some of the interior parts of the Principality; in the glens and recesses of Berwyn, Eryri, and Hiraethog, where native Simplicity reigned queen of the national character, and where the demon of faction, the buzz of commerce, and the dulness of care, never entered; there, and there only, or in places similarly situated, the notes of the harp, and its concomitant *pennill* of cheerful vivacity, retained their primitive power over the human mind.

Of late a few Eisteddvods were held, and prizes awarded, through the patriotism of the Gwyneddigion Society. However, nothing general was attempted, until an accidental spark set once more in motion the congealed fluid of the torpid nerve of national feeling. The sixth year from this era of revival is now on its wing; and the progress of an almost unanimous nationality increasing its volume and celebrity, as it proceeds from province to province, is proved to demonstration by this morning's crowded and splendid assemblage of rank, beauty, and wealth, in the Town Hall of *Trallwng Llewelyn*!

It is to be regretted that the object which the patrons and promoters of the National Eisteddvod have in view, is undervalued; because it is not understood by many who, in other respects, may be highly and deservedly respected for suavity of manners and liberality of sentiment. They must suppose that the object of the National Eisteddvod is the cultivation and extension of the Welsh to the exclusion of the English language. This opinion, if it can possibly be entertained, is erroneous from its very basis. Why should either of the existing languages of this island

be cherished to the exclusion or neglect of the other? Let the English language, in progress of time, extend over every portion of the island; but in saying so much we cannot wish it to be done at the expense of the extinction of other living languages. Let the English remain as it is, and as it should be, the language of our courts of justice; and if it must be so, the language of commerce also, yea, even of arts and sciences. The language of Milton and of Pope, of Byron and of Scott, has, and must have, its admirers among the most zealous advocates for the preservation of the Welsh. The two languages will agree well together; and the head that has not capacity to contain both, may be deemed among the next of kin to a *caput mortuum*!

Therefore let us hear no more that the Welsh language should be abolished. It cannot be! There are obstacles insurmountable to its abolition. It has thriven under the oppression of centuries, and surely the opposition of a day, or of a few who do not or will not understand it, cannot prevail. Like Britain the Great, it strengthens or rather aggrandizes itself by colonies abroad. It enlarges its tents and strengthens its cords as far as Chester, Liverpool, Bristol, London, and even the banks of the great Ohio. Let us hear no more of its abolition. Did the waves of the swelling ocean cease to roll at the nod of Denmark and England's monarch? Comparing great things with small, no more will the Welsh language cease to be spoken and cultivated by thousands of freeborn natives, who revere it even to a fault, for many of its qualities and properties, which are hidden from the eyes and lost to the comprehension of the stranger. Its possessors value it as the language of nature and the free gift of heaven. They will not consent to its abolition, but with the loss of their existence. There is a *natural* as well as a *supernatural* species of prophecy, and by it we may presume to augur that the

Welsh will continue the living language of hundreds of thousands of its devotees, notwithstanding the feeble voice of opposition, come whence it may, until all the languages of the globe be silenced by the instantaneous stroke of annihilation.

Omeriaid! dyma'n mawrwaith—Eisteddvod

West addvwyn y dalaith;

Gwalia'n foneddig eilwaith!

Oes y byd o hyd i'n hiaith!

Llawen bo'r Awen yr wyl—dadebred

Hyd wybren, feirdd anwyl;

Rhoer y gân hoewlan mewn hwyl,

Anerchwch hyn o orchwyl.

## ON THE TRIENNIAL EISTEDDVOD.

THE Provincial Eisteddvod having been held annually from 1819 to the present year, it is humbly submitted to the present assembly whether in future a Triennial Eisteddvod be not the most eligible term.

Several arguments might be adduced in favour of the proposed alteration: a few only need here be noticed.

1. An Annual Eisteddvod revolves too rapidly on the wheel of time, so that by its too frequent recurrence, it will naturally create a satiety even in its most zealous promoters.

2. The Annual Eisteddvod also will soon make medals too common, and therefore of less ideal value, so as to weaken the ambition of competitors for the prizes to excel. The *Awen*, during a prolonged vacation, will have the advantage of time to recover an invigorated tone and elasticity, scarcely to be obtained under the present hurried system from one subject to another.

Were the Triennial Eisteddvod to supplant the Annual, the bards and essayists would have sufficient time to compose pieces worthy of the perusal of distant ages, instead of the hasty performances of a few months, weeks, or even days.

Give the sun its three revolutions; and during that period a new Orpheus or an Amphion may arise from among the heather of Pumlumon or the cliffs of Eryri, and charm the long expected Eisteddvod with a degree of melody, not yet enjoyed by the ear most gifted to appreciate the sweets of harmony.

## SOME NOTICES

OF THE STATE OF POETRY AMONG THE NATIVES OF WALES  
FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES UPON RECORD TO THE RE-  
VIVAL OF THE EISTEDDVODAU BY THE INSTRUMENTALITY  
OF THE GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.

WHEN the Saxon eruption into Britain took place in the fifth century, we have grounds to conclude that poetry was cultivated by the native Bards; for in the following century appeared *Aneurin*, *Taliesin*, *Llywarch*, and others, whose works have been preserved to this day. As *ease* is considered the *mother* of poetry, it is no wonder that we have so few of the productions of the *Awenyddion* from the seventh to the eleventh centuries. Bards and all were enlisted into the unsuccessful ranks which endeavoured to stem the progress of the Northern freebooters, who like the waves of the ocean pressed the foremost to shore in constant succession. We cannot otherwise account for the bardic productions of this troublesome period being so few and obscure. When the remnant that was left of the Britons finally settled in Wales, and enjoyed occasional respites from the perpetual din of war, the number of bards gradually increased; so that during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries flourished some of the most eminent writers upon record, who were encouraged and patronized by their native and warlike chieftains. The fall of *Llewelyn y llyw olaf* cast a temporary shade over the rays of the *Awen*, yet it did not prevent its votaries from continuing their mental avocations. The supposed massacre of the bards by Edward I. has no historic grounds; indeed, it may be proved a fable. The barbarian edicts of Henry IV. of Lancaster had not the expected effect of silencing the "*Barthes and Rymours*" of Wales. They continued as numerous

as ever. Perhaps the custom of holding national Gorseddau was for a while interrupted. Edward IV. owed his throne and sceptre, in some measure, to the attachments of natives of Wales to his interest: he is therefore represented as favourable to the holding of periodical Bardic Meetings. Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, by their organ, the Council in the Marches of Wales, countenanced the celebration of two Eisteddvodau at Caerwys, in Flintshire, in the years 1523 and 1567. The celebrated Edmund Prys may be considered as one of the last of the primitive class of bards. The dynasty of the line of Tudor, ending in 1603, with it ended also royal sanctions to bardic conventions, as well as the adherence of the versifiers in general to the rules and principles of their more highly gifted predecessors. During the reign of the Stuarts, the bards, such as they were, were left entirely to themselves, to the suggestions of their own fancy and humour. An elegiac *cywydd*, an historic Christmas carol, and a *dyri* adapted to the vulgar taste, seem to be the only compositions attempted, or sought after. Huw Morus, however, compared with his contemporaries, appeared like a star of the first magnitude to illumine the surrounding gloom. The gentry of Wales became gradually more and more Anglified. They had no taste for their national literature. If genius arose, it sank in obscurity.

At length Gronwy Owain rose, as it were unexpectedly, like a comet of the first blaze, above the horizon of Cambrian poetry. With so many difficulties to encounter, and so few encouragements to aid, yet his compositions will stand as lasting monuments of his extraordinary talent. His models, however, met with but few imitations; and among those few, may be reckoned William Wynn and Ieuan Vardd.<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding such a lamented decline of poetic taste, the "Rymours" had not forgotten the term Eisteddvod;

<sup>1</sup> [The Rev. Evan Evans, or *Ieuan Brydydd Hir*, who died in 1789.]

and they, with their bon-companions, the ale-vendors, contrived ways and means to convene occasional meetings under that antiquated appellation at various times, in several parts of Wales.

One of these congresses was held at Machynlleth, as a convenient spot between North and South Wales. In the almanacs of the times, we have some account of one held at Llanbrynmair, in Cyveiliog, convened by W. Wynn, then vicar of the parish.<sup>1</sup> Another at Llansanffraid Glyn Ceiriog, Dydd Iau Dyrchavael, 1743, where Sion Prys (Philomath) sat as president and judge. Another at Llanidloes, where his rival, Gwilym Howel, *Almanacwr*, presided. Similar meetings were announced in the Welsh almanacs, to be held at Cardigan, Newport, and other places in South Wales.

But to come nearer to our own times: one of these convivial assemblies was announced a few months previously, to be held at Llan Gollen, about Christmas, 1788. The principal mover of this Eisteddvod was the late Mr. John Edwards, of Pen y Bryn, in the vicinity of that town, a good-natured man, as fond of *barddoniaeth* as *cwrw*, and *vice versa*. One of the attendants at this meeting was Mr. Thomas Jones, officer of excise, stationed at Corwen; who should be particularly noticed, for with him originated the late prevailing taste for the encouragement of native talent in the Principality. He was son and heir of a freeholder, in the parish of Clocaenog, near Ruthin; and had a taste for the three sister arts of poetry, painting, and music. The proceedings of the petty session of bards at Llan Gollen, induced him to open a correspondence with the secretary of the Gwyneddigion Society, which had been founded in London, by Mr. Owen Jones (Myvyr) and others, natives of North Wales, about eighteen years before. The issue was, that

<sup>1</sup> [The Rev. William Wynn died rector of Llangynhaval, Denbighshire, in 1760.]



an Eisteddvod was proclaimed to be held at Corwen, on the 12th of May following. A "Silver Chair" (*cadair arian*) was proposed for the best extempore composer of verses, on a variety of subjects to be given at the meeting<sup>1</sup>; and a silver medal to the best singer with the Welsh harp. The former was manufactured at Chester, in the shape of a military gorget, and paid for by subscription; the latter appeared to be of a London make, and was presented by the Gwyneddigion Society, as its first medal upon such an occasion. When the 12th of May arrived, the Assembly Room was well filled by the clergy and gentry of the three counties of Meirioneth, Denbigh, and Flint, and Mr. Thomas Jones was unanimously called to the presiding chair. Seven or eight versifiers being seated round a table in the centre of the room, one of them recited an initiatory poem composed for the occasion; and then the president announced the following subjects in succession, viz.:—1. Upon the recent recovery of the King (George III). 2. Queen Charlotte. 3. George, Prince of Wales. 4. Mr. Pitt, first Lord of the Treasury. 5. On the Restitution of Nannau to its right owners, the Vaughans. 6. Corwen Bridge, on the Dee. 7. The Hare. 8. The King's Physician (Dr. Willis). 9. Liberty Hall, a Grousing Box on the Berwyn Hills. 10. Lord Bagot. 11. Owain Glyndwr. 12. The Gwyneddigion Society.

The President and his Committee not feeling themselves competent to adjudge the medal, selected three of the compositions, which they considered the best, and forwarded them to the Gwyneddigion Society, requesting the favour of their decision upon their respective merits. The composition by T. Edwards, Nant, was marked No. 1; that by Jonathan Hughes, No. 2; and the last by Walter Davies, No. 3. The Society, after some repeated deliberations, adjudged in

<sup>1</sup> [Some of the effusions of this Eisteddvod will be found, *anté*, vol. i. pp. 226-39.]

favour of No. 3. This raised the indignation of one of its members, Mr. David Samwell (D. Ddu Veddyg) to such a pitch, that he challenged one of the opponents of No. 1, to give him the satisfaction of a gentleman on Primrose Hill. The challenge not being accepted, Mr. D. Samwell ordered a silver writing pen, inscribed—"Rhodd Davydd Samwel, i T. Edwards (Nant), Pen-Bardd Cymru," and forwarded it to soothe the angry feelings of his disappointed friend.

The writer of these notices, though interested in the decision at the time, is now, notwithstanding, satisfied in his own mind that Mr. D. Samwell was perfectly correct when he maintained the superiority of No. 1, and only wishes that D. S. had been equally correct upon several other points he maintained. His friend, T. Edwards, was certainly superior to all rivalry in extempore compositions.

After an unequal contest between the singers of *pennillion*, the medal could not be withheld from the most correct vocalist of the age, Lewis Roberts, who was honoured with the title of "The Twrog Nightingale" (Eos Twrog).

Soon after this, was announced by printed handbills, the second Eisteddvod under the patronage of the Gwyneddigion Society, to be held at Bala, on the 29th of September following, where a silver medal would be given to the writer of the best Ode (Awdl) on the subject—"Ystyriaeth ar Oes Dyn;" and another medal to the best singer with the harp. Mr. David Samwell thought himself justified in opposing, a second time, the decision of the Society in awarding the medal and chair to Walter Davies, as appears by the following communication from him to the Editor of *Adams's Chester Courant*, dated Nov. 10th, 1789:—

"On the 29th and 30th of September last, a Meeting of Welsh Bards, called Eisteddvod, was held at Bala, in Merionethshire; a singular institution for the encouragement of poetry, which has subsisted in Wales from the earliest times. The Members of a

Society in London, called Gwyneddigion, offered a silver medal to the author of the best composition upon "The Life of Man." Twelve competitors appeared at the meeting, and the productions of the major part of them were entitled to great praise. Unfortunately for the interest of genius and true poetry, the Society, upon the score of paying the piper, claimed to itself the privilege of deciding upon the merits of the different compositions, a task, which in justice to the authors, they ought to have assigned to competent judges. The meeting was held at the Town Hall, and attended by a great concourse of people. An emblematical painting, suitable to the occasion, was hung in the room; on one side, the Muse was represented in tears; and on the other, the three principal Bards characterized in the following manner:—

"The Sense and Thoughts of Jonathan Hughes.

"The Muse and flowing vein of Thomas Edwards.

"The Rules and Purity of Language of Walter Davies.

"The excellencies attributed to Hughes and Davies jointly were united in one English writer, Pope; but the attributes of Thomas Edwards are those of Shakespeare himself, and without which, it is ridiculous for any one to aspire to the name of a poet. However, Rules and Pure Language carried the day against the Muse, against good Thoughts, and against Sense, by the desire of the Gwyneddigion Society."

The representation of the "Muse in Tears" at Bala, was the production of the pencil of Mr. Thomas Jones, president of the Corwen Eisteddvod, and alluded exclusively to the waspish contest for the prize at that meeting, and could have no reference whatever to the Bala Eisteddvod, which Mr. D. Samwell in his philippic above seemed to imply. Neither did he seem aware that in case W. Davies had been placed by the London umpires between the 10th and 11th of the competitors, David Thomas (D. Ddu Eryri)

would have stood between Thomas Edwards and the Chair at Bala. Indeed the Chair for the best extempore compositions, on the following day, was adjudged to the Bard of Snowdon, in preference to T. Edwards. Davydd Ddu also took his share of the umbrage given at Bala, by the decision upon the prize odes; for he wrote a spleenish remonstrance to the Gwyneddigion Society, under the signature of *Brotos*.

At the Bala Eisteddvod, Lewis Roberts, the Corwen successful vocalist, was voted to Coventry, that other aspirants might sing with the greater glee, in hopes of winning. After a long contest, the medal was adjudged to John Evans, of Llanystumdwy, since called "Eos Eivionydd." After having sung with the harp all night, the two nightingales, about three in the morning, flung each his medal into a hat, having agreed to sing, until either of them should be adjudged worthy of both medals.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE MONTGOMERYSHIRE  
BRANCH OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

PREVIOUS to my presenting a motion put into my hands, I beg leave to trespass a little upon the ground which has been so well occupied by the gentlemen who have preceded me, in congratulating the county in general, and this respectable meeting, and the friends of Bible institutions in particular, upon your appearance a second time in this place, as president of our Auxiliary Society.<sup>1</sup> You, sir, with whom we have entrusted the guardianship of our civil rights in the Senate, we are also happy, and even proud to own as president of an institution embracing consequences of still more weighty importance; not only the temporal rights of a few constituents, but the eternal interests of the human race; an institution, whose laudable attempt is to Christianize, and thereby to civilize, the victims of ignorance, error, and superstition, wherever they are found. May you, sir, continue to merit, as you have hitherto done, our unqualified approbation of your public conduct, in both capacities, to the end of a long and happy life!

I need not dwell long upon the cheering prospect presented to us in the last Report of the Parent Society, of the success attending its labours and those of its several ramifications and counterparts in various parts of the two hemispheres. These welcome tidings are apparent in almost every page of the Report; and they are calculated to excite, in every Christian bosom,

<sup>1</sup> [The late Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, M.P., Chairman of the meeting, and President of the Montgomeryshire branch of the Society.]

sentiments of devout gratitude to that God, whose "word runneth so very swiftly;" and the most ardent wishes for the final completion of the Scripture promises when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea"—the "waters of the sanctuary," issuing from under the threshold of the temple, as described by the prophet (*Ezek. xlvii.*), increasing in bulk and depth as they proceed, year by year, until at length they become a majestic and unfordable river, visiting and fertilizing the desolate places of the earth, and producing on its banks fruit to feed the spiritually hungry, and leaves to heal the spiritually sick: and we may hence joyfully anticipate the time, when, by the influence of these living waters of the Gospel, the deserts, even of Tartary and Arabia, shall "blossom as the rose:" and even now, in the once horrible caverns of the mines of Siberia—*there* hath the "Sun of righteousness risen with healing in his wings." So that whilst the bodies of the forlorn exiles are held in "durance vile," their souls may ascend on the wings of faith, and enjoy, during the whole period of their banishment, "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

As to the opposition manifested abroad against the progress of Bible Societies, it should not excite in us any wonder. Indeed, the wonder would have been had they met with no opposition at all. Scarcely ever hath heaven-born Truth been permitted to erect her fair temple on earth, without opposition from the Sanballats of Error. Truth, even truth demonstrable by the strictest rules of science, hath had its assailants from the dark recesses of bigotry and ignorance. The far-famed Galileo was compelled to retract his well-grounded opinions of the solar system, out of fear of the persecutive thunders of the Vatican. These thunders, though less tremendous, it is true, than formerly, are now employed against the progress of Gospel truth: but we may confidently conclude, that opposition, from this quarter, will eventually defeat its

own intention. We are assured that the "power of darkness," even the "gates of hell," much less the impotence of man, shall never prevail against the decrees of heaven. "The man of sin, who opposeth and exalteth himself, above all that is called God," hath been very aptly described, by a certain writer, about a century and a half ago, as a decrepit old man, sitting at the door of his den, and snarling at the passing pilgrims, without any other power being left him to annoy them; whilst, at the same time, the adjacent plains were whitened with the bones, and blackened with the ashes of martyrs, who had fallen victims to his fury, in the day of his power. Though grown older and weaker, he is still snarling; but we have the satisfaction to find, that many clergy, within his own pale, notwithstanding the vehemence of his bulls, and the remonstrances of his nuncios, yet dare persevere in the good work and labour of love of distributing Bibles and Testaments among their respective flocks; and as long as the venerable and zealous *Leander Van Ess*<sup>1</sup> continues his unwearied exertions in the sacred cause, we may borrow a figurative expression, and say, *Luther is still alive*. The Lord will not leave himself without witness in the darkest regions of Popery, until at length even Italy and Austria, Spain and France, will unite with the nations of "Tarshish, Pul, and Lud, and Tubal and Javan, in declaring the glory of God among the Gentiles." With respect to the opposition in our own island, grounded on the supposed hostility existing between the British and Foreign Bible Society and the venerable institution for "Promoting Christian Knowledge," to the credit of the latter be it spoken, it has not the slightest foundation in truth. This visionary hostility, the effect of superficial reflection, puts me in mind of another objection, equally fanciful and groundless, which arose from a question debated

<sup>1</sup> [A Roman Catholic German divine of considerable celebrity in his day.]

in a London society, several years back: "Supposing a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, to connect the two great oceans, for the benefit of commerce; whether a great influx of water from the Pacific into the Atlantic, or the reverse, which makes no difference at present, would not cause an inundation, a second deluge as it were, to the destruction of the lives and property of millions?" This question was decided at the time, by a few sophists, in the affirmative; without their taking into consideration the vast connections already existing between the two oceans, to the south of Cape Horn, and the coasts of New Holland: and even were no such connections existing, were the two main continents entire masses from pole to pole, so as to form a continuous belt of *terra firma* around the globe, yet the universal law of gravitation would have been sufficient to maintain the equilibrium of the mighty oceans. They are, in fact, but one ocean, though diversified by various names in different parts, for the convenience of geographers and navigators. They obey the same law, prescribed by the great Creative Power, who set limits to each division, by saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further: and *here* shall thy proud waves be stayed." It is therefore contrary to the fixed law of nature that the oceans should invade each other's territory. The two societies in question, with respect to each other, are under similar circumstances. The kingdom of Satan, divided against itself, cannot stand. Error, having no fixed standard, must ever be liable to change. Truth, on the contrary, is immutable. Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. His kingdom cannot be divided against itself. The two societies, therefore, having erected their fair fabrics upon the same foundation, the corner stone of Christianity, cannot act in hostility to each other, without either or both of them being guilty of delusion of principle. The end or the objects they respectively aim at, are the same: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth



peace, good will towards men." It is *not* an enemy that soweth good seed in the field of the Gospel. The two societies, therefore, are no hostile rivals; they are rather co-operators, auxiliaries in the same great cause. Their joint hostility is against the enemies of God and man; against error and superstition; against the bloody sacrifices of human victims; against every thing that is repugnant to the doctrines and the precepts of the Gospel of truth. This Gospel, we are this day met, and as bearing the name of Christians, we are bound, to support, by endeavouring, as humble instruments, its more extensive propagation. Its sound is going forth into all lands, "conquering and to conquer." The victories of the Gospel are of a singular character: they are bloodless, but complete. As many of us as have become members of both societies, we need not repent of the act: it is consistent with the character both of the patriot and the Christian. "Let us not therefore be weary in well doing," and "our labour will not be in vain in the Lord." The nineteenth century will form a most remarkable epoch in the annals of Christianity: the British and Foreign Bible Society commenced its operation nearly at the commencement of the century; and we have already seen wonders; but the generation of men that will be living at the close of the century will have the happiness to see even "greater things than these."

## A SKETCH

OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF HUW MORUS.<sup>1</sup>

HUW MORUS, or Hugh Maurice, the third son of a respectable freeholder living upon his own patrimony at Pont y Meibion, in the romantic valley of Ceiriog, Denbighshire, was born in the year 1622. Whether he had any education, beside what he acquired by his own application, innate genius, and facility for attainments, we are not informed. Being a younger son, he was apprenticed, at a proper age, to a tanner, who lived at a house called Gwaliau, in the vicinity of Overton, on the Dee, in the detached portion of Flintshire. His biographer in the *Cambrian Register*,<sup>2</sup> from whose materials some portion of this sketch has been extracted, has ventured to assert that the young Bard quitted that situation before the expiration of his term. I am of a different opinion, founded upon written evidence left by the Bard himself in one of his juvenile songs. In this humorous piece he complains of the restrictions he lay under by the obligations of his indentures—that he dared not even to speak to the object of his affections without incurring a penalty of *forty pounds*; and that when the grievous term of *seven* long years had expired, his mind was much gratified with the pleasing prospect of regaining his liberty, so that he might without such servile shackles renew his addresses to the admired fair. But lo! haunted, as it were, by crosses and disappointments—a new law passed, which restricted the marriage ceremony to the secular magistrate. The young

<sup>1</sup> [This Sketch was originally prefixed to *Eos Ceiriog*, a Collection of the Poems of Huw Morus. Wrexham, 1820-23, 2 vols. 12mo.]

<sup>2</sup> Volume i. p. 426.

couple, instead of having their banns, as theretofore, asked by a minister in church, were to be proclaimed as candidates for the state of wedlock in the open street, at the cross of the nearest market-town, upon three successive market-days. During this gloomy period, the unhappy pair were to be kept in a kind of vile durance, without the permission of visiting each other. When this farce was over, the crier's fees paid, and the consent of parents obtained, a lawyer was to present the young aspirants to a magistrate, who concluded the hymeneal ceremony, according to the direction of the committee. This law, the Bard says, was so repugnant to his feelings, that he made a vow of celibacy, as long as it should continue in force. He concludes, however, with a powerful appeal to the passions of the fair sex, exciting them to join him in petitioning the ruling power for the abrogation of such an odious statute.

The parts of the song corroborative of the foregoing account are the following:—

“ \* \* \* \* \*  
 Bûm felly *saith* mlynedd \* \*  
 \* \* Heb feiddiau cael cusan llancesi;  
 Mi awn ffwrd ar hynt, fel y gwynt,  
 Rhag fforffetio *deugain* punt;  
 Yr awron aeth, yn fater gwaeth,  
 Gwedi bwrw gwythen gaeth;  
 Wrth dd'od yn rhydd, rhyw gyfraith sydd,  
 Na cheir cofleidio un wen tan wŷdd;  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Rhyw gyfraith newydd gwmbus  
 Anhwylus ydyw hon!  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Gan y Committi, mae dyfais i'n dofi,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Y hi a minnau meinir, i garchar a gyrchir,  
 A llawer a gostir trwy gystudd;  
 Gwrando, clyw—Lloer fwyna'n fyw,  
 Meddylia'n frau, rhag dyodde'n dau,  
 Pan fwy' yn cynnyg—fy nacâu—  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Myn'd at ei thad, yng ngŵydd y wlad,  
 A chael mewn dig friwiedig frad,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Rhoddi'r ddeuddyn, cyn eu cychwyn,  
 Yn siwr mewn gafael nes eu gofyn;  
 Aeth hyny'n ormod rhwystyr,  
 Ein rhoi tan law cyfreithwyr,

Rhaid ydyw cospi natur  
Oe cysur gwell nis cawn.

Rhoi cryn bris i ffwl o ffis,  
Am grio'n ffraeth, da y gwyr ei phris;  
Cyhoeddi gwen, ar groes o bren,  
O flaen y byd oni flino ei ben;  
Oes neb a wyr achosion

Ddweyd i'r gwledydd, ar leferydd  
Eu bod mewn golwg yn ffit i'w gilydd;

Rhaid dywedyd, rai nwyfus,  
Ar osteg i'r ustus,  
A hwnw fydd hwylus i'w holi.

Oni chaf fy mun——o honi ei hun,  
Heibio yr af heb yr un;

Y merched, rhowch eich gweddi,  
Yn ffyddlon gyda myfi,  
Am gael y gyfraith ddifri,  
Ffei o honi, 'leni i lawr."

The Bard, however, upon his release from his apprenticeship, never troubled his head about tanning hides, but returned to his father's house at Pont y Meibion; with whom, and afterwards with his eldest brother, and probably also with his successor, he continued as an assistant farmer until his death in the year 1709: but from the voluminousness of his poetical effusions it appears evident that his hand held a writing pen much more frequently than either a spade or a plough.

His productions, which first procured to him the fame of being the first poet of his age, were amatory songs, adapted to varieties of lyric measures. It seems that he was frequently applied to, by the love-sick swain, for soothing verses to mollify the unfeelingness of some shy nymph. From his patterns, "*Mawl Merch*" became a common theme (though in humble imitations of the prototypes of our Bard) with his contemporaries as well as later writers; a subject that now seldom occupies the bardic loom. The times are changed; and may it have been for the better. In his younger years he also composed several sacred dramas, and some comedies. These are now mostly buried in

oblivion; a few songs with which they were embellished only remaining.

His fame as a composer, and his promptness at extemporary verses, soon attracted the attention of the neighbouring persons of quality; and we accordingly find him a frequent as well as a welcome guest at Chirk Castle, Porkington, Glasgoed, and Plas Newydd. At Porkington he had an interview with the learned Dr. William Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, and verses, then and there composed by him, appear in this collection.

In politics, he was attached to monarchy, and a staunch friend to the cause of Charles I. During the civil war he did not stand an idle spectator of the scenes passing before him. He exerted all the powers of his pen (and few pens were more powerful in biasing public opinion) on the side of royalty. Several satirical compositions, expressive of his principles in church and state, are now published. Notwithstanding that he enlisted under the banners of a party, and wielded with a strong arm the sword of contention, it doth not appear to have had the effect of souring his temper. A vein of candour and good nature runs through all his satirical writings. Their predominant character is *humour*. In many parts he has lashed the hyprocrisy and religious cant of the times in a strain of keen wit and irony, equal, if not superior, to any thing to be found in Butler on the same subject.

It is recorded that when Henry VII. reprimanded the Earl of Surrey for opposing him at Bosworth Field—the Earl answered, “I thought it my duty, my liege, to fight on behalf of the crown. The crown was then on the head of Richard; and had it been on the top of a stake, I would have fought for it. Now, the crown being on your Majesty’s head, I will risk, if necessary, my life and my fortune in its defence.” Henry smiled and pardoned the Earl. Upon a similar principle, the Bard of Ceiriog continued steady

in his attachment to the crown, through six successive reigns; even when "Liberty wept over misguided Sydney's tomb," and when the constitution itself was in danger, through the wayward politics of James II; but at this monarch's abdication he readily adopted the principles of the revolution, and celebrated in energetic strains the triumphs of William, off La Hogue, and in Flanders.

Besides the risk he ran from his hostility to the Parliamentary faction, he was put in jeopardy of life and limb in his warfare against private acts of injustice. An estate, in Bromfield, was wrested from the right heir by a forged will, which the hand of the late owner, after his decease, had been guided to subscribe; and therefore his name was sworn to as his signature. When this nocturnal and infernal act was whispered abroad, our Bard severely lashed the principal actors in this dark business in four satires, published in this collection, called "*Cerddi y Tiroedd Taerion*." He alludes to the supernatural ringing of the bells in the tower of Ruabon church, in the dead of the night, at the awful moment when the perpetrators of the horrid deed were committing the forgery. To retaliate in some way of personal injury, the party accused conspired to lay hold of the satirist. When they arrived at Pont y Meibion, the first person they met with was the Bard himself; but not knowing him otherwise than by his writings, they inquired whether Huw Morus was at home? Guessing at their errand, he answered in the negative, but offered to conduct them to the place where he was. On the way, he found an opportunity to make his escape unobserved; as much, no doubt, to his own satisfaction, as their disappointment.

It has been already noticed that he lived during the reigns of six of our monarchs; he also lived during the incumbencies of six of the vicars of his parish church of Llan Silin, where he was a constant attendant at public worship, unless prevented by

adverse weather, or sickness, though he lived at the distance of five miles, and had a considerable portion of the bleak range of the Berwyn hills to traverse.

In many country churches in Wales, the congregation went out, at the conclusion of the service, in a regular procession, according to an adopted scale of precedence: but such was the respect in which Huw Morus was held in his parish church, that the vicar, who by custom was used to lead out his flock, could not be prevailed upon to take the precedence of the highly-gifted Bard. He was well versed in the sacred writings, as well as a man of uncommon talents; and was looked upon by his contemporaries in somewhat of a sacred light, as a man divinely inspired and endowed from above with wonderful powers of mind. Such is the popular and current tradition of the country, even at this day.

Notwithstanding the playfulness displayed by his muse in his juvenile pieces, he was nevertheless a man of exemplary moral conduct. His writings everywhere discover a heart impressed with virtuous sentiments, a humble mind, submissive and resigned to the will of his Creator. He took no small pains to disseminate the principles of sober religion among his countrymen. From the esteem and veneration in which his opinions were held among the middling and lower classes of society, it is not to be doubted that his writings had a powerful and beneficial influence over the morals and habits of the common people. To check the career of vice and injustice, to aid the cause of virtue, and inculcate the precepts of humanity and benevolence, the Bard was ever ready to exert his talents. At one time we find him employing his muse in the friendly office of terminating barbarous feuds and unnatural litigations that occasionally disturbed the peace of his neighbourhood; at others, supplicating relief from the opulent, for an unfortunate retainer of the muses, for a poor widow, for a helpless orphan. I have seen it remarked by some historian,

that, during the civil war, North Wales was comparatively more loyal and attached to the king than any other part of the kingdom. One cause of this superior loyalty, among others, may have been the influence which the writings of Huw Morus, and his contemporaries and coadjutors in the royal cause, had upon the mass of the people. Huw Morus, during the ascendancy of democracy, had the prudence to declare his sentiments in allegorical visions, the moral of which might be clearly understood by his countrymen. This mode of proceeding preserved him from falling into any serious scrapes. But his coadjutors in Merionethshire were less fortunate. Rowland Vaughan, Esq. of Caer Gai, had his mansion burnt to the ground, and part of his estate confiscated, the recovery of which cost him many years of expensive and vexatious lawsuit, even after the restoration of the ungrateful Charles. William Philip of Ardudwy, near Barmouth, for writing a pathetic elegy on the death of Charles I, fell under the violent resentment of the ruling power; his property was alienated, and himself, in his seventy-third year, was compelled to abscond, and take refuge among the furze bushes and clefts of the rocks of the mountains of Ardudwy. His deplorable situation, and the cause of it, he commemorates in the following lines:—

Ni feiddiaf, llechaf ar fyd llychwin—'r hawg,  
Gwae ni rai cyffredin,  
Am gellwair un gair mewn gwin,  
O fawr anhap am *frenin*.

Gad ymaith fwyniaith a fo—bur union,  
Fe ddaw brenin eto;  
A gad fod ei glod tan glo—  
Ust! Wiliam, onis delo.

Am ddywedyd hoff fryd wir ffrî—ar gân  
Mae drwg anhap imi,  
Bwgwth y maent heb wegi,  
Y cledid ar fy nannedd i.

Fe ddaw byd astud di-doetach—didwyll,  
Haws dywedyd cyfrinach;  
A'm calon union yn iach,  
A 'nhafod beth yn hyfach.



A ddaw byth dybiaw obaith diben—mwy  
 A mi yn iach lawen,  
 Y gallwyf â'm ffon gollen,  
 Ddwedyd "taw" wrth Rowndiad hen?

Daw eto wrido trwy wadu—amlwg,  
 Ac ymlw tost oerddu,  
 Achosion i rai chwysau,  
 O daw fyth y byd a fu!

Llechu, nid canu, cwynais—oer wewyr,  
 A'r Awen a gollais,  
 Braidd fyw—ac yn brudd fy ais,  
 Wylaw am fyd a welais!

Oer im' gilio, ffo, rhag *ffin*—neu gerydd  
 Am garu fy mrenin,  
 Gorfod o blith garw-fyd blin,  
 Gael weithiau *gwely eithin*!

Ni chaf ddôl, maenol, na mynydd—dof,  
 Na dyfais awenydd,  
 Na rhoi 'mhen ar obenydd,  
 Na'r coed led fy nhroed yn rhydd!

It is reported that these two loyal veterans met in the mountains during their state of exile, and had just time to compose each his stanza; which shew what kindred spirits they possessed under their misfortunes.

Pe cawn i'r Pengryinion  
 Rhwng ceulan ac afon,  
 Ac yn fy llaw goed-ffon o linon ar li—  
 Mi a gurwn yn gethin  
 Yng nghweryl fy mrenin,  
 Mi a'u gyrwn yn un byddin i'w boddi.  
R. Fychan.

Pe cawn i'r Pengryniaid  
 Ar ben goriwaered,  
 Er gwaned a hyned wyf heno,  
 A phastwn duddraenen  
 'R wy'n *ddeuddeg a thrigain*,  
 Chwi a'm gwelech i'n llawen yn llywio.  
W. Philip.

W. Philip, at length growing tired of the life of an outlaw, made his appearance, compromised matters with his persecutors, and returned to his house at Hendre. Upon this occasion the following verse was composed by him:—

Na ffo, dan wylltio, o'r neilldu—i'r *grug*,  
 Nac i'r *graig* i lechu—  
 Wŷr tònog—os rhaid hyny,  
 Hwŷm cân' wrth y tân yn ty.

This effusion shewed clearly that his loyal spirit was yet unsubdued by affliction; therefore, to provoke him still more, he was appointed tax-gatherer, over a certain district, to his highness the Protector; an office of all others the most galling to him. However, in going his rounds as a collector, he took care to let his countrymen know that he still adhered to the good old cause—that his motto as well as that of his royal master was *semper eadem*, by rehearsing at each house he went to, on presenting the assessment, the following verse:—

Am frad i'r holl-wlad, wŷr hyllion—â'u trwst,  
 Codi treth anghyflon,  
 Hwŷ gânt dâl a gofalon,  
 A chas hir o achos hon.

Then, on producing his official warrant, he added,—

Dyma warant Sant dan ei sel,—atolwg,  
 Telwch yn ddi-ochel,  
 Rhag i'r *Sant*, a'i chwant ni chel,  
 Ymgethru a myn'd yn *Gythrel*.

Though Huw Morus was not less loyal than Vaughan and Philip, he was nevertheless more prudent. He did not himself expound his own allegories, until the storm of danger was overblown. When he caricatured the times, like Æsop, he selected his *dramatis personæ* from the brute creation. Thus, in one of his visions, his characters were—

Llew—Lion—Charles I.

Llewod ieuainc—Young Lions—The young Princes.

Llwynogod Lloegr goch—The Foxes of red England

—i. e. The Parliament.

Y Llwynog—The Fox—O. Cromwell.

Moch Prydyn—The Hogs of Scotland—The Scottish Army.

Eirth Iwerddon—The Bears of Ireland.

Defaid—Sheep—The peaceable Subjects.

Bugeiliaid—Shepherds—The exiled Clergy.

Cŵn tramor—Foreign Harriers.

And in his "Battle of the Brutes," the actors were—

Barcud—Kite } Rival parties for the government of  
Cigfran—Raven } the Commonwealth.

Oen—Lamb—The revenues of Church and State.

Mwyalchen—Ouzel—The moderate party.

Y Llwynog—The Fox—O. Cromwell.

Cromwell's duplicity and cunning, in working his way to the Protectorate, are exceedingly well delineated.

Pan geisiai'r *Barcud* damaid  
A'i 'winedd nid oedd weiniaid,  
Fe ymaflai'r *Gigfran* yn ei geg,  
Nid da nid teg mo'u tynged.

Tra'r oedd yr ymdrech rhyngddyn',  
Mi a welwn *Llwynog* melyn,  
O glun i glun heb ronyn braw,  
Yn rhodio draw'n y rhedyn.

Yng nghysgod perth fe lechai,  
A'i lygaid fel canwyllau,  
Yn hyf, gwn, fod y cenaw cam  
Yn chwerthin am eu penau.

Ar ben ychydig amser,  
Gwedi iddo gael ei bleser,  
Ni adawai'r ddau aderyn dig,  
Fe *restiai* gig y brasder.

Ond pw y yn drist ai drostyn'—  
Pe byddent meirw o newyn?  
A'i fol yn llawn, mewn lloches glyd,  
Mae'n llawen fydd ar *Fadyn*!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Madyn* is an ironical epithet for a fox: as much as to say, "Good fellow:" *Llwynawg*, the dog of the wood, being the proper term.

After the Restoration, he spoke no more in parables; and Lambert, Vavasour Powell, and others, are brought upon the stage under their real names, and proper characters.

One of the sections of this collection is appropriated to Divine Songs adapted for the *Plygain* (the morning watch)—the Matins of the Nativity of our Saviour. About four o'clock in the morning (Dec. 25th), churches were illuminated, and public prayers were read, followed by the singing of these pieces called Carols. Sometimes from ten to twenty were sung by different persons, in succession. Bourne supposes, with plausibility, that this custom originated in imitation of the "*Gloria in excelsis, pax et in terris*," sung by the choir of angels over the fields of Bethlehem. Huw Morus excelled also in this species of composition; and he had numerous applications from all parts of North Wales for a new carol every year, even as late as the 86th year of his age, and but one year before his dissolution; and these his late pieces shew that his talent for writing poetry and his powers of intellect continued unimpaired to the last. As his carols, as well as his other compositions, had a very general currency, they must have had a beneficial influence in disseminating among his countrymen the true principles of Protestantism, and in shewing the fallacy of the opinions of the abettors of popery. With a discrimination, creditable to himself, and serviceable to the established religion, his carols, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. abound more with antidotes against the Romish poison, than at any other time, either previous or subsequent to that trying period. In one carol he says,

Mab Duw o'r uchel-ne'—  
Nid Paban<sup>1</sup> y delwau,  
Sy'n cadw agoriadau gwarediad.

<sup>1</sup> The Pope.

The faith of a dying penitent, he happily expresseth in the following line:—

Mi a welaf fraich Iesu, i mi llynu'n ei law!

I shall conclude this sketch in the words of his biographer in the *Cambrian Register*:<sup>1</sup>—

“Hugh Morris is to be ranked among the first of the Welsh poets. His imagination was fertile, various, and sublime. Everything flows from his pen with such felicity and ease, that his works may be called inspiration itself. We find nothing in them forced, nothing that betrays laborious effort, but all the genuine offspring of the Muse. He eminently excelled in that talent which we call *humour*, and was equally master of the pathetic and the sublime. For a proof of the first I would particularly refer to *Marwnad Gwŷr Oliver*, *Cerdd i ofyn Feiol*, *Cyffes Dic y Dawns*, and *Carol Gwyliau yn amser rhwysg Oliver*.

“In the pathetic style it would be difficult to find anything more tender or affecting than the Elegy on the death of Mrs. Myddelton of Plas Newydd, in the form of a dialogue between the deceased and her surviving husband. The two most beautiful compositions in the English language on the same kind of subject, are—*A Monody on the Death of his Lady*, by Lord Lyttleton; the other, *To the Memory of a young Lady*, by Mr. Shaw: whoever will compare them with this elegy, must allow that they are equalled, if not excelled, by our untutored Cambrian bard. His *Cyffes ar ei glaf*

<sup>1</sup> Mr. David Samwell, grandson to the Rev. Edward Samuel, who wrote one of the elegies on the death of Huw Morus. He was himself an elegant English poet. His eyes were used to sparkle with a very expressive vivacity, when he read the works of authors whom he admired. Among these were Huw Morus in Welsh, Collins in English, and Horace in Latin. He made a present to the Editor of this Collection of an edition of Horace which he had carried with him around the globe, when surgeon on board the *Discovery*, with Capt. Cook. He was an eye-witness of the death of that celebrated navigator on the coast of Owyhee in the Pacific Ocean; and wrote a particular account of that lamented catastrophe, in the *Biographia Britannica*; which was also published as a separate “*Narrative*,” in 4to, in 1786. Mr. D. Samwell died in the autumn of the year 1799.

*Wely* is a composition marked throughout with elevated diction and sublime sentiment. He handled religious subjects with adequate dignity, and never touched the ark with unhallowed hands.

"As a lyric writer, so astonishingly hath he been thought to excel, that a late author compares him to 'a surprising comet, appearing after the revolution of 300 years,' the date of Dafydd ab Gwilym's appearance in the poetical firmament. Both these authors, he observes, 'abounded in pure nature; and were not seemingly under any obligation to art.'"

At length our venerable bard, full of years and honour, and bidding fair for immortality, sank beneath an easy decay of age. His latter days were spent in a preparation for the awful change, and in besieging the throne of mercy with the most fervent ejaculations in verse, even in his dying moments. He died on the 31st of August, 1709, aged 87; and was buried close to the southern wall of Llan Silin church, where a stone monument, with a suitable inscription to his memory, was erected by his nephew, the proprietor of Pont y Meibion.

Καὶ δι' αὐτῆς ἀποθανὼν ἔτι λαλεῖται.

# AN ESSAY

ON THE ESTABLISHMENT AND PROPAGATION OF CHRISTIANITY  
AMONG THE CYMRY, BY THE THREE ZEALOUS FAMILIES  
OF BRAN AB LLYR, CUNEDDA WLEDIG, AND BRYCHAN  
BRYCHEINIOG.

"Tri sanctaidd Llynys Ynys Prydain:—Llynys Brân ab Llyr; a Llynys Cunedda  
Wledig; a Llynys Brychan Brycheiniog."—*Trioedd*, Rhif xlii.

## SECTION I.

### THE FAMILY OF BRAN AB LLYR.

ONE of the strongest arguments that may be adduced for the existence of a superintending providence, managing and controlling human affairs, is, that the causes of adversity or any other evil to others, anticipated by an individual, a party, or a nation of men, have been, and still are, frequently over-ruled by the agency of the Great Supreme, so as to produce effects altogether contrary to human expectation.

On this subject, affording the greatest consolation to a reflecting mind, well might the inspired writer exclaim:—"Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain."

The extinction of every spark of fraternal affection, and the breach of every social and kindred tie, in the revengeful minds of the nine patriarchs, according to human foresight, could be productive only of adverse calamity to an innocent brother, and inexpressible sorrow to the deep-wounded feelings of a disconsolate parent. But not so in the council of unerring wisdom: the crime, the very little short of fratricide, became in the issue the means of saving one of the most opulent

kingdoms of the ancient world, together with several contiguous nations and tribes, from enduring the horrors of a seven years' famine.

The conqueror of Persia and the East, the Consuls and Cæsars of pagan Rome, when, out of extravagant ambition, and insatiable thirst for conquest, wealth, and martial glory, they forced several powerful nations to pass under the yoke of servitude, never anticipated that they were by those very acts of cruelty and oppression preparing the way in most of the nations they so subdued for the admission and propagation of a Divine religion which should eventually prevail so as to abolish the worship and overturn the statue of every idol in their crowded Pantheon. The extension of the polished languages of Greece and Rome attended the progress of their all-conquering arms through every province of their widely-extended empires; so as thereby to remove one of the greatest impediments to the dissemination of the doctrines of *Revelation* about to be promulgated.

However the genius of *Prydain* may have deplored seeing her strenuous but finally unfortunate Caractacus dragged in captive chains to add fresh laurels to the triumphs of insatiable Rome, she nevertheless had the greatest incitement to grateful joy on experiencing the return received from the overflowing goodness of the Disposer of all sublunary events. What was lost by Britain in its struggles for independence against the arbitrary power of a foreign yoke, cannot be compared with what it finally gained on the return of its captives, who were instrumental in transplanting the Tree of Life into their native land from the gates of death. The clouded horizon, induced by the captivity of a few, became the forerunner of glorious liberty, in its meridian splendour, to thousands of the misguided advocates of superstition and error.

The family of the captive chief, according to the



evidence of our national Triads, were taken with him to Rome, as supernumerary securities for the more easy subjugation in future of the restless and warlike Silures. The effect of the spirited address of the undaunted Briton upon the mind of the easy Claudius procured to him and his enthralled retinue the privilege of being prisoners at large within the precincts of the imperial city.

Whether the great Apostle of the Gentiles had made his first entry into the capital of the empire during the stay of the British prisoners, we shall not now discuss. It is, however, certain that they heard the sound of the everlasting Gospel from some zealous missionaries during the period of their confinement—perhaps within twenty years of our Saviour's ascension—and may have had the early opportunity of conversing with converted Jews who had witnessed the miraculous gift of tongues on the feast of Pentecost at Jerusalem. Among these, the will of Providence was, that Brân, the father of Caractacus,<sup>1</sup> became an early convert; and when his seven years' captivity had elapsed, he and his Christian friends, who had volunteered their aid in the sacred cause, longed for a speedy passage to his native shores, to communicate to his relations, friends, and countrymen, the wonderful doctrines they had heard, believed, and embraced. Miracles; it is more than probable, they had witnessed at Rome, performed by the hands of those who were gifted with powers from above, as undeniable vouchers of the genuineness of their commission. And even had they not seen any miracles, the superiority of the new religion they had embraced appeared to their enlightened minds so far superior to pagan polytheism, or the selfish and soul-debasing tenets of druidism, that common sense alone could never hesitate as to its ready

<sup>1</sup> Tacitus mentions the wife, daughter, and brothers of Caractacus as hostages, without mentioning his father. The Triads and other British documents are positive on the subject, and include his father Brân in particular.

adoption. The more they were convinced of its infinite superiority over the inconsistent creed of their ancestors, the more they burned with ardent zeal for its propagation in their native land. They must have even blessed the once detested hour in which the perfidy of Aregwedd had betrayed them into the hands of Ostorius. With hearts overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," they longed for the earliest opportunity of laying open the council of Divine wisdom, and the treasures of Divine grace before those whom they must have considered as perishing for lack of that true knowledge which maketh men wise unto salvation.

Discarding the unfounded Arimathean legend of Glastonbury, without attempting its refutation, and leaving St. Paul's mission to Britain as a point for further discussion, we cannot hesitate, if we admit the veracity of our only national authentic records, in putting the palm inscribed—"The first Christian Missionary to the British Isles"—in the hand of "Brân the Blessed."<sup>1</sup>

The guardian angel of this happy island attended the auspicious gale that wafted the bark of this first Gospel messenger to the British shore. He and his equally zealous associates,<sup>2</sup> released from the bonds of arbitrary power, began to publish far and wide the glorious

<sup>1</sup> Called in Welsh MSS. "Bendigaid Frân ab Llyr;" and by contraction, "Bendigeidran."

<sup>2</sup> According to our national records, in addition to the members of his own family, Brân prevailed upon three Christians at Rome to accompany him on his return to Britain, who were of foreign extraction. Their names were Ilid, Cyndav, and Arwystli the Aged. Ilid and Cyndav are said to have been Israelites, and the third a Roman. Ilid has left a record of his name in the Church and parish of Llan Ilid, in Glamorganshire. Cyndav's memory has not been so fortunately preserved. Some writers identify Arwystli with the Aristobulus mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans (xvi. 10). There is to be found an Aristobulus in the Calendar of Roman Martyrs. Cardinal Baronius will have him to have preached the Gospel in Britain. When the Britons adopted a Roman name, they uniformly rejected the termination. If they caught the sound of the name in the genitive case, Aristobuli, the idiom of their language would soften the sound of the *b* into *v*, its natural derivative: we would then have *Aristovuli*, which would in course of time be easily contracted into *Arwystli*. There is nothing too forced in this.

liberty to be obtained from the thralldom of superstition within the labyrinths of error.

Natural affection towards those they formerly loved and respected, we may suppose, would induce Brân and his relatives to bestow the first fruits of their labour upon that part of the island which gave them birth. On the banks of the Severn and the Wye, on the picturesque plains of Morganwg<sup>1</sup> and Gwent, the treasures of the Gospel were unfolded and proclaimed before attentive audiences, and hills and dales re-echoed the gladdening sound.

The former celebrity of Brân and his family, as patriots and chiefs of their tribes, contributed not a little towards their obtaining a patient hearing from those who had been accustomed to pay them implicit obedience and respect in civil affairs.

Like the Areopagites of Athens listening with the profoundest attention to the more than human eloquence of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, when he declared to them the unity and attributes of their "Unknown God," the Druids of Bryn Gwyddon<sup>2</sup> and Gwaith Emrys<sup>3</sup> assembled in a body to hear what were the new doctrines that the son of Llyr the Romanized<sup>4</sup> had to communicate in opposition to their own long-established dogmas. The senior sage of the *Cromlech* stood aghast. Involuntary assent to the truth of the new doctrine quivered on his lip; and conviction of its divine influence flashed like lightning upon his soul. On a momentary reflection, self-interest prompted him to dispute, and claim the preference to his own adulterated patriarchal tenets, which length of time had warped and corrupted from their original simplicity. Skilful in logical tactics, he set up his minor tenets in opposition to the Scripture proofs of his antagonists;

<sup>1</sup> This fine tract is more likely to have had its name from its situation on the Severn sea [Morgant], than from a comparatively late prince of the country called Morgan Mwynvawr.

<sup>2</sup> Abury.

<sup>3</sup> Stonehenge.

<sup>4</sup> Llyr Llediaith.

but he soon found them assailed and battered by the irresistible engines of heaven-born Truth. The panaceous virtues of the mistletoe and the hallowed vervain—the superstitious observations of times and seasons—the initiation by midnight orgies into the arcana of the conclave—unmeaning incantations, dark sayings, and mysterious symbols, he was forced to confess were mere trifles, calculated only to amuse and deceive his fellow men. He next defended the outpost of the propriety of appeasing the offended Deity by the sacrifice of common victims, especially of “milk-white steers” upon reeky altars within the precincts of consecrated groves. This post was also found untenable, and he was compelled to condemn the practice, as not only cruel, but also impious and absurd. He now retired to his “dernier resort” within the citadel of his concentric circles; where he cherished the forlorn hope of being exempted from further attacks. He boasted his acquiescence in the patriarchal tenet of the unity of the Deity (notwithstanding the calumny of the ignorant and profane, who attributed to his system the polytheism of degenerated nations). He agreed, he said, with his Christian opponents in believing the immortality of the soul; and he urged the necessity of that soul being virtuous in this life, its circle of probation, in order that it may be happy in the circle of eternal beatitude. The father of the immortal Caradog,<sup>1</sup> he said, could not blame his fraternity for their endeavours to sharpen the acumen of national courage, in defence of their dearest rights, against the lawless aggressions of foreign tyranny. But being requested to consult the sacred oracles, as the only code of divine law and faith revealed to fallen man, he found that his druidical structure could not stand the test, but that it must be erased to its very foundation; and that thereon must be erected a temple of purer materials, a superstructure of Christian belief

<sup>1</sup> Caractacus, son of Brân ab Llŷr.

and Christian morality, against which neither the malice of men nor the gates of hell could ever prevail. He confessed his errors, renounced his opinion of metempsychosis, and was admitted a member of the first Christian assembly in Britain. Several of his order are stated to have followed their senior's example, and became zealous coadjutors in preaching the Gospel with those who had been the blessed instruments of their own conversion.

That this Silurian Church was the most ancient in Britain, cannot admit a rational doubt. Lleirwg,<sup>1</sup> the fourth in descent from Brân, is stated to have erected and endowed the first congregational place of worship at Llandav. In this province also was founded, in process of time, the Church of Caerleon upon the Usk, which afterwards became, through the patronage of the princes of Siluria, the metropolitan Church of Wales, forming a triad with those of London and York.

It is as certain therefore as our national history can ascertain, that the Christian religion was planted in Siluria before any other part of the island. To judge of its progress afterwards throughout Britain, we need only refer to the state and character of civil polity among the Celtic nations in general; and we shall find that they adhered too closely to the patriarchal system of government, which they originally brought with them on their first emigration from the plains of Shinar. Here in Britain, before and after the Christian era, they were divided into several petty states, and each of those subject only to its own peculiar

<sup>1</sup> Called also Lles son of Coel. "Coel ab Cyllin ab Caradog ab Brân ab Llyr." Lles was surnamed Lleuver Mawr, from his acknowledged services to the Christian Church. Lles, it is probable, was Latinized *Lucius*, who is said to have sent a letter to Pope Eleutherius, for the aid of additional missionaries, who sent over Dyvan (or Doewan) and Fagan. Dyvan suffered martyrdom at Merthyr Dyvan, in Glamorganshire; he is also the patron saint of Llan Rhaiadr ym Mochnant. *Gwyl Doewan*, and *Mwyar Doewan* (cloudberry), are well known in the latter parish. Fagan's name and services are commemorated in the Church and parish of St. Fagan's, near Cardiff, in the Vale of Glamorgan.

jurisdiction; never co-operating for the general good of the whole, save when danger to all their tribes was imminent. On such occasions, a commander-in-chief was elected in a national council, as in the case of Caswallon, chief of the Trinobantes, on the second invasion by Cæsar; of Caradog, prince of the Silures, to oppose the victorious Romans under Ostorius; and thirdly, of Arthur, another Silurian chieftain, when the Saxon power preponderated. But as soon as the fury of a storm seemed to subside, the generalissimo commonly retired within the bounds of his original patrimony; and each of the late subordinate chiefs re-assumed his wonted station and authority within his own province.

From the foregoing statement of the Celtic polity, we must concede to the correctness of the observation of a celebrated Roman writer,<sup>1</sup> respecting the British *Reguli*. This want of union among the several tribes, in their incipient state of civilization, must have been productive of jealousies, and consequent discords and broils among rival chiefs upon the slightest occasions.<sup>2</sup> This evil spirit of reciprocal counteraction must also have had considerable effect in retarding the progress of Christianity through the island.

Brân and his associates sowed the seed successfully within his own province of Siluria; but it does not appear that it took deep root for some ages, either northward or eastward, among either the chiefs or the vassals of other states. Thus disunion became the bane of ecclesiastical as well as of civil polity. But, however the apathy engendered by hostile interests, and the inveteracy of savage habits and superstitious rites, may have for a season blasted the hopes of a plentiful

<sup>1</sup> "Nec aliud adversus validissimas gentes pro nobis utilius, quam quod in commune non consulunt. Rarus duabus tribusque civitatibus ad propulsandum commune periculum conventus: ita dum *singuli pugnant universi vincuntur.*"  
TACIT. *Vit. Agricola.*

<sup>2</sup> "Am *nyth aderyn*, gwelltyn, gynt,  
Mor *filain yr ymrafaelynt.*"


harvest, once fostered in the sanguine expectations of the zealous and patriotic Brân, yet we are not from thence to conclude that the good seed lay as it were confined exclusively between the Avon and the Towy, but rather that the gales of Providence wafted some of the Silurian farina towards the four winds of heaven; were it only, according to the sure word of prophecy, to bring unto Zion, "one of a city, and two of a family."

Having dilated thus far on the introduction of Christianity into Britain by the first "holy family," we proceed in the next section to trace a few outlines of its farther propagation by the family next in succession in the Triad.

## SECTION II.

### THE FAMILY OF CUNEDDA WLEDIG.

EXAMPLE, in all cases, is allowed to have greater influence on the mind than precept; and in no case does it act with stronger effect than when it is exhibited by persons of exalted stations in the scale of society. When Constantine the Great assumed the purple, and hoisted his consecrated *labarum*,<sup>1</sup> as the banner of the

<sup>1</sup> It appears from Roman authors that the *labarum* was in use as a banner and embossed on coins for at least two centuries previous to the Christian era. Its adoption by Constantine, as a Christian standard, rendered its name and history much more celebrated; and it was employed by him, in its new form, against both his pagan rivals, Maxentius and Licinus. It was richly emblazoned with gold and precious stones. In its centre, under a golden crown, was a monogram, consisting of the two first letters of the name of Christ in Greek, X and P, the former surmounted on the latter; thus— On each side of the monogram was placed the first and last letter of the Greek alphabet, expressive of the eternity of Christ. When Julian, the nephew of Constantine, succeeded to the empire, he restored the pagan *labarum*, with devices thereon consistent with his apostate creed. On the decline of learning, the monogram of the *labarum* became unintelligible, as well as IHΣ, the initials of Jesus in Greek, which some decipherers, even at this day, do read, "Jesus Hominum Salvator."

Cross, then was most clearly fulfilled the promise in Holy Writ, that "kings should become nursing fathers and queens nursing mothers" to the infant Church. Having the example of the greatest potentate on earth before them, tributary kings and inferior princes must have entertained less prejudice against the religion so openly avowed and protected by their sovereign monarch. The pious evangelist of the day, who had weathered the storm of Dioclesian, gloried in the sunshine of the emperor's protection. They were indefatigable in the discharge of their important functions. The number of converts multiplied with rapidity, they flocked into the sanctuary of the Church "like a flowing stream;" "they were delighted with the abundance of her glory." Even in Britain, tossed to and fro by the winds and waves of adversity, torn by factions and domestic broils, retaining still the venom of heathen notions, Christianity, during the reign of Constantine, became more widely diffused. Churches were founded in various parts of the island, from Menevia to the Wall of Hadrian, and from the banks of the Deva to the mouth of the Thames. Dioceses were established, and the Bishops of York and London, with other inferior ecclesiastics, at the emperor's mandate, attended several foreign councils. But this sunshine of civil and religious prosperity was but of short duration. Britain was doomed to endure the pouring of other vials; and the billows of the judgements of heaven rolled over the island in rapid succession from shore to shore. The death of the illustrious Constantine—the effects of his fatal division of the empire—the usurpation of Maximus,<sup>1</sup> whose

<sup>1</sup> The history of Maximus seems to be involved in much obscurity. He is the *Macsen Wledig* of our British writers, a hero of no mean character, though clouded with the absurdities of fiction. He is said to have married Elen Luyddog, the daughter of Eudav, who is represented as the son of Caradog ab Brân, the Caractacus of Roman history. Caradog was carried



ill-founded ambition drained this island not only of its disciplined legions, but also of nearly all its males capable of bearing arms, to follow his desperate fortune abroad—to

“ March, and fight, and fall in foreign lands; ”

so that, according to the testimony of our Triads, the population of Britain was reduced to old men, women, and children. And, to crown this catalogue of national disasters, the Roman empire itself was now tottering as an unwieldy fabric over an undermined basis, and assailed at once by an earthquake from beneath, and by the thunderbolts of Heaven from above. The eagle of Rome, in its prime existence, though commonly regarded as the emblem of rapacity, and, wherever it flew, as the harbinger of blood and conquest, nevertheless bore in its train the blessings of civilization to the savage, and of protection to the weak from the grasp of the violent. How rapid were its flights from the Danube to the Tigris, and from the shores of the Euxine to the passes of the Pyrenees, when treachery and corruption unfurled their banners, or the deserts of Scythia poured forth their desolating hordes!

Britain, above all other dependent states, had the greatest reason to deplore the decline of Roman power. The uncivilized Britons inhabiting the wild regions north of the Roman province of Valentia, the descendants of the *Caledonii* of Tacitus, and denominated *Picti* by later writers, forced their rapid progress through the Walls of Antonine and Severus, and desolated, with uncommon fury, the fairest portions of

prisoner to Rome A.D. 52. Maximus carried over the flower of British population to Gaul about A.D. 380: so that a period of about 320 years is allowed for three descents or generations from Caradog to Maximus. Our manuscripts abound with anachronisms; and were they all collected together, it would be a deed of national credit to commit at least three-fourths of them to undergo the purgation of another Ysgolan.

southern Britain. The Scoti of Erin, hovering along the western coasts from Menevia to the Hebrides, landed and joined in the partition of the general plunder.<sup>1</sup>

At this calamitous period, Cunedda Wledig, a prince of a tribe inhabiting a tract continually exposed to the first attack of the Northern barbarians, was compelled to relinquish his patrimony in Bernicia, and to seek a more secure settlement in Gwynedd, to which he had a claim in right of his mother Gwawl, the daughter of Coel Godebog. Whether, according to some writers, Cunedda had been invited from the North, by his kindred tribes in Wales, to assist them in expelling the Irish Clans who had settled on the western coasts, or whether, as above, he had been driven to such an alternative, cannot be altogether certain, and may be immaterial at this distance of time. In either case, it argues the weakness of the British states at that period. However, when Cunedda arrived in Wales, he found the western coasts, as above noticed, colonized by the Hibernian rovers, who had settled there for several years in defiance of the native Cymry. Cunedda, and his numerous sons, leading what forces they could collect in addition to their own, succeeded in expelling the unwelcome intruders; and Cunedda himself is stated to have slain Sirigi Wyddel, one of the Irish leaders, at Ceryg y Gwyddyl, near Côr Gybi or Holy Head in Mona.

Ten of Cunedda's sons and a grandson settled in Wales at this time. Some of them inherited demesnes which descended to them from their ancestor, the daughter of Coel. The grateful Venedotians rewarded the rest of Cunedda's sons with manors in several parts of the recovered districts.

Adversity in worldly affairs is frequently one of the instruments of Providence to bring callous minds to

<sup>1</sup> The joint forces of the Picti and Scoti in these depredatory excursions were very appropriately termed *Gwyddyl Ffichti* by the Welsh writers of the middle ages.

reflection—minds that might be too much elevated, were they always to bask in the sunshine of prosperity. The state of Cunedda's affairs in the North, and indeed the state of Britain, and even of the world in general, taught him a salutary lesson. The evanescence of worldly power and affluence—the incessant troubles of the iron age in which it was his doom to live—brought to his mind that “bourne from which no traveller returns,” and “where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.” He left the management of civil affairs, in peace and war, entirely to his sons, whilst he himself employed the remainder of his days in furthering the cause of the Christian religion. The Triad<sup>1</sup> says:—“The second holy lineage is that of Cunedda Wledig, who first bestowed lands and immunities to God and the saints, in the Isle of Britain.”<sup>2</sup>

The greater number of his grandsons and descendants, for about two centuries, embraced a religious life, devoting their time and wealth in building churches,<sup>3</sup> and preaching the Gospel in such parts as still adhered to the doctrines of Druidism, or any other delusions of error.

<sup>1</sup> Triad xviii. Second Series.—*Archæol.* vol. ii. p. 61.

<sup>2</sup> Cunedda is said to have ceased from his labours about the year 389.

<sup>3</sup> In tracing the catalogue of British Saints alphabetically, from A to E, there are no less than thirty-seven either lineally descended from him, or in a collateral line from his grandfather Coel. Had the enumeration been continued to the letter Y, there is reason to presume that the number would be about three times as many, if not much more. Among such descendants, some lineal, others collateral, we select the few following personages:—

*Avan Buellt*, “Avanus Episcopus,” on his monumental stone pillar at Llan Avan Vawr in Brecknockshire.

*Asaph*, the successor of Kentigern at St. Asaph.

*Deiniol*, the first bishop of Bangor.

*Eldad*, bishop of Caer Loew, slain by the pagan Saxons.

*Einion Vrenin*, great grandson of Cunedda, founder of the College of Penmon, and joint founder with Emyr Llydaw of the College of Enlli.

*Dewi*, or St. David, bishop of Mynyw, and patron saint of Wales. In this respect, and in this only perhaps, Wales has pre-eminence over England. Dewi, undoubtedly, was a very exalted character, when stripped of the tinsels of fiction attached to him by monkish writers; whilst the patron saint of England, however he came to be elected, is stiled by Gibbon—“the infamous George of Cappadocia.”

## SECTION III.

## THE FAMILY OF BRYCHAN BRYCHEINIOG.

It is stated in our records that Aulach, son of Cormac, king of Ireland, married Marchell, sole daughter and heiress of Tewdrig, prince of Garth Madryn; and that the issue of that match was Brychan, the founder of the third holy lineage enumerated in the Triad, about the middle of the fourth century. Brychan is said to have married three wives, who, by their barbarous names, do not seem to have been natives of Britain. He is moreover stated to have been the parent of a most numerous progeny, whom, according to the Triad, "he caused to be educated in religion and ethics, that they might be qualified to teach the faith in Christ to such of the nation of the Cymry as were ignorant of it."

If Brychan spent the early part of his life with his father in Ireland, he was probably a pagan when he arrived in Wales, to inherit his mother's patrimony. Garmon, the anti-Pelagian missionary from Armorica, was about this time in Wales, and is supposed by some writers to have been the instrument of the conversion of Brychan to the Christian faith, and to have appointed Dyfrig, afterwards bishop of Llandav and metropolitan of Caer Lleon, to be the tutor of his numerous offspring.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We are apprehensive that we may be deemed too easy of belief if we mention the number of the sons and daughters of this zealous patriarch. The holy office they undertook at their parent's request they seem to have discharged with assiduity and zeal. Some of them are said to have been buried, and others had churches dedicated to them, in distant parts—in France, in the Isle of Man, in Cornwall, &c. We shall here insert a short catalogue of several of them who had churches called after their names in the land of their nativity.

## 1. DAUGHTERS.

1. *Ceinwen*, at Llan Geinwen, in Mona.

In the foregoing dissertation we have traced the progress of Christianity among the nation of the Cymry from its first introduction by the family of Brân the Blessed, who had drawn their pure doctrines from the hallowed fount of the apostolic spring, down to the sixth century. We have therein observed the workings of Providence, in bringing about the most important events from apparently inadequate causes. We may presume the continuation of the purity of Christian doctrine from the days of Brân to the period when the second holy lineage devoted their services to the further propagation of Christian knowledge. The

2. *Dwynwen* seems to have had her place of worship very near her sister (No. 1), at Llanddwyn, now in ruins.
3. *Nevydd*, at Llan Nevydd, in Denbighshire.
4. *Tudvul*, at Merthyr Tudvyl, in Morganwg.
5. *Tybïeu*, at Llan Dybïeu, in Carmarthenshire.
6. *Hawystl*, at C'ôr Hawystl.<sup>1</sup>

## 2. DAUGHTERS WHO MARRIED CHIEFTAINS OF CONSIDERABLE CELEBRITY IN BRITISH HISTORY.

7. *Gwawrddydd*, married to Cadell Deyrnllwg, prince of Powys.
8. *Llian*, — to Gavran, son of Aidan, chief of the Dalreudini of Galloway.
9. *Eleri*, — Caredig, son of Cunedda Wledig, who, in the partition of West Wales, after the expulsion of the Irish settlers, had the *Tyno Coch* to his share; which from him was called Caredigion, now Cardigan.
10. *Gwawr*, — to Elidir Lydanwyn, and mother of Llywarch Hen, the Cambrian chief and bard.
11. *Nevyn*, — to Cynvarch, and mother of the celebrated Urien Rheged, the opposer of Ida, on the invasion of Deira and Bernicia by the Saxons.
12. *Gwladus*, — to Gwynlliw, a chieftain of Gwent, and mother of Catwg the Wise, first abbot of Llan Carvan, and of Cynidr and Cammarch, founders of Churches of the name in Breconshire.

## 3. SONS.

1. *Cynog*—Llan Gynog—one in Breconshire, another in Montgomeryshire; and Merthyr Cynog, where he fell a sacrifice to pagan fury.
2. *Dingad*—Llan Ddingad, in the town of Llanymddyvri; and Dingadstow, in Monmouthshire.
3. *Cadog*—Llan Gadog, near Crug Hywel.
4. *Cynoran*—in Llysyaen in Rhos. "Rhâd Duw a Chynfran lwyd ar y da!" (See Pennant.)
5. *Dyvnan*—Llan Ddyvnan, in Anglesey.
6. *Hychan*—Llan Hychan, in the Vale of Clwyd.
7. *Cynin*—Llan Gynin, in Carmarthenshire.
8. *Caian*—in Anglesey.
9. *Cledawg*—Clodock, in Herefordshire.
10. *Cledwyn*—Llan Gledwyn, in Carmarthenshire.

<sup>1</sup> Qu. whether Caerwys, in Flintshire.

application of Lleirwg to Eleutherius, for Christian teachers, and of the British to the Gallican Church for aid against the progress of the Pelagian heresy, may have arisen from the diffident modesty of the British clergy, rather than from want of abilities in the professors of religion. Even the querulous Gildas acknowledges that there were a few in his degenerate age, who had not bowed the knee to Baal. In the fifth century, Pelagianism was suppressed; and the third holy lineage, the hearers of Garmon and the pupils of Dyvrig continued the purity of their doctrine to the sixth and seventh centuries. Therefore it may be rationally presumed, and perhaps historically proved, that the British Church among the Cymry never fell into the abominable errors of the Church of Rome, until by the intrigues of the pope, and the interference of the English monarchs, the churches and bishops of Wales became subject to the metropolitan see of Canterbury. From that fatal period, the life and soul of pure religion among the generality of the Cymry, degenerated into the most unmeaning ceremonious formalities; and they, as well as other nations of the same communion, were at length brought to acquiesce in the baneful tenet that "ignorance was the mother of godliness."

It is a question of too great magnitude to be discussed within the bounds of this short essay, whether divine truth left itself without witnesses among the mountains of Wales, even in the darkest ages of Romish superstition. The genuine works of Taliesin, it is true, and of some others, are tinctured with druidical notions. Others, in later times, fell into the error of invoking saints; such as—

*"Cynhafal—cwyna'i'n hyfach!  
Cadfan wyn—cadw fi yn iach!"*

Still the question recurs, were all the bards infected with the pestilential vapours issuing from the gates of the Vatican? Whether this question may be

satisfactorily answered in the negative or affirmative, we shall not at present attempt to decide.

The invention of printing, and the rays of light beaming upon this island from the morning stars of the Reformation, by the blessings of Providence, brought about a new era in the annals of the Gospel. Britain not only emerged itself from the gulf of error, but it appears to be also, as it were, the adopted instrument to disseminate the Word of Life into all parts of the inhabited globe. May it be blessed with the means to continue its philanthropic exertions, until moral darkness, superstition, and error be chased from the face of the earth into the abodes of its original chaos!

## CULTIVATION OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.<sup>1</sup>

A LETTER addressed to Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., as President of the Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, in answer to the strictures of D. W.

SIR WATKIN,

THOUGH I do not believe that your liberal and enlightened mind is capable of being biassed to the prejudice of the encouragement intended to be given to the cultivation of our national language and literature by the strictures of D. W. on that subject, in a letter lately addressed to you as president of the Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, as they may have some effect on persons less intelligent, and give them erroneous ideas of the proceedings of that patriotic society, and cause the Anglo-Welsh to boast, if his objections be not answered, that they are therefore unanswerable, I have thought proper to expose the futile grounds upon which he rests his animadversions.

<sup>1</sup> [This letter was written in reply to an attack on the language and literature of Wales by the Rev. David Williams, a native of Carmarthen-shire, but at that time curate of Romsey, Hants, to whom allusion has already been made at p. 313 of the first volume. His strictures first appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in a letter addressed to the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, as President of the *Cymmrodorion*, or Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, but were afterwards copied into several of the provincial papers.

"D. W., though exhibiting neither extensive knowledge nor correct language in his letter, excited the angry feelings of the Welsh in no small degree. Answers without number in prose and verse appeared; and the name of D. W. became, for two or three years, a bye-word for everything anti-national and worthless. His address, however, gave rise also to the following able letter from the Rev. Walter Davies, which, by meeting his objections with fair and correct argument, set the question at rest in the opinion of the well-judging and impartial."—IFOR CERI.]



He strangely begins to "damn with faint praise," and "assent with civil leer," by calling the cultivation of the Welsh Language and Literature "laudable objects," and shortly after, considers them as "likely to be productive of more *evil* than *good*! But by passing by such minutiae, which may be considered as only slips of the pen rather than intentional and new figures of rhetoric, I proceed to state, that he has, ignorantly I presume, rather than wilfully, misrepresented facts, which are stubborn things, not easily bent to suit the purpose of any visionary theorist. To this end I will take the liberty of examining his several positions as they occur in his letter.

I. "You are well aware, sir," says he, "that for centuries past, the Welsh Language has been falling *gradually* into disuse, and the English making *rapid* advances in the Principality." Now, the very reverse of this unqualified assertion, as to the *gradual* decline of the Welsh, and the *rapid* progress of the English in the Principality, is the fact, as will appear by the following statements.

1. In the 8th century Offa's Dyke may be presumed to have been the line of demarcation between the two languages, as well as the two nations. It is still, now in the 19th century, to be considered nearly in the same light. Though in some parts the English is the vernacular tongue, considerably to the west of this Dyke, yet as a counterbalance, Welsh is spoken in other parts, considerably to the east of it.

2. Monmouthshire, in civil polity, is an English county; many of the master iron-manufacturers, are English or Scotch; yet the general mass of artificers and labourers are Welsh. The prevailing taste of the natives for the Welsh Language is confirmed by the statement of the editor of a Welsh monthly publication, who says that a greater number of his magazine is received, and consequently read, in Monmouthshire than in any county in Wales, excepting Glamorgan. So far is the English language from gaining ground

rapidly in Wales, that the influx of the Derbyshire miners into Flintshire, and of iron-manufacturers from the counties of Salop and Stafford into those of Monmouth, Brecon, and Glamorgan, makes but faint impressions, if any, upon the vernacular language of those parts; insomuch that in numerous instances the children of those English emigrants speak the Welsh language full as fluently, if not more so, than their paternal tongue.

Instances of English families coming to reside in Wales, or of Welsh families being capable of conversing freely in English, are no proofs that the "Welsh Language is falling gradually into disuse," according to the statement of D. W.

3. A colony of Flemings, it is recorded, settled in the southern parts of Pembrokeshire, in the reign of Henry I, in the 12th century. For a long time, mutual jealousies and a rooted hatred of each other, kept the descendants of this colony entirely separate from the neighbouring Welsh; but now, and for several years past, the Welsh Language gains ground, and the use of the Flemish jargon retreats towards the ocean from whence it first landed.

4. Though from the memorable year 1282 downwards, the Welsh were not denied smiths to shoe their horses and dress their plough-irons; yet the D. W.'s of the day, from age to age, denied them the privilege of a printing press, from the 15th century to the year 1734,<sup>1</sup> or thereabouts, when a temporary one was set up by Mr. Lewis Morris, at Bod Edeyrn, in Anglesey. This identical press is still in being at Trevriw, near Llanrwst.

For many years after this first essay, one Welsh press at Wrexham supplied the northern, and another at Carmarthen supplied the southern department of the Principality; but *now* such is the encouragement

<sup>1</sup> [A press was set up at Adpar (*Trevhedyn Emlyn*), Cardiganshire, as early as 1719, and soon afterwards at Carmarthen.]

given to printing in Welsh, that some of the more populous towns have two or three printers, and several of the smaller towns have the advantage of a press each, from which issue periodical monthly tracts in divinity, on rural economy, medicine, astronomy, arithmetic, &c. Among the larger works published in Welsh, are quarto Bibles, with expositions; Flavius Josephus on the Wars of the Jews; Fox's Book of Martyrs, &c.<sup>1</sup> So much for D. W.'s first position, that "the Welsh Language is *gradually* falling into disuse, and the English making *rapid* advances in the Principality."

II. D. W. after giving his opinion that "no language is too insignificant to merit neglect," of course not even the languages of the inhabitants of the Arctic snows, proceeds to insinuate that "the plan adopted to promote the cultivation of the Welsh Language is likely to be productive of more *evil* than good, as it has a strong tendency to check the progress which the English has been making in Wales." This, he thinks, cannot fail to be the result of the zeal evinced for the Welsh Language, "unless some method is had recourse to, in order to *counteract* it." There appears to me but two methods of counteraction in this case: one to have a speedy, the other a gradual, but steady, progressive effect. The *first* method would be effected by the extermination of at least three hundred thousand bigoted persons, who are incurably attached to their native language, and as hostile to the adoption of another, exclusively, which they do not so well understand nor so highly value.

As I suppose D. W. would shudder at the idea of the exterminating method, then recourse must be had to the second, viz., encouragement to the gradual progress of the English Language in Wales, so as slowly, but safely, to lead to the extinction of the

<sup>1</sup> The Reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society will show how many thousands of Welsh Bibles and Testaments are sent annually into the Principality.

obnoxious Welsh. Does D. W. consider this method as a modern suggestion of his own? If he does, let him consult the history of his country, and he will find that from the conquest of Wales by Edward I, down to the statutes of the House of Lancaster, and from thence nearly to the present time, the English Government has tried every expedient that a perverse policy could suggest, towards obtaining this same object, the extinction of the Welsh Language. And what has been the result? After trying state experiments, both civil and ecclesiastical, for the tedious term of six centuries, the Welsh Language is found, not only to have maintained its ground, but in some places to be even enlarging its boundaries. We have the Norman and English names of Turberville, Bradford, Barnes, Blackwell, Button, &c., among our Welsh writers. Some of the methods adopted towards extinguishing the Welsh Language had a direct contrary effect, as will appear by the examination of D. W.'s next position.

III. "The use of two languages," he says, "instead of one, in a religious point of view alone, is productive of no inconsiderable evil. As the languages now stand, the service of the Church is performed partly in Welsh, and partly in English; but the lower orders, on the English Sunday, desert the Church and attend the conventicle; and thus, it must be allowed, religion and morality receive a deep and lasting wound."

The conclusion he intends to draw from this position, I will leave others to determine. As to the Church Service in Wales being performed partly in Welsh and partly in English, the assertion is true only as far as it relates to the borders, where it cannot be expected to be otherwise. But D. W. ought to be informed that there are hundreds of Churches in the interior, and on the western coast of Wales, in which the Welsh Language only is used. There are clergymen on regular duty, who have never performed English service. Some of our towns have two Churches, with Welsh service in one, and English in the other.

Where there is but one Church, service is performed in one language in the morning, and in the other in the evening. It was the blind policy of our superiors (since the Hanoverian Succession) in forcing English ministers upon Welsh audiences, that has caused the overbalancing secession from the established form of worship, of which D. W. so loudly complains.

Thus the engine intended to demolish the Welsh Language, acted contrary to expectation; and by taking a different course, contributed materially to the growth and progress of a most efficient power for the preservation of the language intended to be annihilated. Over this power, in this land of freedom, the authority of king, lords, and commons united, can have no direct control. This power is the dissenting interest, with its active body of ministers, many of whom possess strong powers of eloquence in their native tongue, and but little proficiency in English. They are in possession of a citadel they will not readily relinquish; and with them, were there no other dependence, whether for evil or for good, rests the palladium of the Welsh Language: another strong auxiliary is the general establishment of Welsh Sunday Schools. There are five counties which may be considered as decidedly Welsh; six more as three parts out of four of the same language: in the remaining two the English preponderates. In the whole there may be from 700 to 1000 schools, where instruction is given by Welsh teachers, though in several instances the English is also admitted.

IV. Here D. W. dilates on the incalculable evils resulting from justice being administered before English judges, by English counsel and attorneys, Welsh juries and parties, and incompetent interpreters.

This is certainly stating the case in the strongest point of view. It is, however, possible, and I lament it as a great existing evil; but out of two evils, without an alternative, let us have the prudence to choose the least. Were D. W. and I to live to the age of

Old Parr, we cannot entertain but a very faint hope of seeing Welsh Bishops at the head of our Church, and Welsh judges and counsel in our courts of law. We have however the consolation of having at present one Bishop (Burgess) purely Welsh in heart, though English in tongue; and we have a cause of regret that Providence did not place a mitre on his head a century earlier. Our other Bishops are more friendly than hostile to us and our language. Our English judges we have confidence in; our English counsel are gentlemen; and our Welsh juries attend to the voice of conscience. A select, competent interpreter, however, should be appointed in each Welsh county, such a one as would not interpret *grug*, heath, to be *rhyg*, rye, as has been the case not long since.

I have now, sir, gone over the chief objections of D. W. against the encouragement intended to be given by the Metropolitan Cambrian Institution to the cultivation of the Welsh Language, and cannot upon due reflection but pronounce his theory of planting the English Language on the ruins of the Welsh, to be not only futile, but totally impracticable.

Like all inhabitants of mountainous countries, the Welsh are strongly attached to the land, the customs, and the language of their forefathers. It must naturally be expected that any endeavour to undermine their local attachment, and love to their country and language, will be warmly opposed, and effectually frustrated. What six centuries have in vain attempted to effect, six centuries more of the same kind of policy would as vainly endeavour to accomplish. Let us then not dream of brutalizing a whole nation of harmless, brave, and loyal people, for the visionary hope of benefiting their descendants, at some centuries, or a thousand years hence.

I beg leave, sir, to conclude with the sentiments of a learned and eminent *Saxon* (the Rev. Reginald Heber), in his speech at the late Congress of Bards

at Wrexham, as a contrast to those of a brother *Cambrian*.—

“If then we discourage, or degrade, or neglect the language of any nation soever, we neglect, or degrade, or discourage, we cripple, and fetter, and so far as in us lies, we extinguish the native genius of that people. And feeling this so forcibly as I do, I cannot look back without sorrow and shame to, I will not say the cold neglect, but the systematic and persevering hostility of which, on the part of your English rulers, the Welsh Language was for many years the object. It is needless, and it would be painful to go back to the causes of that hostility, or to the manner in which it was carried on; but it is to the credit of your ancestors and yourselves, that its effects were not successful.”

I have the honour, Sir, to be,

Your most obedient and humble Servant,

CARADOC.

*June 26, 1821.*

## POWYS EISTEDDVOD.

### ADJUDICATION OF THE POETICAL COMPOSITIONS.

[“THE Rev. Walter Davies delivered the following remarks upon Welsh Poetical Composition; and also the decision of the judges.” —*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, Sept. 10, 1824.]

THERE is scarcely a nation under heaven which has not from the earliest periods of its entering into social compact, produced odes, poems, songs, or rhapsodies, from the sublime to the ridiculous, according to its respective scale of civilization, and every national poetry has verse or rhyme of its own specific character. The distinguishing character of Cambrian poetry, for many centuries at least, is that of a complicated rhyme called *cynganedd*, or alliterative symphony of consonants rendered harmonious by a correspondent antiphony of vowel sounds. Whether this be the most eligible mode of composing Welsh verse is the point at issue between our modern sectaries. We must, however, beg leave to state, that when a happy idea is conveyed by *cynganedd* through the auricular portal to the judgement hall of the sensorium, where is seated the angelic mind, with a quickness outstripping the swift winged arrows of light, the effect of such a concomitant and instantaneous influence upon Cambrian taste is scarcely describable.

On the subject, “The folly of giving credence to the groundless notions of Witchcraft, and other superstitions and too popular errors,” six competitors delivered in their respective ballads. The intention



in giving out this subject was to extricate deluded people of weak or untutored intellect from the shackles of prejudice, and the gloom of mental darkness. These songs, once published and learned by the populace, might have had a most durable influence on the public mind, had the writers confined themselves to the exposing such fallacious credulity to the shafts of well-levelled ridicule. But instead of this, the writers have uniformly traced the weakness of the human mind in seeking redress from grievances where it cannot be found—at St. Elian's Well and other places—to the agency of the Prince of Darkness. The versification of the successful writer is unrivalled in mellifluousness; his signature is *Alltud*. (Mr. Edward Jones, of Denbigh, obtained the Prize; proxy, Mr. W. Williams.)

The candidates for the second prize, on "the Invasion of Anglesey by Suetonius Paulinus," are three. The first contents himself with turning into verse the history of that event, and retailing some speculative, and probably unfounded notions, on the polytheism and abominable rites of the Druids. The second gives a more favourable view of the Druidical character; and both entertain the same sentiments on the effect of the Roman Invasion—the planting of the Christian religion on the ruins of Druidism. The third lets loose the reins, or rather wings of his Awen, which forms on the given subject a well-conceived novel, related in easy and flowing verse. His powers of delineation are considerable; and his description of a panorama of landscape, and of the fleeting golden-fleeced clouds of heaven, formed by reflection in the waters of the Menai, stamp his character at once as a poet of nature. These few lines, were his poem to have no other merit, are sufficient to gain him the prize. His assumed name is *Amser* (Mr. William Jones,<sup>1</sup> of Carnarvon, late of Dolgelley).

<sup>1</sup> [Better known by his bardic appellation, *Cawrdav*.]

On the proposed subject for the Chair, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," nine candidates sent in their compositions. Among the rest, *one* appeared in a most humble dress and unassuming shape, when, on the point of being thrown aside, a fragment of detached paper apologized for the meanness of dress in which the ode was arrayed, and stated in unequivocal terms that every item contributing to its forbidding appearance, badness of paper, and incorrectness in writing, one word being frequently in haste written for another, without being rendered more legible by a comma or a colon, were misfortunes imposed upon the author by *dire necessity*, he being poor, with a numerous family to support. His assumed name is *Myrddin Wyllt*,<sup>1</sup> Merddin the Wild or Frantic, from the Caledonian Bard of that name in the sixth century.

Other candidates, writing under circumstances very different from those of humble Myrddin, have exhibited elegance of style, and all other aids which decorate the Muse of other climes. These authors may excel in English or even in Greek and Latin odes: the poetry of every nation has its own peculiar features; and if the characteristics of Welsh poetry be not preserved and adhered to in an ode according to the present ruling taste, the author of such an ode cannot be considered as a legitimate rival for the Cadair of an Eisteddvod.

Another class of candidates are those who write well in general, according to the laws of *cynghanedd*, but have not been sufficiently careful in some instances to maintain a purity of diction correspondent to the dignity of their subject.

Next we come to the Ode, the author of which is entitled to sit in the Chair of Powys. It was sarcastically remarked by a critic on a poem called "The Pursuits of Literature," published some years ago, "that the author wrote verses to serve as pegs to hang

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. David Hughes, Cynwyd, Merionethshire.]

his notes upon." Our successful bard cannot be guilty of such a charge, for he has not added either preamble or appendix, note or comment. He introduces his subject with an abrupt exclamation, "*A! Dinystr dinystr yn ddŷnau — chwalodd uchelion ragfuriau.*" His powers of description are admirable. Hiram himself could scarcely have described the ornamental architecture of the temple with greater precision. After indulging his Awen for a considerable time in delineation the most beautiful, he stops short, as if horror-struck, in contemplation of the unparalleled catastrophe, which he anticipated would result from the perverse conduct of the Jewish nation, and the "sure word of prophecy." Having followed his subject until he found "the city of the great King" reduced to a heap of rubbish, without a living human inhabitant, the beast and birds of prey collecting in multitudes to their feast, he now concludes his ode as abruptly as he began it. We do not consider this abruptness a defect, but rather an excellence. The subject before him was the Destruction of Jerusalem, and no more.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The successful candidate was the late Mr. Ebenezer Thomas (*Eben Vardd*). See his *Caniadau*: Carnarvon, 1841. See also *Powysion*, ii. p. 153.]

# THE MOSTYN TESTIMONIAL.

## ADJUDICATION.

["THE following letter has been addressed to the Secretary of the Committee of Management, by the Rev. Walter Davies, of Llanrhaiadr, near Oswestry, the gentleman appointed to adjudicate upon the prizes".—*Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald*, July 1, 1843.]

*Llanrhaiadr, June 12th, 1843.*

SIR,

YOUR last note announcing that the day of presenting the testimonial was not fixed, and, consequently, that I need not be in any hurry to return the 103 verses to you, gave me the opportunity of taking a nap, having safely bound the compositions, and locked them up in a safe drawer.

Now, the 1st of June having awaked, I think it high time to return to you the compositions, with such observations as occurred to me by twice or thrice reading them over attentively.

From the commencement of the periodical *Eistedd-vodau* in 1789, the aspirants for prizes became gradually better acquainted with the adopted and established rules of Welsh prosody, and of grammar in general. On the present occasion I have now under my inspection 103 verses on the metre called *Hir a Thoddaid*. It should not, however, be supposed that all these verses are the productions of as many individual writers. Not so: for bards, as well as other men, know how to play best at their own game; some sending in as many as six; others four,

two, &c., and all of the same opinion that they stood a better chance of gaining the prize. Such a multiplicity of chances in a common lottery may sometimes favour the adventurer, but such a species of gambling should be discouraged in drawing from the bardic wheel of fortune: for when a competitor has written four or more stanzas on the same advertised subject, he ought to be competent to judge which, out of the four, is the best. Then, let him send in that one, and no more, for why should he crowd the toilette of the secretary with useless lumber!

The framers of our present prosody have pointed out fifteen blemishes, which ought to be avoided by writers in verse. Some of them are, indeed, trivial, and ought to be discarded from the list of the *pymtheg beiau*. Others, perhaps ten out of the fifteen, ought to be preserved as effectual guardians of the purity of the Castalian, or rather the Idrisian spring.

Out of the 103 compositions sent in, there are from twenty to thirty that are highly commendable; so that it might be wished there were a prize for each of them. Those "below the line" are numerous, as is commonly the case upon similar occasions. Some notice should be first taken of this latter sort, in order that it might be of some benefit to the luckless tribe, if perchance they take the following strictures in good humour. I do this without any reference to the signatures, or assumed names; so that the respective owners may know their own property, without being railed at by their neighbours; I do this also that I may avoid giving offence, or provoking the ire of the "irritable genus."

Then I shall take brief notices of several of the *beiau ac anafau cerdd dafod*, as defined by the old grammarians; one example, or a few of each, must suffice.

### 1.—*Twyll Cynganedd*.

"Am Syr Mostyn wr hael uchel achau."—23.

2.—*Cyflafan Toddaid.*

"Heb och gwna ddwyn eu beichiau—fel tad mwyn  
Rhydd luaws yn *rhwydd* o elusenau."—28.

This burking of the *Toddaid* is of the greatest injury to the verse, for it comprises the most material part of the metre. At the late Liverpool Eisteddvod, the substitution of the *Hir a Thoddaid* metre for the usual sing-song englyn, or the cuckoo duet of the old *Cynydd*, on the Ascent of Elijah, was a happy thought, and Mr. Ebenezer Thomas, the prizeman, proved it. I beg leave here to propose another reform (for reform should not lie dormant), viz., that upon such subjects as the present, our *Hir a Thoddaid* should again be displaced by the double metre of *Gwawdodyn Byr*, being eight lines containing two *Toddais*, the sweetest alliteration within the whole compass of the *pedwar mesur ar hugain*. The incomparable bard, Goronwy Owain, seemed to be very fond of this double metre. See his works.

3.—*Twyll Cynganedd* again.

"Fil-fil o fwyddau yn orfoleddus."—79.

"Am wir wasanaeth mor wiw i'r Senedd."—88.

4.—*Twyll Odl.*

"Iddo a rhwysg, o dda ran—ei wladwyr  
Am rin ei synwyr, mor wiw'n y Senedd."—27.

5.—*Dybryd Sain.*

"Anrheg arianaid i'r enwog ei rinwedd."—87.

6.—*Dim Cynganedd, neu nesaf i ddim.*

"Yn yr amseroedd diweddaf tra blin."—8.

"Cydyndrawed y Cymmrodorion."—9.

7.—*Iaith.*

"Yn dyrfa lon o galon ymgasglan."—57.

"Dyma seren hardd a chywrain."—60.

8.—*Too many adjectives hanging upon one substantive, as,*

"Hoewddyn haeddawl, hoff, serchog, goludog, hael, a gwladawl."—76.

9.—*Time against time.*

A great part of the verses (13) is expended in calculating in full words the *Anno Domini* in which the candelabra was presented.

"Oed ein Cwn tyner *deunaw cant* union,  
*Deugain* gwelir tair cofir," &c.

10.—*Heathen Mythology.*

Two centuries ago some English poets made free use of the Pantheon of Greece and Rome; but they have long since discontinued the absurd pedantry. The Welsh bards, in all ages, steered clear of such childish embellishments; and now, in the 19th century, why should the *Cymry* condescend to pick up the refuse of their neighbours? especially as they have *Mabinogion* of their own, if fable must have its day.

In this collection, however, there are but two instances of plagiarism from the Pantheon, namely Themis, in No. 14, and Orion, in No. 24, curtailed into the two syllabled Orion, to suit the metre. It may be disputed that setting aside Themis, Orion must be allowable, being a name found twice in Holy Writ, viz., in the 9th and 38th chapter of Job, representing a star or constellation of the first brilliancy, and, therefore, a magnificent emblem of the splendid candelabra. Hitherto all is well: but how came Orion to be adopted by our translators? The terms in the 9th chapter of Job, 9th verse, *Aish*, *Cesil*, and *Cimah*, they were unable satisfactorily to identify, therefore they substituted known stars for the unknown. Again, who gave the name Orion to the constellation so called? Mythologists, in the darkest period of heathenism. They made Orion to have been the son of three fathers,

without a mother. And at his death, for he proved himself mortal, he was semi-deified, and translated into the starry canopy of heaven as a constellation.—*Digon*.

### 11.—*Politics*.

Young writers would do well to consider the origin of the reciprocally odious epithets of *Whigs* and *Tories*. The latter term was first applied to the bloody massacre of the Protestants in Ireland, about the middle of the 17th century, and signifies "Irish cut-throats;" the former, from *Whig* (sour whey), and was as a bon-retort, given to the Scotch Covenanters, of austere countenance. And are such party nicknames, of such low origin, to be perpetuated from age to age? Forbid it common sense, and genuine patriotism. These vulgar epithets, which are cat-and-banded from one violent party to the other, ought to be confined at least to their native regions, beyond the Tweed and over the channel, as they do not rightly belong to us in Wales and England. There is, however, free use made of both the odious epithets in this collection by about a dozen of the competitors. "*Wigiaeth*" wants the aspirate *h*, lest the company of peruke-makers should lay claim to the term. It is useless to enlarge on this point; I will give a portion of No. 83 as an example.

"Er mawl mwy ystig,  
Cethrodd fron ysgythrog frig—pren Toriaeth,  
A'i sawr annwniaeth—wae sur wenwynig."

This is a masterpiece of the kind. Toryism is proved to be the very Bohun Upas tree in the forest of Governments. Had the premium been offered for the best *pennill* of *this sort*, I would, without hesitation, have declared in favour of No. 83; though, at the same time, I might have doubted whether *Eneas, the Trojan*, *Don Quevedo, the Spaniard*, or even *Bardd Cwsg, the Cambrian*, ever dived so deep into the *potent aroma* of the infernal regions.



12.—*Time, or the Proper Tense of the Verb.*

The announcement that the *Pennill Hir a Thoddaid* most approved of "should be engraved on the *Candelabra*," set aside such verses as predicted in the *future tense*, such as—

"*Daw anrheg y wlad i'n Rhi goludog*,"—29.

"*Daw offrw m y wlad i'w Phor mawledig*,"—32.

and some others. These are excellent verses, and it is a pity that a monosyllable, *daw*, must throw them as it were overboard. Let the *Candelabra* itself decide the point, by supposing it to say—"What is *daw*? It will come to me, in my *present inscribed state*. for *I am come. Here I am!*"

*Heddyw*—i.e., *this day*—and other terms, adapted only to the merry day of the presentation, are in the same predicament as *daw*, for they could not well suit the intended inscription, however excellent the verses may be in themselves. Many of this class are adorned with very lively versification, and might be set to music, but the tune ought to be a waltzer—*exempli gratia*:—

"Tannau pob telyn—tonau pob talaeth,  
*Heddyw* blethant, mwy eiliant ganmoliaeth,"—34.

"O hyn arwyddai *heddyw* a roddant,"—44.

Others having *heddyw* in the verses.

No. 76, 59, 26, &c.—*Pennill Unigryw*, No. 4:—

"Gwel! dyma wystl serch gwlad i'w Mostyn,  
Rhan penteulu yr hwn piau'n telyn;  
Ef yw'r *True Blue* i'w fro at dew'r blewyn,  
Cynrychiolwr (cauwn arch ei elyn);  
Rhown dâl hardd i'n dyn—ariandlws teg,  
O cymmer osteg, Gymrul i'w estyn."

No. 4 is certainly an *unique*; and *Tudor* would oblige the writer hereof were he to inform him whether the *gelyn* was in the *coffin* when he called out for help to nail down the lid thereof? If he was *not*

in, the nailing down would be useless. If he *was* put in, was he *dead* or *alive* at the time? The versification is capital.

"*Heddyw* rhoir gwirfodd Rodd i arwyddo."—15.

"*Heddyw* gan lwysgu hoff deulu'r dalaeth."—67.

"*Heddyw* mae'r hyfawll hawddammor rhyfedd,  
Llais crddyganau'n holl siroedd Gwynedd."—85.

### *Calon lawen.*—

"Wi! Wi! 'r dydd hwn y dwthwn dyethawl."—69.

"Hawddammor i *Mostyn sy'n* adseinio  
Drwy asur ehed—gyr drais i wrido."—62.

"Anfarwol enw ein Ifor haelionus  
Grea i'n telyn gyweirnod hwylus."—20.

"Gymro enwog yw'r gem arianedd."—qr. 74.

Many of the competitors lower the splendid brilliancy of the *Candelabra* by using too common or vulgar terms of description, such as "*Rhyw* dlws o arian." "*Hardd lafn* o arian." "*Hardd* dlws arian." "*Rhyw ddernyn* addurnwedd." "Ow! Ow!" No attempt at metaphor, to avoid vulgarity! Yes, many have with success. "*Rhyw ddarn* arian" may be applied to the tester and groat silver pieces of the late coinage.

I might have given the signatures of a few of the best writers in the collection, with a quotation of a few lines from each; such as—

"Dyn hynaws a'i glod yn ansigledig,  
A glyw fyn noddi Gwalia fynyddig," &c.

### Again—

"Par ei hynod glod treigliadol—tra bydd  
Awel ar fynydd a haul ar faenol."

But my sheet is on the wane, and I must draw to a conclusion. If I were to give extracts from about *twenty* of the best, *forty* more would be ready to exclaim, "*Dyma feirniadaeth! Dim chwareu teg*

*mwyl nag o'r blaen.*" But I can only say, "*Hir iechyd i'r cyfryw, a chynnydd ym mhob gwybodaeth llesol.*"

In first looking over the several compositions, I looked earnestly for such as would include the following particulars:—1. Some metaphorical description of the Candelabra. 2. By whom presented. 3. To whom. 4. For what. 5. Reflections, &c.

In repeated perusals, I have at length fixed upon two, having in some degree the above requisites, which I have given below, with a free translation.

98. "Cof i Rinwedd, o enwog gyfraniaeth."

This a Memorial in acknowledgement of virtue, by the joint contribution of friends.

"Lawn y cynnaddla glod ein cenedlaeth."

Intelligibly it expresses the approbation of our nation.

"Sa'n brydferthawl a briawl obrwyaeth."

It will continue a splendid and valuable reward.

"Er dal o Anghof gywir deilyngiaeth."

To preserve from Oblivion the meed of true merit.

"Dyd fawl hyd ei adfeiliaeth—i'n Mostyn."

It will, to the last of his days, eulogize our Mostyn.

"Ac wedyn dilyn ben ei waedoliaeth."

And thenceforward it will do the same in his line of descent from heir to heir.

QUEEN OF TRUMPS.

77. "Tystiolaeth a choffadwriaeth dirion."

The friendly testimonial and memorial of the *Gwlad*.

"Y wlad, o gariad i Lwyd ei gwron."

Out of pure respect to Lloyd, the man of its choice.

"Un o hil y Mostyniaid haelion."

A scion of the stock of the generous Mostyns.

"Y pura' dan gaerau Prydain goron."

The truest to his principles within the sway of Britannia's crown.

"Pur o hyd y pery hon—yn ei lys."

And true will this token of respect remain within his Alhambra.

"I gofio 'wyllys da ei gyfeillion."

To commemorate the attachment of his friends.

MADOG AP OWAIN GWYNEDD.

WALTER DAVIES.

# ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS.

## I.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SHREWSBURY CHRONICLE.]

MR. EDITOR,

EVER since you informed us in your *Chronicle* some weeks back, that some considerable number of silver and gold coins of Henry I. had been discovered in an earthen pot buried in the soil by one of the labourers on the Aberdovey road, in Merionethshire, I have been in expectation of some further account in your *Chronicle* of the quantity and quality of that hidden treasure; but hitherto without success. It occurred to me at the moment I read your account, that if "gold coins of Henry I." had been discovered, it would have been a valuable treat to our *connoisseurs*, for hitherto one article of their creed is, that Edward III. was the first English monarch that issued gold coins.

The supposition that these Aberdovey coins were those of Henry I, was owing, I presume, to the king's name having no numeral attached to it. Henry I. had no occasion for it. Henry II. omitted the distinction. Henry III. was the first that used numerals, thus—HENRICVS REX TERCI, and HENRICVS REX III. It followed that the three next Henrys omitted the numerals in succession; as if the 4th had been too busy with Owain Glyndwr, the 5th with France, the 6th with the White Rose, and counting his beads; but Henry Tudor, after he had united the rival roses, had

leisure to add to his name the numeral VII. upon all his coins. And as he was a prince fond of money, he issued seven different sorts of *gold* coins, viz., sovereign, half sovereign, ryal, half ryal, quarter ryal, angel, and half angel: and of *silver*, grosses or groats, half groats, pennies, half pennies, and farthings. It now appears evident that the Aberdovey coins are those of either of the three Henrys, viz., the 4th, 5th, or 6th. But as the coins of these three kings so nearly resemble each other, without numerals for distinction, the titles and legends the same, it would have been difficult to know them from each other had not the coins of Henry V. borne a distinctive mark.

A gentleman from the vicinity of Aberdovey having been so kind as to send me one of the silver coins, by the mark just mentioned it appears to be a groat piece of Henry V. The mark consists of two annulets on the obverse, one on each side of the king's neck, and two corresponding annulets on the reverse, in the centre of the three globules in two opposite quarters of the cross. The legend is HENRIC. DI. GRA. REX ANGL & FRANÇ. On the reverse, POSVI DEVM ADIVTOREMEVM, the same M ending *adjutorem* and beginning *meum*. The hero of Agincourt minted most of his coins at Calais; this bears VILLA CALISIE.

Of these grosses or groats of Henry V, we are informed that ninety-five were made out of a pound troy of silver. This groat of mine weighs about nine pence of the present silver coinage, though it appears to have undergone the operation of clipping. If I happen to meet with one of the gold coins of Aberdovey, you may expect to hear further from

Yours, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

Jan. 1, 1826.

## II.

IN your *Chronicle* of the 14th of April last, appeared a copy of an ancient inscription, lately discovered at the *Field of the Graves* (Dôl Tre' Beddau,) near Pentre'r Voelas, in Denbighshire.<sup>1</sup> I have waited thus long, in expectation that some friend of yours near the spot, who could have surveyed the monument, would have obliged you, and your readers, with an "elucidation," according to your request in the account you gave. But as no such friend appeared, I will venture to offer a few observations. Your copy in Roman characters, is—

<sup>1</sup>   <sup>2</sup> <sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup>  
 BRo Ho NASLI  
<sup>6</sup>   <sup>7</sup>  
 IAT HIC IACIT  
<sup>8</sup>   <sup>9</sup>   <sup>10</sup>  
 ET VXOREM CAVNE.

I have marked your copy with Arabic numerals for the sake of a more methodical "elucidation." I have received a MS. copy of the inscription in question, which is apparently a *fac simile*, without being over-Romanized; and by this I am enabled to make the following remarks upon the copy in your *Chronicle*:—

No. 1 (H) in the latter ages is considered exclusively as an *aspirate*, but at the period of the funereal obsequies at Dôl Tre' Beddau, it was also a *guttural*, the reader being left to decide which by the context. The H here corresponds in sound with the present Welsh *Ch*, with the true Greek X, and the Hebrew *Cheth*.

No. 2. The NA in my manuscript is M; and No. 3 (S) an A of the ancient form, observable in the inscript-

<sup>1</sup> [ See engravings and different interpretations of this Stone in *Archæologia Cambrensis*, ii. 30; and *Cambrian Journal*, i. 79.]

ion on King Cadvan's monument, in Anglesey, which has some resemblance to our present small **a**, and which your copyist mistook for an S. Cadvan died in the year 630.

No. 4 (L) is an E; and No. 5 (I) is an L, and all combined make up the national proper name, BROCH-MAEL.

No. 6 (IAT) seems to be an abbreviated cognomen, in addition to *Brochmael*.

No. 7. "*Iacit* for *Iacet* occurs on almost all the old monuments of the Britans."—EDWARD LHWYD, in *Archæol.* p. 16, col. 1.

Mr. Lhwyd is not altogether correct in this point. "*Hic jacet*" occurs in the monument of Pabo, a prince and saint of the latter part of the 5th century, and buried at Llan Babo, in Anglesey.

"*Hic jacet Sanctus Avanus*," &c., on the tomb-stone of Avan Buellt, at Llan Avan, in Brecknockshire. He was a bishop in the early part of the 5th century.

"*Hic jacet Salvianus*," &c., on a stone found at Caer Gai, a Roman station near Bala.

"*Hic jacet*," on St. Cadvan's tombstone, now in the grotto at Bod Talog, near Towyn, Meirionydd. This saint lived about the beginning of the 6th century. About this time Gothic and Saxon ignorance prevailed in Britain, as well as in other parts of Europe; and *Hic* and *Hec jacit*, and other barbarisms, became common in inscriptions. Among these may be instanced, "*Hic jacit Saturninus Sanctus, et sua Sancta Conjux*," at Llan Sadwrn, in Anglesey. "*Hic jacit Paulini*," &c., at Llan Dyssilio churchyard, in Dyfed. "*Hic in Tumulo jacit Eporeus*," &c., on a stone in the parish of Trawsvynydd, &c., &c.

The troubles and confusion in languages as well as in states, arising from the eruptions of the northern hordes, beginning to subside about the close of the 9th century, among other marks of improvement, barbarism in inscriptions became gradually less glaring. *Geraint Vardd Glas*, alias *Bardd Glas y Gadair*,

appeared about this time, in Wales, as a comet in the then dark hemisphere of learning. His talents procured his invitation to Court by the great Alfred, whose life he wrote, and other tracts, mostly of the moral kind; and he became teacher of grammar and rhetoric in that monarch's infant University at Oxford. His Welsh Grammar is the first of the kind, and was extant at Raglan Castle, before the destruction of that library by the Cromwellians. Copies of it, however, revised by Edeyrn Davod Aur and Einion, in the 15th century, are still in being in a few hands. Geraint changed his cognomen *Glas* (azure) into *Aser*, which he assumed as his classic name; and from this he has been known in later times by the appellation *Asserius Menevensis*; Menevia, in South Wales, being his native place. From this era, a gradual counter revolution in literature took place: *jacet* resumed its former station in monumental inscriptions, after an expulsion of some centuries' duration.

We accordingly find, among others—"Hic jacet Hunyd uxor Karwed," &c., in the Churchyard of Din Meirchion, near St. Asaph; "Hic jacet Iestinus," &c., at Llan Iestyn, in Anglesey. Iestyn is said to have died in the 6th century; but this monument, we are informed by the inscription itself, was erected several centuries afterwards, by Gruffydd ab Gwilym, &c., for the good of their souls.

We have now three classes of inscriptions before us: the first, from the introduction of the Roman language into Britain, to the Saxon invasion, having generally—"Hic jacet."

The second, from the Saxon invasion, to the glimmering revival of literature in the ninth and tenth centuries; having as a mark of distinction—"Hic vel Hec jacit."

The third, from the latter periods downwards, having "Hic jacet" restored. The earliest inscription of this class bearing a date, that I have seen, is one at Llanuwchllyn Church, near Bala. The legend, in the



proper character of the period under consideration, reads thus: "*Hic jacet* Johanes ap Gruffyd ap Madoc ap Iorwerth cujus animæ propi \* \* itur Deus: Amen. Anno Dni: M; C:C: 88."—This Ieuan (Johannes) was of the family of Glan Llyn, and fifth in descent from Rhiryd Vlaidd, first cousin and general to Madog ab Meredydd, Prince of Powys.

Nos. 8 and 9 (VXOREM is in my copy, VXOREIVf)—the latter character being that for S in the Bardic alphabet, called *Coelbren y Beirdd*. This form is evidently the origin of the small Saxon, and our present long f. It is not common, however, in ancient inscriptions, excepting that on Colovn Elisau, near Llan Gollen, where no other *s* occurs, save in a few instances, the Roman S is reversed thus, 2. This Bardic S also occurs in Cadvan's inscription, in Anglesey, in the seventh century. The sculpture on Colovn Elisau, by Cynvarch, was done in the ninth century, to the memory of Elisau, at the request of his grandson, Cyngen, who was slain by his own domestics at Rome, in the year 854.

No. 10 in your copy is CAVNE. In my copy it is CAVLE, which I take to be *Gwawl* (Cælia or Lucina) the consort of Brochmael. *Gwawl* was a name given to several heroines of antiquity, such as *Gwawl*, a daughter of Coel Godebog in the third century.

From the foregoing three classes of inscriptions, I am led to appropriate Brochmael's inscription, at Dôl Tre' Beddau, to the second or middle class, when "*Hic jacit*" was common; that is, from the sixth to the middle of the tenth century.

I am,

Yours, &c.,

CURIG.

## III.

DEAR MARIANNA,

I HAVE had just a peep into the corner of your last epistle to Jane, wherein you regret that you are not *bardic* enough to decipher the inscription upon a stone (I presume) somewhere on the Continent "near Mayence:" neither am I, bardic as I may be supposed to be by you.

The inscription you sent is the following, as far as I recollect, for I have it not before me, viz.: DEO APOLLINI ET SIRONAE, which I read,—“To the god *Apollo* and to *Siron*.” Miss Theresa Knowles fancies *Siron* to have been one of the *Gallic* deities, for the inscription was found, and may be still, in *Gaul*. If so, and I shall not enter into any dispute on the occasion, for the AE additional are none other than the Roman “Tar Mark” usually added to foreign names for grammatical purposes. We have not such a term as *Siron* for a proper name in our *Cymraeg*, nor in any of its sister dialects either at home or abroad, as far as I can recollect. The inscription is, without doubt, older than the establishment of Christianity in Gaul; for it may be considered as a votive testimony of some benefit received by the person who set it up, from the use of the medicinal water of the fountain or spring near it: it may have given some relief in the case of sore legs, sore eyes, or rheumatism, or hip-gout. What makes you laugh? because it is a laughable subject? Not so; you may smile, and at the same time be thankful for your happy lot in being born and bred in a Christian country, with the effulgent light of the glorious Revelation in the Gospel directing your steps aright, without being doomed to wander among the endless mazes of paganism, superstition, or even of the modern wilderness of infidelity! But I am myself wandering, and I think it high time to

return to the hieroglyphical *Sironæ*. Who could she be? We can have no answer to this question excepting from pagan writers, and

Gwarchad ni rhag eu *ffolineb hwynt!*<sup>1</sup>

They attribute to their gods the most flagrant and abominable vices, now scarcely known among the most reprobate even in London or Paris, Milan or Rome.<sup>2</sup> The question, "Who could *Sirona* be?" recurs. Well, let us then proceed to business; I will guess but once, though that may be very wide of the mark, as the Bow-meeting ladies might say, "Very wide from the mark, or the bull's eye." The biographers of the Pantheon are very prolix about Apollo and other divinities of the heathen world. Apollo was a favourite character, always young, and always the paragon of beauty; inventor and patron of most of the fine and useful arts. No wonder then that he had so many admirers and worshipers. In fact, according to the Pantheon biographers, he returned, that is, Apollo returned, the compliment to the ladies. They supply his harem with no less a number than twelve by name; some of those names in the Ionian Greek; others, as a late correspondent of mine would have called them, "outlandish," if not barbarous. What you blush for? I have not much more to say. I will only add that the seventh lady with whom Ap—ollo became enamoured, the seventh in chronological order out of the *ten*, eloped with him. Eloped? Yes, just so. Where to? to *Gretna Green*? No, to *Africa*, to a district lying between Alexandria and the sweet home of Abdel Kader. Her son, *Apollo junior*, became heir at law to his mamma after her demise, and *basileus* of the district, which hitherto had

<sup>1</sup> "Preserve us from their folly!"

<sup>2</sup> The notes in Mant's *Bible* on the first chapter to the Romans, are excellently explanatory on this subject.

no name; and he (dutiful child, as all sons of good mothers ought to be) gave the district his own mother's name, when he sat on the throne thereof, that is, *Σιρωνα* (*Sirona*), afterwards corrupted to *Cyrene*. (We read that Simon of Cyrene carried the Cross; and that some Jews from Cyrene were at the feast of Pentecost. *Acts*, ii.) At present I have no wish to say more about your inscriptions, hoping that I have said enough, if not too much. I have copies of Roman inscriptions by *Gruter* and *Montfauçon* somewhere: if I find them, and anything subservient to your inquiry, I will trouble you again; but have patience.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Llanrhaiadr, Old May Day, 1847.*

## ON THE SIGNIFICATION OF NAMES.

CADWALADR—from *cad*, battle, and *gwaladr*, ruler and disposer—a consummate general, such as Arthur was supposed to have been. *Cadwallon*, king or supreme dictator of a portion of Britain, succeeded his father about the year [630]; and his actions corresponded with his name. Of him Llywarch Hen wrote,—

“Llest Cadwallon glodrydd  
Yng ngwarthaf Digoll Vynydd,  
Seithmis a seithgad beunydd!”

Taliesin, and a few other bards of the same school who ventured to predict future events, now and then introduced the name *Cadgwaladr* into their predictive incantations, intimating that a hero so named would actually appear, and restore to the Britons the sovereignty of the Island. Cadwallon above named, fatigued with continued warfare, and undergoing, as Llywarch Hen said, seven skirmishes daily, hastened as it were to cut the Gordian knot, took his infant son to the font, and got him baptized by the long-predicted name *Cad-gwaladr*; and much was expected from him in after life. It is supposed by some commentators that Cadwaladr himself had some notions of his future celebrity. When grown to manhood, he went over to Armorica to his relative, king of that province, to consult him as well as the predictions of the seers of the foregoing century, whether he should return to Britain, and hoist the Gwaladrian standard, for the final expulsion of the Saxons. The Breton prince persuaded his nephew that the time prefigured by Taliesin and others was not come. So Cadwaladr proved himself

to be so very unlike his father Cadwallon, that he gave up all thoughts of maintaining further struggles in his native island, that he went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and remained there to his death in 688.

Other commentators have started opinions quite different of the conduct of Cadwaladr. By his mother's side, who was a niece of Penda, the warlike king of Mercia, he had a claim to the throne of Wessex, and succeeded to it, leaving the affairs of his own nation, the Britons, to *Ivor*, son of *Alan* the Armorican. What renders the latter theory somewhat probable is, that the Saxon annals at this period place one *Ceadwalla* on the throne of the west Saxons; that after reigning a few years with success, he abdicated the throne to Ina, went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and died there, with the pope's benediction, in or about the year 688.

## LETTERS.

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### I.

TO THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS,  
LLANRWST.<sup>1</sup>

March 7, 1795.

DEAR SIR,

YOURS of the 18th ult. I received some few days back by the favour of Mr. Robert Hughes; and as you request some early information respecting Ponticus Virunnius, I shall lose no time in communicating what trifle I am able to supply you with.

Ponticus Virunnius was a native of Trevisa, forty miles from Venice. In the year 1490, he published an Epitome of the first six books of Galfrid's British History, as biographers say, to please the Badæri, a noble Venetian family, who were descended from a British stock. His work is divided into six books, beginning with the arrival of Brutus, and ending with the Romans deserting Britain to oppose the Goths at home on the Continent. He has varied but little from his original,—“omissis quæ fabulosa videbantur,” as the editor of the *Septem Scriptores* says. Nicolson speaks very lightly of Virunnius's performance, saying, in his *Historical Library*, that it better suited the air of Italy than that of England.

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. Williams at the time when this letter was addressed to him was Master of Llanrwst School; he was afterwards preferred to the rectory of Llanbedr, near Conway, where he died in 1826.]

Ponticus speaks too highly of Galfrid's abilities to be well respected by the Anti-Brutians. His character of Galfrid runs thus:—

"Galfridus Historicus egregius, et cardinalis, magnæ vir auctoritatis apud Robertum Gloucestræ Ducem, Henrici regis filium; ac patriæ suæ curiosissimus fautor; ex summa philosophiâ & archivis regalibus Historiam antiquissimam ab ipsis Trojanis collectam transtulit: verissimas esse Britannorum Historias," &c.

I do not now recollect what Lewis Morris says of Virunnius; I dare say he only enumerates him among the defenders of the British history. Men's eyes were not opened in those days to see through the mist of fable; neither had the pseudo-historians sense enough to fabricate their romances upon probabilities.

Ponticus Virunnius is quoted in defence of our Trojan origin by all subsequent writers on that side; but I do not see the least propriety in so doing, as he is only an epitomizer of Galfrid; why, in the name of historical sagacity, is he quoted? Because he has a pompous sounding Roman-like name? We may as well quote Theoph. Evans's *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*. No one would refer to Sion Rhydderch's *Dictionary*, if he had access to Dr. Davies's. We have a numerous list of foreign abettors of our history, but Camden overweighs them all.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.



## II.

TO DR. PEGGE, OXFORD.<sup>1</sup>

Sept. 1, 1795.

SIR,

As you have occasion to treat of Limestone in your Mineralogical Lectures, I submit the following sketch of the different strata of that stone as I lately observed them in the lime rocks of Llanymyneich, in North Wales, to your consideration.

The face of the rock discovers about twenty strata at one view, each divided by a fissure filled with shaly stones. To each of these strata the workmen have given names, according to their different degrees of hardness, colour, &c. The place lying on the boundary of England and Wales, one bed is known by an English name, and perhaps the next by a Welsh one, the two languages being spoken indifferently by the workmen. I took the names of the strata from the workmen, with their depth; but, having mislaid the paper, I can give no further account at present, than what my memory supplies me with. The workmen well know when to expect each of the different strata, when they open new quarries, because they are always found regularly in the same succession.

They call one stratum *the big iron bed*, from its hardness; this is about six feet deep: the *small iron bed* is about two feet thick: then follows a soft bed called by a Welsh name, *gwely gwrthban*; then a shaly bed, and so on with different names, till you descend about ten yards perpendicularly from the surface, and come to

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Christopher Pegge, M.D., grandson of Dr. Samuel Pegge the antiquary, was Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford, where he died in 1825.]

a stratum worthy of notice, called by the lime-men *egg bed*, from large oval stones being found in it, wherever it is dug into all over the hill. These ova have their oblong diameter about seven feet, and the transverse about four; always lying in their natural or horizontal position. They are composed of limestone somewhat different in colour, though not in quality, from that of the bed which encases them. About ten yards still deeper, and under about seventeen strata, is a bed called the *beehive bed*, from stones of the common size and shape of beehives being found therein. The hive itself is not to be found, nor the honey; but they are full of astroital marks resembling honey-combs; and one of the best naturalists that neighbourhood affords, asserts that in the fracture of one of these petrified hives, he found bees in their cells! We are now near the bottom. The 19th stratum is called the *breech bed*, and the 20th, the *blood vein*, being, I suppose, a variegated marble. This lies under about twenty yards of rock; under this there is no more limestone, at least none has ever been found. This hill is detached from all others, and seems to have been Nature's cabinet of curiosities; but that pilferer Art has now robbed it of most of its valuable store. The Romans have rummaged it for copper and lead. One vestige of theirs is an immense level, called the *Ogov*, or the cave, about which the neighbouring peasantry abound with fairy legends. In this cave are found stalactites suspended from the roof. Men are still employed here in raising lead ore, copper, and calamine. Tumblers of galæna are found near the surface without any alloy, of about one hundredweight. Here is also white ore of lead (qu. is it carbonate of lead?). In some places, the whole face of the rock is covered with calcareous incrustations, part of which is in the process of being converted into a substance similar to *lac lunæ* or mineral agaric. Petrified shells of various genera are found here. Beside Roman vestiges in mining, and their coins found there, especially those of Antoninus, the Saxons have

left us a relic there, to preserve in our minds their oppressive yoke, that is, Offa's Dike, which crosses this hill and divides it from North to South in almost two equal parts. Here are ditches and ramparts, perhaps Roman, to guard the passages and accessible parts of the hill, when their ores lay exposed to the plunder of the Britons. Lately a great quantity of the silver coins of the Edwards and Henrys was found here, which put some of the more enthusiastic part of the neighbourhood to work, to discover more treasure, in which pursuit they spared not even the altars of the gods, for they sacrilegiously overturned a druidical monument (consisting of a large flat stone, about two ton weight, supported on pedestals), to search for the treasure which they supposed to have been concealed under it. This druidical altar is of the same kind with those described by Rowlands in his *Mona Antiqua*.

Yours, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

### III.

TO THE REV. HENRY PARRY, CURATE  
OF HOLYWELL,<sup>1</sup> FLINTSHIRE.

REV. SIR,

I INTENDED to have written to you a long while ago, but some trouble or other prevented me.

I have the pleasure to inform you that I was matriculated a member of the University on the 14th instant, and, with God's permission, I shall return to Oxford the latter end of February. Your residence

<sup>1</sup> ["Afterwards Vicar of Llanasa."]

is so remote from hence, otherwise I should wish to be under your tuition from this time to that; and in the mean time should think something of *Llywodraeth a Defodau y Brytaniaid o amser Cadwaladr hyd Lywelyn ab Gruffydd*.<sup>1</sup> The competitors are to deliver in their productions by the first Monday in March. The subject seems very strange to me; I wish I could petition your favour to throw some light thereupon, as vanity will hardly permit me to let go the medal without attempting a snatch at it. The writer ought to be a very extensive reader, and well acquainted with the history of his country. I should imagine the government was despotic, and the current of despotism stagnated only by the absolute revolting of the subjects. The laws of Hywel Dda were only a renewal of those of his predecessors; and although I have had Wotton's edition of them, yet I have not had the leisure to read one page thereof. I have borrowed in London a *Treatise on the Ancient Custom of Gavelkind*, which will illustrate that part of the subject. Has Toland's *History of Druidism* anything to say on the matter? Although Christianity extinguished the greater part of Druidism, yet a great traditional part of it remains in Wales to this day. There is a book published by one Thos. Jones of Oswestry,<sup>2</sup> about the commencement of this century, defending the ancient British Church from being guilty of the errors of the Church of Rome. Some gleanings might be picked out of this to form the ecclesiastical part; also *Hanes y Ffydd*, *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, and Warrington's *History of Wales* . . . . .

The composition above mentioned is to be in prose. They<sup>3</sup> also intend to give a medal for the best dramatic piece in imitation of Shakespear, leaving aside the com-

<sup>1</sup> [See, *anté*, vol. ii. p. 110.]

<sup>2</sup> ['Of the Heart, and its Right Sovereign, and Rome no Mother-Church to England: or, an Historical Account of the Title of our British Church. By T. J. of Oswestry.' London, 1678, 8vo.]

<sup>3</sup> [That is, the Gwyneddigion Society.]

mon versification of interludes. A tragedy is better adapted to my muse than a comedy. But what do I dream of? I have no time to write. I am arrogant in presuming to petition a few of your thoughts on the subject aforesaid. If you would be so kind as to send me a few lines upon it, direct your communication to me, to be left at Kilan, near Llandrillo, as I expect to tarry there most of my time until the latter end of February, when I must march for Alban Hall.

Now it behoves me to conclude by subscribing myself, with the deepest sense of gratitude,

Your most obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Oswestry, Dec. 25th, 1791.*

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#### IV.

TO THE REV. HENRY PARRY.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING come within so few miles of Holywell, I thought it amiss if I did not write to you, although I have no particular thing to communicate. But if I once begin, I cannot fail of matter in the query line, as I am given to be very importunate upon those whom I am conscious of their being able to give me answers, and confident of your good nature to boot. I could wish you a discharge from your toilsome employ, by being appointed to some agreeable benefice, and then you would be at leisure to think and write your thoughts, and communicate some edifying intelligence to me and others of the Benjaminian tribe. But

so things stand. Either providence is wrong, or we mortals are blind, and cannot dive into its mysterious ordinances; or else, why are humdrum idle craniums fatigued with ease, indulged so far, so that not the least gale of the slightest business approaches their sails to waft them from the port of inactivity, even death in the land of the living; whilst others, as you are, have no leisure, but always employed in pwnio Groeg a Lladin ym mhenau plant, ac hwyrach na ddichon Plato (ped fai yn y byd) gael byth ddim o honynt allan o'u penau, neu ryw orchwylion ereill, i luddias ymgyrch-iaidau yr ewyllys.

Where am I gone? I believe I have lost the path. I thought at first only to tell you that I have been at Mr. Panton's, Plas Gwyn, and that I almost lost myself in the ruins of *Ivan Brydydd Hir*. You described Mr. Panton to me as one of the most liberal-minded in the Principality; but your description was not a whit above his merit. I could wish him the wealth of Croesus, joined to an antediluvian age. Bûm yno bymthegnos gron, a gadewais groesaw am bythefnos yn hwy ar fy ol. Mae y *Du o Eryri* mor hapus yno ag y bu erioed eos yng nghoedfron Libanus. The worthy Mecænas will come to Holywell next month, I believe. Do not mention anything to him of your having received an account of my being there. You will hear what he will say. Wfft i Domas Prys o Blas Iolyn efo'i ryfeddodau; fe'm gyrodd i ben yr *Arennig Vawr* i chwilio am yr *Eglwys Glominog*. Nid oes yno ddim tebyg i'w ddysgrifiad ef. You know of his account of Llyn Dulyn, Llyn y Dywarchen, the monocular fish, &c. What is the etymology of *Corndochen*? You know the castle. *Arennig* seems to be the diminutive of Aran. But what means *Aran*? what means *Hir-addug*? Have any etymologies occurred to you since I saw you? Anglesey is in a blaze of desire to see the *Celtic Remains* in print. Lewis Morris is a demigod among the sons of Mona. I thought to ask several questions, but I should ask leave to ask them first.

You see what a thing it is to be acquainted with a troublesome fellow. God grant you patience; if you throw it off in a passion, throw it into the fire, that others may not see it. I wish, for all this wholesale nonsense, you would give me a long list of the names of rivers, hills, &c., with your etymology of them. I do not care where they are; in Britain or Gaul, Transalpine or Cisalpine. By collating and comparing different opinions, we may select the most plausible. I do not mean to write much more; but I thought to tell you the character that Dr. Henry Owen, in his edition of Rowlands's *Mona Antiqua*, gives the *Celtic Remains*. "For most of these improvements, the public is indebted to the late ingenious Mr. Lewis Morris, whose work, entitled *Celtic Remains*, whenever it will be published, will exhibit a most curious specimen of his abilities and knowledge of antiquity." *Vide* Advertisement to the Reader.

Excuse me all this. I hope, when I write next, my *cacoethes scribendi* will not be so incoherent. I shall not leave Wales until the beginning of March, or the very last days of February. In the mean time, a line from you would give me great pleasure. I wish you a happy near year, with numerous revolutions of the same,

Who am, dear Sir,  
Your most obedient Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

*St. Asaph, Dec. 19, 1792.*

## V.

## TO THE REV. HENRY PARRY.

*All Souls, June 4th, 1793.*

DEAR SIR,

YOUR kind letter of the 1st inst. came to hand yesterday, and having an opportunity of getting a *frank* ("un a dâl *lawer* o ffrancod Lewis," as Goronwy once observed) from Sir Robert Vaughan, I am prompted immediately to acknowledge it.

You say, alas! Mr. Lloyd is no more. The tidings I very much regret. But all the sympathetic feelings and tears of all the muses on Parnassus will not avail. Ni ddadegyrr porth y wal ddiadlam. His open heart, cheerful conversation, and profound erudition in the language and antiquities of his country, endeared him to every one of his acquaintance that had the least particle of curiosity. Pray give my best respects to Mr. Llewelyn Lloyd when you see him, and tell him that I condole with him in his sufferings on this melancholy head.

\* \* \* \* \*

Innovations in the Welsh Orthography is Wm. Owen's<sup>1</sup> hobby horse of late. If you were to see the prize poem of Bala Eisteddvod, 1793, printed in that method, you would take it to be Cornish, or at least I did so, when I saw it Sunday last. It is the production of a Powel of Yspytty Ivan. The Welsh clergy who think themselves critics, are very peevish, and will admit of no innovations (though for the better) without their consent; supposing all skulls to be equicerebrated, and that pre-eminence of judgement goes with seniority. As for orthography, I am neuter; I

<sup>1</sup> [The late Dr. William Owen Pughe.]



care not what alterations, emendations, or corruptions they make, so long as my handwriting may be intelligible to my friends and theirs to me. But as for the *grammar* of our language, I could wish to see it better exemplified. How our shallow grammarians have waddled, and were borne away with the stream of error, keeping too closely to the grammarians of other languages, which have as much similiarity to ours as an apricot to a fiddlestring. I thirst very much to see Wm. Owen's *Dictionary* and *Grammar*. I expect it to be something out of the common run, on the trodden track-path, as he is a man of fertile invention, and, for what I can know, of good judgement. If it proves not as I expect, I shall despair of ever seeing a good one, though the curious in the next generation may be gratified.

How many names have you in Flintshire or Merionethshire on *criafol*, *pren criawol*? "Cwrel ei lliw criawol llwyn." How many names is it called by in English? Whether is it the *sorbus sylvestris* of Gerard? Mr. Pennant is a curious naturalist; he might explain it.

The *elderberry* too, I should be glad to know its different names. We call it *ysgaw*, you know. But what beside? Baxter on *Corndochen* is frivolous, and unworthy the pen of such a great man.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your most obedient Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

P.S. I am glad to hear of Mr. Panton's health. May he arrive to a Nestorian age!

## VI.

TO THE REV. HENRY PARRY.

*All Souls, August 10th, 1794.*

DEAR SIR,

MR. EDWARD HUGHES of Nannerch left Oxford unknown to me, otherwise I intended to write to you through the favour of his conveyance. "Gwell hwyr na hwyrach" is too mean an apology for not acknowledging the favour of your last letter before this.

When I was at Holywell (anno 1792), the first and the last time, I beheld the Spring of Winifred, our noted saint of romance, and was convinced of your benevolence in so many instances which I need not now enumerate. If I had then the same ideas as I have now of chemistry and mineralogy, I would have taken more attentive notice of your brass manufactories, mines, and collieries. I have of late begun to collect specimens of fossils in general, being incited thereto on attending mineralogical lectures by Dr. Pegge. Oxfordshire is rich in selenite, belemnites, petrified shells, &c.; but ores of metals I am entirely destitute of, except a few specimens given me as an encouragement by the worthy Doctor afore-mentioned. Flintshire, I am convinced, is the richest in ores of any county in Wales. Could you have the convenience, without putting yourself to great trouble, to procure me some few specimens of the different ores of lead, its calces, and mineralization with sulphur and other bodies, calamine, stalactites, calcareous quartz and fluor crystals, &c., all which your county abounds with? I do not recollect whether you are a mineralogist yourself or not: if you have not bent your mind that way, I ask your pardon for encumbering you with such a disagreeable request; but if you are, you may have duplicates by you. I do not care how small the

specimens may be, so that they may bear the name, until time may furnish me with better. I can not say that I have such connections in Anglesea as will procure me specimens of copper ore. Davydd Ddu, I believe, has his views too much elevated towards the summit of Parnassus to take any notice of fossils, or any such terrene productions. Mona also has a mine of asbestos; I wish I could get a piece of it, or rather pieces, for some kind of it is called mountain flax, another mountain leather, and a third, mountain cork.

The London Padouca hunters have smelt the *trywydd* of another Welsh colony on the shores of the Baltic, called *Wendi*. Mr. Owen has a list of their words corresponding exactly with the Welsh. He has heard that Welsh soldiers can converse with the *Wendi*, who are hirelings in the Prussian army. But respecting the belief of all this, I am a *Didymus*. The *Wendi* must be a remnant of the ancient *Venedi*, who were *Sarmatians*, and spoke the *Slavonic* language, dialects of which are still preserved in Poland, Russia, and among above sixty other different nations, if we can credit geographers.

I have lately had about a week's very agreeable acquaintance with a gentleman who was well known to you during your *Oxonianship*: then Mr. James Jones, of Queen's, now of Salisbury, and soon will be of Llan Eliden, in Clwyd's Vale. He kept term for his A.M. I do not know what to say more. But favour me with a very long letter, as much as a single sheet will contain. I intend to go to Beechwood, in Hertfordshire, about the latter end of this month, to peruse Mr. Lhwyd's MSS. Can you give me any references, information, or what not? If I shall hear from you before I go, so much the better, if not, I shall return in a fortnight.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

## VII.

TO THE REV. HENRY PARRY.

*Jan. 14, 1795.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not met with either manuscripts or rare printed books giving account of the parishes of Holywell and Whitford. I have seen letters from a Mostyn of Penbedw to Edward Lhwyd, respecting the natural history of that neighbourhood; but there was nothing in them that has not been bandied about by every author since their time. His notion that the irruption of St. Winifred's Spring must have happened posterior to Giraldus's Itinerary (as that author does not mention it, although he was in that neighbourhood, and undoubtedly very inquisitive), is noticed by all who mention the well. I have seen letters to Lhwyd respecting the *moss* of Winifred's Well, inquiring whether he had met with such odoriferous moss elsewhere. Lhwyd communicated it to Ray, and I believe the same is to be seen among his Letters published by Derham.

I am heartily sorry that Mr. W. Owen's *Geiriadur* meets with such disapprobation. The work has great merit, even prejudice itself must allow; although I wish he had felt the pulse of the public before so rashly introducing an innovation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

W. DAVIES.

## VIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM BROWN, VICAR  
OF MEIVOD.

DEAR SIR,

THE dissolution of Parliament thwarted my scheme of writing to you now and then in a frank. At length, the period has nearly arrived of its being current; and I have procured one from the Thane of Cawdor, with whom, and Mr. Marshall, the Rural Economist, I kept my birth-day, on Thursday last. The frank is not current until Thursday next; and I hope you will receive it by the Monday following, *and send it up to Rhos*, that they may be satisfied of my being still alive; and that if it pleases God (and you), I shall be at home to serve Meivod Church on Sunday, the first of August; and I beg you will let Mr. Rowlands also know it, that he may not be under the necessity of crossing Broniarth Hill. I am now at Brownslade, with Mr. Mirehouse, having remained here since Friday morning, and I do not think I can steer from hence before to-morrow morning, if so soon; for he has a new creation (I was going to say a "ministerial estate") in this place, quite at the extremity of South Wales, bordering on the American Ocean. The winds are now extremely high, and I write this letter under a cliff of marble, with nothing in view save a vast expanse of sea, the emblem of eternity; the furious dash of the waves against a stubborn rock, on which a vessel last winter split asunder. Rabbits, heligogues, puffins, and sea-gulls are my only neighbours. I wish I had been a botanist, for I meet everywhere with plants unknown in Montgomeryshire. I have lost *Iolo* the bard long ago; and I believe I go on as well without him. By the time we reached

Glamorganshire, his favourite daughter was a-dying, which rendered the poor man unable to proceed. The badness of the weather has retarded me much; otherwise I could have reached home at least a week sooner. Carmarthenshire must be a blank in the report, for it had the curse of a contested election, when I came through it, from one end to the other; and what made my tour through it still more uninteresting, I could hardly see over a hedge, by reason of the continual rains and fogs.

The Bishop of St. David's behaved extremely kind to me. I dined with him at his palace; and he gave me a circular letter to all the clergy of his diocese; so that I do not, upon that account, feel so much the loss of my companion; for the clergy, wherever I call, mount their nags, and, Sancho-like, forward me on my expedition, in obedience to the request of their diocesan.

We spent a good part of our time in Radnorshire, endeavouring to trace out the line of coal which we expected to have maintained its course through that county, from the north-east of England to the south of Wales; but we gave it up as a bad job. I have been on the top of Ban uwch Deni, the highest hill in South Wales; an huge assemblage of sand, sandstone, and peat, covered with grass to its summit, affording food for wild sheep; but none either for the botanist or the mineralogist: I descended quite dissatisfied.

Merthyr Tydvil is a most singular place: if there be an emblem of hell upon earth, it is there. All the contrivances of mechanics, hydraulics, &c., are here at work. A patent machine has been lately erected here, at the expense of £18,000, to make horse-shoes.

I tire you too much; but I forget myself. One anecdote more, and then I have done. At Mr. Mirehouse's, I met with a poor fag like myself; but he travels in a gig, and has a servant; but these roads will put him to the expense of a new gig before it be long; but his business I was going to tell you. He is

going over England, Wales, and Scotland, to take drawings of the different species and breeds of live stock, under the direction of Lord Somerville, Alderman Boydel, and Mr. Moorcroft of the Veterinary College. He seems to be very industrious, for he never passes a village without taking a sketch of something. Last night he came in, and shewed us his apparatus, consisting of bulls, asses, ponies, jars, mills, chambermaids, smithies, sheep, madmen, boars, &c., &c. I will bring him through Meivod to show him Badger and Noblyn, and Gallt yr Ancr.

My best respects to all at the Vicarage, not forgetting the good people at Rhos.

I remain,  
Your very obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Near the mouth of Milford Haven,  
July 18th, 1802.*

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## IX.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS (*IVOR CERI*),  
VICAR OF KERRY, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

DEAR SIR,

THE bard of Arwystli is invited to court his muse, and compose an ode by the 4th of June next: the subject is the *Jubilee*, or our Sovereign attaining the 50th year of his reign. I had two printed advertisements sent me by Sir Ed. P. Lloyd, M.P., who expresses his wish "that the bards of Montgomeryshire will not be silent upon the subject." I

give this hint to the bard of Ceri and the bard of Arwystli. The bard of Cedewain has already written a few lines. The compositions must be sent, under cover, to the Rev. Watkin Williams, at St. Asaph, before the 20th of May. I could not in a hurry, as Mr. Williams is setting off immediately, lay my hand on the printed advertisement, otherwise I would have inclosed one for the use and stimulus of the bards of Ceri and Arwystli; and whichever of them *a bia'r bel*, it would give me pleasure to drink his health out of the *silver cup* which is to be the meed of the *pencerdd cerdd dawawd*, and a silver harp is to be the trophy of the *pencerdd cerdd dant* at the Eisteddvod at St. Asaph, the 4th of June next.

You will have the opportunity next Tuesday of advertising the bard of Arwystli of this. I also wish him to versify anew some of the Psalms. I have just had a letter from the Rev. Mr. Roberts, vicar of Tre-meirchion, near St. Asaph, saying that he will publish his collection of psalms in June or July next. I have not any ready for him yet, but I hope Arwystli has. I can, perhaps, supply him with a few carols and hymns.

I hope the Lieut. Jenkins, who lately fell in a glorious action against the enemies of our country, never was at Cil y Bronau.

Have you heard anything from Mr. Morgaus? Mr. Williams is setting off, and I have no time to enlarge. I should be glad to see a congress of our Montgomeryshire bards at my house whenever the bards of Ceri and Arwystli find it convenient to peruse each other's ode.

I remain, dear Sir,  
Yours, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1810.



## X.

TO THE REV. GEORGE STRONG, VICAR  
CHORAL OF ST. ASAPH.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been favoured with your letter requesting that I would return into your custody *Meilir's* Ode on the Jubilee.<sup>1</sup> It strikes me, that the motive of your request is an unfounded rumour that I am going to publish it immediately in a more correct state, so as to bias the public opinion against the decision of the judges. Far be it from me to commit such a mean act. I have too much respect for your patriotism, who stepped forward to rouse the dormant energy of our national character, to do it. The respectability of the judges also, who I am proud to call my friends, and to whom you delegated the decision, forbids me to do it, even were I verily persuaded that *Meilir's* ode was superior, in a general point of view, to that of *Gwion*,<sup>2</sup> which gained the prize. I would be guilty of flagrant ingratitude if I did it: I would stab the rising encouragement to our national poetry, in the most vulnerable point, if I did it: I would open a precedent to every future Robyn Cludro to cavil at the best founded decisions, if I did it. As for publishing my ode in a more correct state, upon such mean motives, I spurn the idea. Were I capable of copying it more correctly, I would have done so at first, when the prize was at stake; but now there remains with me no stimulus to it. It is true, I

<sup>1</sup> ["Arwyrain y Jubili" was the poetical subject proposed by the promoters of the St. Asaph Eisteddfod, which was held on the 4th of June, 1810. See this ode, *anté*, vol. i. 140.]

<sup>2</sup> [The late Mr. Griffith Williams (*Gutyn Peris*), of Llandegai, Carnarvonshire. See vol. i. 302.]

am like many other scribblers, solicited by my friends to publish my collection of Welsh odes, successful as well as unsuccessful, whereof the last was the sixth. I have no objection to publish them together, with notes, at a proper time, when the natural feeling caused by disappointment will have subsided; but if I am induced, by a previous perusal, to make any corrections in them, such as substituting *fuere* instead of *fuere*, or *fuere* instead of *fuere*, I will not do it without an apology to the public in the preface, which I deem superior to the lodging of the originals in any depository. Why should incorrect copies be preserved, when they are known to be so? I blame *Derwydd*<sup>1</sup> for lodging his unsuccessful ode in any person's hand for public inspection. If his ode is published in its present state, it will eternally blast his character as a Welsh poet. He may hereafter write well, and gain a prize; but his first essay certainly cannot be called Welsh poetry, because it is evident the author never studied the rules of Welsh prosody. It was reported at St. Asaph, that his ode had been on the verge of gaining the prize. For the credit of the judges, I do not believe it. I have in my recollection several lines of his ode, in which the long-established rules of our metres are violated. I shall not attempt to produce instances, lest they should become known, and I should thereby incur the author's displeasure. I was willing to shew him the incorrectness of his metres, not with a view, as it is supposed, that he should publish his ode when corrected; but that he should be better prepared to meet his rivals at a future contest. I trust you will let these remarks be buried in oblivion, lest the author should deem them invidious. What I want is, that his ode be not published in its present state. The author of the prize poem ought to be requested by the president to print it by itself. It would be a satisfaction to me to see it in print. It

<sup>1</sup> [The late Rev. Edward Hughes, M.A., Rector of Bodvri, Flintshire.]

does not stand in need, I presume, of either corrections or additions, otherwise his competitors might with equal justice require that the original be deposited for future comparison. There are three grand requisites in an ode, upon any given subject, before it can ever be deemed worthy to enter into competition for a prize. The first is correctness in style, as to orthography as well as prosody; the second is the gift of the *Awen*, or *furor poeticus*; and thirdly, that every idea be either beautifully or strongly expressed, and that there be no proems or interpolations inapplicable to the subject. *Derwydd* evidently failed in the first of these requisites. It is out of my power to pass any sentence upon the prize poem until I see it printed; but from a former poem by the same writer, which is printed, I entertain a high opinion of the author, as to correctness; and his style is easy and flowing. As to the third requisite, my estimation lowers a little. If I understood the last prize poem in any degree by the rehearsal, about one half of it was spent in extraneous matter, at least there was nothing in that part of it strikingly applicable to the subject. As for my own production, I endeavour to bridle myself from forming too high an opinion of it. In prosody, however, I flatter myself, that I am nearly correct. In orthography, which seems to be the rock on which I split my too loosely jointed back, I perhaps relied too much on the *licentia poetica*, which has occasionally been adopted by the first-rate writers, and even allowed by the stiffest prose grammarians. For the sake of correct alliteration, I sometimes exchange the mutable initials, using the derivative letter instead of the radical; which, though sanctioned by writers in one district, may nevertheless offend the critic's eye or ear in another district. Judges of poetry, in deciding the merits of different productions, should act like connoisseurs in painting or sculpture; the latter would not condemn a piece of exquisite workmanship if a fly had blown on the nail of the little finger of the left hand, or

if one shoe was apparently buckled tighter than the other. They would rather form their opinion from the symmetry and execution of the whole piece. I would be glad in being satisfied that this mode of deciding has been adopted at St.'Asaph. I would rather find it to be so than otherwise; not only for the credit of the judges; but it would give me real pleasure to reflect that a peasant in the wilds of Snowdon, unassisted, and perhaps nearly untaught, is capable of bearing away the palm from the other twelve rival candidates? I long to know his history; how far the poem is his own production, &c. *Davydd Ddu* owned he had seen it at Bangor previous to its being transmitted to St. Asaph. Where did he see it? At one of the grammarian's offices, I presume. He sketches the outline on the marble block, and the Bangorians give it a polish. Unfortunately, I live in a country where mushrooms are more numerous than bards and critics; but, happily, *Gwion* lives in a country more fertile in muses than mushrooms.

I am, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

1810.

## XI.

TO AND FROM THE REV. JOHN ROBERTS,  
VICAR OF TREMEIRCHION.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR SIR,

IF you have seen Mr. Dealtry's account of the controversy respecting Welsh Orthography, you have also concluded, that it would not fail to call forth an answer from me. My answer to the parts in which I am interested would have appeared ere this, had it not been for the indisposition with which I have been afflicted. My MS. is now with the printer at Chester. As an appendix to the letter I mean to address to Mr. Dealtry, it is my intention to print some account of the two late editions in which I have been concerned. My history of our editions will consist of letters and correspondence that passed between the parties concerned. One of the first letters which I received from you respecting the work, it is necessary to print, as forming a link in my narrative. As it was a private letter, and written without any view to publication, you may wish to review it before it goes before the world, and therefore I transcribe it.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM now setting off upon an agricultural excursion into South Wales. When I return in a fortnight or three weeks, I will send to you to propose a meeting about the corrections necessary to be adopted in the new edition.

"Mr. W. Owen succeeds Mr. Charles in preparing a copy for the press for the new Bible Society; but he

<sup>1</sup> [See, *anti*, p. 248.]

is bound to observe and follow the edition of 1746, and to correct only typographical errors. He consulted me lately whether we adopted any discretionary improvements. I answered we were careful in not meddling with new theory improvements, save some corrections that were obviously necessary. He proposes the exclusion of elisions; as, *tra'r oedd* and *byrhau'r dyddiau*, and substituting *tra yr oedd*, and *byrhau y dyddiau*. The latter would be an evident improvement, and I intended from the first to propose that to yourself and Mr. Parry; for *r* in the latter is altogether an usurper of a seat in the property of *y*. But in the former case (preceding a vowel), *r* has a claim to its place, and may as well be left in possession of it. He proposes also to distinguish the four capacities of the vowel *a* with distinct marks, thus:—*a*, and; *â*, that; *á*, will, did, verb agent; *à*, with. I answered, the only distinction I would propose would be the same as before; viz., *â*, in the latter specimen, *Duw gyd â ni*.

"I told him we meant to retain double consonants, as in *pennau*; the *am* negative, where proper; and the *ym* when preceding a labial pro *yn*. I told him also we should restore the gutturals in *Acan*, *Mical*, *Acis*, *Aristarcus*, which were discarded by R. Morris in 1752. I shall strenuously support the abolition of Hebrew and Greek inflections, and I am glad to find R. M., in 1752, so much more on my side than any other edition. I cannot abide to see Mr. Parry's "*un yn Nan a'r llall ym Methel*." An illiterate may say, *Dan* I know—*Bethel*, and *Gath*, and *Galilee*, and *Paul* I know; but who or what is *Nan*, *Methel*, *Ath*, *Alilee*, *Baul*, and *Phaul*? Are they Hottentots or Laplanders?

"I forgot to tell that the Bible Society Committee and W. O. were aware that we corrected 1752 instead of 1746, as first proposed. They wrote to me to know whether that was the case. I told him the reasons that appeared to me for preferring 1752. A good critic told me he would prefer Bishop Parry's

8vo edition to any other. Moses Williams's he disapproves of very much. I think both editions should be as nearly as possible the same, and a month or two's delay in the publication of twenty or forty thousand copies of the Scriptures, is a matter of very small consequence, as the country at present is not very ill supplied with Bibles.

"I shall write by this same post to the Secretary of the Bible Society upon the same subject, and propose an identity of copy for both presses.

"You now perceive my general sentiments on the subject. When I return I will let you know where we would best meet. It ought to be somewhere where the various editions are together, English and Hebrew also, to throw light upon disputed points. In the meantime, with compliments to Mr. Parry of Llan Asaph,

"I remain, with great esteem, Sir,

"Your very obedient Servant,

"WALTER DAVIES."

You will oblige me by acquainting and furnishing me with the alterations that you may be disposed to make in your letter, by return of post. I shall be putting your letter in print the week after next. You will please to let me have it as you may wish to see it in print, with all the additions and subtractions that you may be disposed to make.

I hope yourself and family have enjoyed good health, and that you are happy in the present enjoyment of every comfort, temporal and spiritual. With every good wish,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JOHN ROBERTS.

## XII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

*Cowbridge, Oct. 15th, 1811.*

DEAR SIR,

PERHAPS you may have expected a letter from me from the confines of Caermarthenshire ere this; but I am still no further than Cowbridge. The weather has been so extremely wet, that I have been detained two and three days in the same place, and within doors. Consequently, I altered my plan of *iters*, and abandoned the mountainous range of Brecon, Glamorgan, &c., and struck down through Llantrisant into the Vale. To-day it bids fairly for fine weather, and I intend crossing through Neath to Llandeilo, &c. I must, I apprehend, run the risk of meeting you in Cardiganshire, as my progress is so very uncertain to be calculated beforehand. I have collected abundant information in the iron and coal tract, though the iron-masters were mostly all of them at the Quarterly Meeting at Newport. Merthyr Tydvil is more and more astonishing every time I visit it. I got sections of the strata at two of the mines there; and to-day, having met Iolo Morganwg, I am going with him to the southern coal range, where the strata are much more deranged than on the north of the mineral basin.

Saturday it rained exceedingly hard: however, with the aid of an umbrella, I visited William Moses, about a mile southward, a Silurian bard, and candidate for the Tremadoc prize. He writes in the same beautiful strains as are peculiar to this district. He has lately published a volume of his poems. I have ordered a couple of copies—one for you, and the other for me.

I have the honour to remain,

Yours, &amp;c.,

WALTER DAVIES.



## XIII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

DEAR SIR,

THE Sudwalian Pilgrim has at length returned to Llanvair yng Nghedewain on his progress homeward. He would have turned round to Kerry, had he been certain of your being at home. In this uncertainty he prefers writing for the present, hoping to have the pleasure of your company at Manavon some day about the beginning of the next week—Monday or Tuesday—to give you a “full and particular account,” &c. The pilgrim considers himself as having undergone sufficient penance for this winter, in being wet almost every day for this month back. He was compelled to make a shorter cut homeward than he had at first proposed. He has not touched upon either of the two counties of Pembroke or Cardigan. He had the extreme pleasure of the Rev. Fleming Gough’s company for two days at Ynys Cedwyn. He is possessed of extraordinary abilities, and very communicative and hospitable. From thence the pilgrim dreaded the passage of the Black Mountains to Llandeilo, a forlorn wilderness without road or human habitation, and took the lower road to Trecastle in Breconshire; and thence by Llanddyvrwy into Tywi Vale; thence by Llwydlo Vach and Llanwrtyd to Rhaiadr ar Wy, Llandinam, a’r Drev Newydd.

A full account he is not disposed to give, until it can be given *viva voce*. If you have not yet been in the Vale of Teivi, the pilgrim wishes very much to see you before you go, as he must do by correspondence with some intelligent friends or other what he intended to have done personally, had the weather permitted. It was rather presumptuous to attempt a

circuitous tour so late in the year. "Goreu dysg y dysg a brynir," they say. The pilgrim could not expect everything favourable, for (*inter nos*) he had been guilty of theft at the commencement of his journey. He, however, inadvertently took an article of the toilet from the dwelling-house of his friend Sion Ceri, and was not aware of it until he opened his pocket-book at Llanddewi Ystrad Enni.

To make an atonement as well as restitution, he wishes very much to see you at Manavon, if possible; if not, he must come to Kerry.

*Penystrowed, Dydd Gwener*  
*ar Ddydd Calan Gauaf, 1811.*

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#### XIV.

TO MR. RICHARD JONES, PRINTER,  
DOLGELLEY.

SIR,

IN the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* of this day, I find an advertisement of a second edition of Walters's *English-Welsh Dictionary* to be printed at your press; and apparently without any corrections or improvements. Some time back, I received a letter from a clergyman in Flintshire, requesting me to prepare a new edition of the same Dictionary; and signifying that he had reasons to expect the patronage of the Bishop towards such an undertaking. Accordingly I began to prepare a MS. copy, lopping off the redundances of low and abusive terms, such as are found in too great abundance under the words *base*, *blockhead*,

*booby, boor, bungler, bully, bumkin, churl, coward, &c., &c., &c.*, and such terms in which the polite scholar would not wish, and the "swinish multitude" need, not to be instructed, as they will never stand in need of turning the pages of a dictionary to complete their vocabulary. I am also inclined to discard the now obsolete terms, such as *chrisoms, chrisom clothes, caloier, &c.*, which tend only to perpetuate the errors and customs of former times. The cant terms, such as *bub, bubbly, humdrum, &c.*, are unworthy to be reprinted: so are the redundances in *Cockney, to chop logic, &c.* Some of the above description ought to be entirely discarded, others ought to be curtailed, in order that a more copious account may be given of terms of art and useful sciences, which have undergone great improvements, and even new discoveries, since the days of the original compiler. In some articles the explanation is too short or imperfect, as in *cinnabar*, which is described only as a *red earth*; whereas it signifies, exclusively I believe, a red ore of mercury, or quick-silver mineralized by sulphur. In other articles the description is erroneous, as in *systole*; and *diastole* is omitted.

It is, therefore, my humble opinion that the original compilation may be rendered more full and edifying, without being more expensive, which would be a material point gained, by substituting more useful science instead of cant terms of abuse, and redundancies of explanation, where much less would be sufficient, and even preferable: and I intend, with the sanction of my friends, to prosecute the preparation of a new and improved copy for the press. In the maxims and proverbial sayings, introduced to illustrate phraseology and modes of expression, I intend to distinguish between those current in South Wales from others in use in North Wales; having already taken some pains to discriminate between such provincialisms in my travels through the thirteen counties.

When you have considered the subject, and con-

sulted your intelligent friends in and about Dolgelley, I beg you will let me know in a week's time whether you determine to persevere in your own advertised plan, or whether you will treat with me for my improved copy. If the former plan be adopted by you, I have no alternative but to run my risk, and apply to another printer.<sup>1</sup>

I have the honour to remain, Sir,  
Your very obedient Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

*Manavon, near Llanvair,  
Montgomeryshire, Jan. 4th, 1812.*

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XV.

TO THE REV. W. J. REES, M.A., CASCOD,  
RADNORSHIRE.

*Manavon, Feb. 22, 1813.*

DEAR SIR,

I ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of your two valuable packets on the Agriculture, &c., of Radnorshire. I make frequent quotations from them, sometimes with the signature of T. Fr. Lewis, Esq., and sometimes with that of the Rev. W. J. Rees, trusting that both of them will freely excuse me that freedom. Quoting authorities upon certain occasions must have a better appearance than my crowding things together as my own *ipse dixit*.

<sup>1</sup> [It is generally understood that the Denbigh edition of 1828 was printed from a copy revised by Mr. Davies.]

I am glad you have got Bakewell's *Memoirs of the Radnor Mineralogy*, and should be glad to see them when we meet next under the hospitable roof of *Sion Ceri*.

I am glad you are so much enamoured with the effusions of the Bard of Maelienydd. I long to see them: and how to repay him for his kindness in intending to send me a copy, I know not. A Welsh *Awdl*, as you propose, would be rather an insipid remuneration, as he is a Saxon in everything but name. I trust you will give good specimens of the production in the *British Critic*.

I have sent off upwards of 300 folio pages of South Wales to the printer in London, and have by me about 200 more. I expect it will be in all about 700. I intended a trip into Cardiganshire ever since Christmas; but now I am apprehensive that the M.P. for the County is gone to the Metropolis; as I wanted to see his plantations of trees, as well as of fiorin grass. I will write to him this week to inquire whether I am permitted to go there in his absence.

I will preserve your observations, notes, &c., on Radnorshire—to be returned you, as you have requested. I have not seen Mr. Jenkins since I saw you both together. The *Eisteddnod*, as you call it, may not be held in Ceri for some time to come. In the meantime,

I have the honour to remain, dear Sir,

Your very obedient and much obliged Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

P.S.—You seem fortunately situated with a M.P. frequently at your elbow; or at least at your service. This county in that respect is peculiarly inconvenient.

Bardd *Eithon* i'r Seison sydd  
Yn barodol fwyn brydydd, &c.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Sec. *anté*, vol. i. p. 314.]

## XVI.

## TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

DEAR SIR,

I FULLY intended calling upon you after my return from South Wales, but have been prevented hitherto. However, I think it my duty to write to you a short abstract of my tour.

May 25.—Left Kerry, and proceeded towards Llanidloes; overtaken by hard rain about Berth Lwyd, which continued till late; gave up the idea of crossing Siberia to the Devil's Bridge; spent the evening with the vicar and Mr. Howell Marsh; met with Sheldon, the Cardiganshire miner; went to see Mr. Mears's new house at Dôl Llys. The new house should be called Llys y Ddôl, a soft Italian sound.

May 26.—Went to Llangurig by six o'clock; proceeded through the desert of Pumlumon, through which Mr. Johnes had the vanity to suppose that an iron railroad would cause plenty to smile over the forlorn waste; stopped at Yspytty Cynvyn to view the druidical pillars in the churchyard wall; overtaken by hard rain before I reached Pont y Gwr Drwg; Mr. Johnes had left Havod the morning before; surveyed the new sheep farm and the plantations of wood and florin grass; went to Ystrad Meurig; stopped there a day and two nights.

May 28.—Accompanied by Mr. Williams, junior; proceeded towards Tregaron, and fell into the crowd of a Cardiganshire wedding; met Mr. Stephens, of Newtown; rode with him to Llanbedr; Mr. G. Jenkins gone to Caio, accompanied by Marsden, a miner; went over Mr. Hart Davies's farm; Mr. G. Jenkins returned at night.

May 29.—Breakfasted with Mr. Eliezer Williams;

saw Davydd Glan Teivi; went again over Dyffryn farm and plantations; then, accompanied by Mr. G. J., proceeded down the vale over Llanwenog Hill and Henllan Bridge; about Llys Newydd, Dôl Haidd, and thence to Cenarth, Llechryd, &c., exceedingly beautiful at this season; dined at Dôl Haidd; went with Mr. J. Lloyd and Mr. G. J. to Mr. Hinde's nursery; slept at Dôl Haidd; went next (30th) morning to breakfast to the Rev. D. Rogers, near Cenarth; scenery, &c., superior, far superior to anything about Havod and the Devil's Bridge; Mr. Brigstocke's woods very well preserved and managed; after dinner went down the vale by Stradmore; Llwyn Dyrys to Llechryd; reached Cilrhiwau; stopped the night.

May 31.—Viewed Mr. Hassall's farm and plantations; through Bridell to Pant Tirion; through St. Dogmael's to Cardigan; reached Cilbronau; rest.—After dinner, the 1st of June, proceeded northward; at the 13th milestone parted with Mr. G. Jenkins, who had most friendly accompanied me for 53 miles without intermission; came to Aber Aeron; Mrs. Felix no more allows the felicity of rest to benighted travellers; took a bed on the sea shore, adjoining Mr. Gwynne's pier.

June 2.—Came to Aberystwyth; met Mr. Stephens again at the nine in the evening; witnessed the most vivid and forked flashes of lightning I ever saw; the heavens to the south of the deepest black; saw since in the *Cambrian* the effect of the storm in Glamorgan-shire, &c.

June 3.—Came to Gogerddan; Cors Vochno; woods and plantations; gangrened fir trees; Machynlleth; met Mr. Stephens the third time; came to Llan Bryn Mair with him the 4th, and parted near Carno.

I met Mr. Bowen, of Llechryd, at Cilrhiwau, and afterwards at Cilbronau: he is a man of very superior talents. I was told that he had once the intention of going to Cambridge. He would have excelled there as a mathematician.

In the verses on *The Voyage of Human Life*,  
instead of the couplet,—

“Aed Davydd Maelienydd lwys  
I ga’lyn y llu gwiwlwys,”

write,—

“Poed Davydd Maelienydd lwys  
Yn canlyn y llu ceinlwys.”

The poetry is more correct, and the wish is better modified; for in our present state, we would hardly thank a friend for pushing us as it were even to heaven; but his wishing that we may be going there, is friendly, and human nature need not be offended at it.

I have the honour to remain,

Dear Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Manavon, June 24th, 1813.*

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## XVII.

TO THE REV. THOMAS RICHARDS, BERRIW.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your note last night, and in answer to your kind invitation, I am to acquaint you that I have been at Llanvyllin since I saw you, and have been invited by Mr. Hughes to meet you and others to-morrow. Cecil going to Shrewsbury School prevents



my coming to Llanvyllin, and I beg you will present my best respects to the Rector, and apologize for my absence. Had I been present, I could not have rendered any essential service to the object of the meeting, as I have never been in the habit of speaking in public. At the same time I am constrained not to withhold any co-operation within my own small sphere of action towards furthering the designs and the truly Christian exertions of the Church Missionary Society. At this dawn of Gospel splendour, I rejoice to see members of the Established Church uniting their efforts with zealous persons of other denominations in diffusing the light of eternal truth among the victims of ignorance and the advocates of error. It must afford pleasing reflections to every pious mind, to see the spirit of party zeal stripped of the garb of animosity, and gradually dying away; to see Churchmen and Dissenters, Baptists and Moravians, uniting with friendly zeal in one Bible Society, and sending forth their respective Missionaries to evangelize the heathen world; and with the spirit of Christian charity wishing each other "good luck in the name" (and in the work) "of the Lord." We ought to rejoice that any sect of Christians, who build their faith upon the "sure foundation"—are successful in turning the heathen from idolatry to serve the living God. Who would not rejoice to hear that all the inhabitants of the South Sea Isles were Christians of the Calvinistic persuasion? Who would not receive with gladness of heart the news that the natives of Africa and its isles had embraced the Arminian creed? and that the vast population of China and Japan were all Lutherans? But what should make us more anxious for the support and success of our Church Missions is the annihilation of the cause of that obloquy which says that we of the Establishment are asleep at our posts; that we are at best but lukewarm Laodiceans.

I have read with pleasure "The Spirit of British Missions, dedicated to the Church Missionary Society,

by a Clergyman, a member of that Body." I sincerely hope it may have the desired effect, in rousing us from our supineness; especially such among us as have it in their power to subscribe liberally. Notwithstanding the unparalleled pressure of the times, we ought to do something for Christ and his Gospel: we who have bread enough, and to spare, should be moved to pity the case of millions of our fellow creatures, who are perishing with hunger.

I intend proposing to the well-disposed part of the inhabitants of my small parish to subscribe sixpence monthly for the use of the Church Missionary Society: and may He who hath given the heathen for an inheritance to his Son Jesus—He who heareth prayer—who is able to do exceeding abundantly, bless our weak endeavours, and multiply our mites a million-fold, that the uttermost parts of the earth may rejoice at the sound of the Gospel, and obtain the salvation it ensures to all who obey its precepts.

By perusing the tracts of the Bristol Church Society, I am persuaded something of the kind might be published in Welsh: but whence are the means to proceed? Our country is poor, and too many of us are indifferent about the one thing needful. Were a Montgomeryshire Tract Society founded, I would volunteer myself as one translator. Is the Bangor Tract Society still in existence? If so, how does it succeed? The itinerant preachers of other persuasions have the advantage over us in the facility with which they distribute their numerous publications all over the country.

My best respects to Mr. Jenkins, and tell him I shall expect him to call at Manavon on his way home.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your very obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Tuesday, August 6th, 1816.*

## XVIII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

DEAR SIR,

THE Psalms of David have lately undergone a Welsh version by a peasant bard of Llanvihangel y Gwynt, of the name of Thomas Williams, but whose bardic appellation is Eos y Mynydd. Some months ago he brought the version to me for my inspection, and I had no errors to correct save those of orthography. He has freely versified, somewhat in the manner of Dr. Watts, selecting parts out of each Psalm, and varying frequently the tunes, so as to accommodate them better for Divine Worship. I recommended the Bard to copy the whole over again carefully, and to attend closely to the rules of orthography, which I taught him in a few hours. I am to have another view of the version in a short time, as I hear by Mr. D. Hamer; and I intend to write a few lines in recommendation of the performance, in order that he may procure either the sale of the copy to a printer, or a few subscribers towards printing it at his own risk. As he is poor, he cannot bear the risk of loss. Will you be so kind as to add your name to the *imprimatur*, if I first send you a copy of a Psalm or two?

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &amp;c.,

. WALTER DAVIES.

*June 23rd, 1818.*

## XIX.

TO MR. HUGH JONES (*ERFYL*).

FARDD IEUANC,

MYFI a dderbyniais eich llythyr cynnwysfawr, a chydag ef *Flodeugerdd*, a diolchgar wyf ichwi am y ddau.

Na ddigalonwch os nad ydych eto yn gyfarwydd yn y gelfyddyd o gywrain farddoni: cofiwch y ddiareb gyffredin, "Rhaid cropian cyn cerdded." Mae marmor, pan godir o'r gloddfa, yn arw y drych arno; rhaid caboli llawer arno cyn y dysgleiria fel ag y gweloch eich cysgod ynddo: ac felly bardd, er ei eni â'r Awen megys yn cysgu gydag ef, ni bydd hi, er hyny, ond megys canwyll tan lestr, nes y caffo hi ei meithrin a'i chynnefino i ganu yn fwyn, a'i dysgu i ganu yn rheolaidd. Anfonwch ambell ddryll i mi pan gafoch gyfleusdra, a rhoddaf fy marn arno yn ddiuedd a diweniaith. Meddyliwn yn ddiau y dichon celfydd fardd o honoch. Nac ymgynghorwch â neb a fyddo naill ai yn anfoddlawn ai yn anfedrus i'ch dysgu.

I ateb eich gofynion, sylwaf ar y paladr cyntaf,—

"Tomas, bu graff-was, ab Gruffydd,—*ple'r* aeth  
Wrth ethol o'r Gweunydd."

Mi a feddyliwn mai nid fel hyn yr ysgrifennodd S. Lleyl: nid bai hyllfawr ydyw; ond llithricach a fuasai pe buasai *p l* yn ateb i *ple* yn yr ail linell; megys, "*ple'r* aeth—*piler* ethol," &c. Mae un sillgoll eisys yn *ple'r*: dylasai bod un arall rhwng *p* ac *l*, o herwydd *pa le* ydyw ystyr y gair.

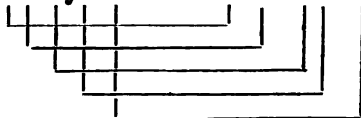
"Canant ogoniant gwiw-Ner,—cu *effro*,  
Nes cyffro'r uchelder."

*Rhy debyg* yw'r bai, o herwydd yr *o* yn y ddeuair. Gallasai S. Lleyrn ysgrifenu yn well fel hyn:—"Cu effro,—nes *cyffry*'r uchelder;" a mwy gramadegaidd hefyd. "*Rhagorawl*—yw *gwir-air* y *bywyd*:" "*yw'r gwir-air*" a roddasai *r* i ateb i'r *rh*: nid yw *h* ond arwydd uchenaidd, ac ni luddias gynghanedd; ond pereiddiach y seiniai *rh* yn ateb i *rh*, yn lle myned tan y farn o "drwm ac ysgafn." Fel y dywedwch, mae rhywbeth tebyg i "*dwyll* gwreiddgoll" yn y cyrch-eiriau. Gwell a fuasai eu bod yn ddi-dwyll.

Nid yw y Goronwy, er mor gyfarwydd oedd, yn ddifai yn y ddwy gynghanedd lusk,—"*Ewch*, ni chynnwys y *lwysnef*," ac "*A* chenfigen a'i *gwenwyn*," er nad yw *w* yn y ddiweddaif ond bogail.

"Un glân deg Owain Glan Dwr;" buasai Owain *Glyn* Dwr yn well; a thebyg genyf mai felly yr ysgrifenyd gyntaf.

"Brodyr maeth heb Rodri Mawr" nid yw feius.



"Seith-gorff yn pwyso wythgant" sydd gynghanedd gydbwys ddigon. Mae "*corff—cant*," yn gystal a "*corff—cu*," yn cynghaneddu: *co—ca*, neu *co—cu*, yw'r cydseiniaid traws-gynghaneddol; ni waeth pa nifer o gydseiniaid a fyddont yng nglŷn â hwynt, trwy na byddont fwy o rifedi sillau.

"Beth yw *gwant*?" meddwch. Yn gyntaf, gwybyddwch beth yw cynghanedd. Cynghanedd *sain* sydd fel hyn:—"Tomas, bu graff-was, ab Gruffydd." Mae y brif orphwysfa, mi a feddylwn, ar ol y gair *Gruffydd*. *Gwant*, o'r gair *gwân*, *gwanu*, ar ol "*Tomas*," a *rhagwant* ar ol "*graff-was*." Dylai, meddant, fod yr ail orphwysfa, neu ragwant, ar y bummed sill fel uchod. Weithiau, ac nid anfynych, mae yn myned cyn belled a'r chwechfed neu'r seithfed sill; megys,

"Diffwrth anfad adwyth dyn."—*G. Owain*.

Ond pereiddiach yw y sain pan fo'r orphwysfa ragwant ar y bummed; megys, "Huw Erful, di gul ei gwllwm," &c.

Ban englyn yw llinell gyfan: o hyn y tardda cyhydedd *nawban*, cyhydedd *wythban*, englyn *triban*; megys,—

"Marchwiall bedw briglas  
A dyn fy nhroed o wanas;  
Nac addef dy rin i was."

*Proestiau* y bydd geiriau yr orphwysfa â'r odl pan fyddont yn rhy unrhywiog, pa un bynag a fyddont ai cydseiniaid ai bogeiliaid; megys, *tad*, *tid*; *brad*, *bryd*; *tân*, *tôn*; *mae*, *mwy*; *mawl*, *mil*, &c. Gwelir esamplau o hyn yn yr englynion "proest cyfnewidiog a phroest cadwynog;" ond yn y rhai hyny, y prif-odlau sydd yn *proestiau*.

"Crych a llyfn" yw "Acw fab teca' ei fryd," &c.: *bod*, *bras*, *bys*, *brwyn*.

"Cynghanedd" yw gosodiad geiriau i glymu â'u gilydd yn beraidd. Gwyddys hyn wrth yr amryw gynghaneddion; megys, cynghanedd *sain*, cynghanedd *lwg*, cynghanedd *groes*, cynghanedd *draws*, &c.

"Lleddf a thalgron" yw rhoi gair yn diweddu â dwy fogail i ateb i un arall yn diweddu mewn un fogail; megys, *poen*, *dynion*; *gorchymmyn*, *addfwyn*; *miloedd*, *hunodd*; &c.

Ofni yr wyf na wna S. D. Rhys roddi i chwi gym-maint o hyfforddiad ag yr ydych yn ei ddysgwyl. Mae yn dywyll ac anhawdd ei ddeall mewn manau, ac yn anghywir mewn manau ereill. Nid wyf yn meddwl y tâl y cerpyn hanner coll i chwi ymdrafferthu ag ef; ond cedwch y llall yr hyd a fynoch. Yr oedd tair dalen ar goll yn y copi goreu; ond nid oedd ond un o honynt i'w chael yn y llall, a hōno a dorais allan, ac a gyfieais tudalen 231. •

Yr oedd genyf *Ramadeg* Robert Davies o Nantglyn, ond wedi chwilio am dano i'w yru i chwi, methu genyf ei gael. Mi a roddais fenthyg *Gramadeg* Sion Rhydd-erch i un Peter Llwyd, o Gynwyd, yn agos i Gorwen, er ys rhagor i ugain mlynedd, ac ni fedraf gael mo

hono yn ol. Gwnewch englyn iddo, gan erchi ei gael ar frys. Un o'r ddau ramadegau bychain hyny a roddai fwy o oleuni i chwi am reolau prydyddiaeth na dim a ddichon i chwi dynu allan o'r hen Ddoctor Rhys. Daliwch ar waith Goronwy, a'r goreuon ym mhlith beirdd Arfon, ac nid rhaid i chwi nemawr ychwaneg o addysg. Boddloner chwi wrth ddarllen y fath weithiau, pa gynghanedd yw pob llinell; a boddloner chwi hefyd fod y gynghanedd hõno yn ddifai. Os beius a fydd llinell, nodwch y bai ar ymyl y ddalen, fel y gweloch yn hysbys y bai dro arall.

Un *Plorator* sydd gwedi ei farnu yn oreu yn Llan Elwy, ar y testyn o Farwolaeth y Dywysoges; ond nis gwyddys eto pwy ydyw. Dysgwylir testyn newydd o'r Deheu yn lled fuan. Hogwch ymaith rwd yr Awen; a chenwch cyn llithriceid a Huw Morus, ac mor rheolaidd a'r Du o Fon. Wrth son am Huw Morus, mae naw a deugain o ddarnau o'i waith yn y *Blodeugerdd*: os gwyddoch am ragor o gerddi neu gywyddau, gadewch i mi wybod y testyn, y mesur, a'r llinell gyntaf, fel y pigwyf allan y goreuon i'w cyhoeddi.

Hyn oddi wrth eich Ewyllysiwr da  
ym mhob daioni,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Manafon, Hydref 30, 1818.*

## XX.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM much obliged to you for the early and full information which you have sent me of the first meeting of the Cambrian Society. I expect that every

thing has been done according to the wishes of its warmest advocates. Iolo has been highly honoured, and, I expect, returned to Siluria, pleased and converted. I am glad also that our friend D. Rowland has been chosen secretary; and I hope his health is so far established as to enable him to continue in office for many years.

I cannot but approve of the transactions of the infant society as far as they have proceeded. The attempt to introduce an innovation in Welsh prosody was very ill judged, and I am glad it met from you the fate it deserved. Mr. E. of Llanbedr should have told the innovator at once—“*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*” He is certainly not a bard himself, nor has he a grain of the *Awen* lawen lewyrch about him. He puts me in mind of a caricature of the late patriot Fox, the champion of liberty—stripped to his shirt, and delving with a mattock at the foundation of the British Constitution, represented by a stately Corinthian pillar, surmounted with *Magna Charta*, and other significant emblems. If you succeed in prohibiting alliteration in Welsh poetry, you will reduce the production of our admired *Awen* into Laplandism, or something worse. It is to be wished the promoter of the innovation would favour the world with a blank verse Welsh composition of his own as a specimen: and if he should luckily succeed in attracting the applause and admiration of a discerning public, the bards may reluctantly follow his example, rather than forfeit all claims to medals, and meeds of merit. But it is wasting time to write or talk in this manner; it never will come to pass. Alliteration, according to our bardic science, is the very life and soul of Welsh poetry. You have specimens of Welsh verse, with little or no alliteration, in the works of Llywarch Hen, and many subsequent writers among the *cynveirdd*. Excepting the plodding antiquary, fishing for some lost link in history, manners, customs, who would ever wish to read them more than *once*? Indeed *once* is



more than enough. Proceed with the eye of your mind down to the *gogynveirdd*, and there you find alliteration taking place gradually, until at length it becomes complete in the enchanting sounds, and enveloped sense of D. ab Gwilym, his contemporaries, and successors. But enough of this. According to your request, I will write to the Bishop on the subject one of these next days, and endeavour to establish his lordship's orthodoxy.

I have proceeded so far with the works of *Huw Morus*, that I have made fair transcripts for the press of 120 pages in quarto. I have nearly exhausted my present stock, but I must send out a few terriers into the rocks and recesses of the Ceiriog and Dyvrdwy, who, I expect, will be able to bring to light some valuable game. The more I read *Huw Morus*, the more I admire him. He certainly stands unrivalled in his peculiar species of composition. His works, when published for the first time, in a correct form, will astonish many lovers of Welsh verse with the flowing melody of his alliteration, and all this without forfeiting in the least his title to the strongest sense, and in my opinion the most transcendent merit. I will prefix the author's life in English, with English notes to different passages which require historical elucidation; and a Welsh dedication with critiques upon Welsh orthography and prosody. As Mr. Evans of Caermarthen offers but a scanty pittance for Eos y Mynydd's Psalmody, I shall not give him the offer of my *Huw Morus*: I will have it printed at Wrexham. Painter will risk all chances with me—loss or gain; I shall have only to furnish the copy; he will undertake the whole expense and trouble, and divide the profit. If no profit, and the scale preponderate on the other side, I must, &c., &c. I would better request some friends to take names, that the number of copies wanted might be nearly ascertained.

Mr. Thomas, your *locum tenens* at Caerau, was so kind as to bring me your letter himself, and is here

now, waiting for this reply to be sent you by the returning fish-carrier. I am afraid that, in such a bustle at Abergwili, you forgot to inquire after the essay, &c., so as to convey it with you. Could Mr. Rowland get at it, at your request, and send it to the Mathewses, or by some other conveyance?

Pray give my best respects to Mrs. Jenkins (*mam*), and Mr. Griffith and Mr. Jonathan Jenkins.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

Nov. 9th, 1818.

WALTER DAVIES.

P.S.—I have received a very flattering letter from Mr. Ch. W. W. Wynn, which I shall send to Abergwili.

## XXI.

TO MR. HUGH JONES.

AB IEUAN,

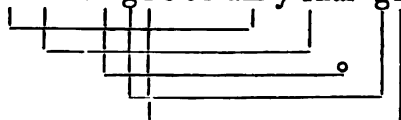
DERBYNIAIS eich "Awdl ar Ystyriaeth o'r Sabbath a'r Ysgolion Sabbathawl;" ac i'm barn i, tra awenyddawl ydyw, a chywir yn ol y rheolau gosodedig. Nid oeddwn i yn Llanfair ar Wyl Ddewi; am hyny ni roddwyd yr awdl i neb, ac ni ddaeth i'm llaw i hyd o gylch mis gwedi hyny.

Yn y trydydd englyn, pedwaredd linell, "Ac Awen ffraw gain ei ffrwyth," mae *c* ac *g* yn drwm ac ysgafn. Ni welaf un rhwystr rhag dywedyd, "Ac Awen ffraw cain ei ffrwyth."

Yn y cywydd, "Rhoes rybydd am y dydd da." Nid oes genyf eiriadur wrth fy llaw; ond fy meddwl yw mai rhybudd, rhybuddio, &c., yw yr iawn ysgrifeniad, ac nid rhybydd, rhybyddio, &c.

"Parodd ei gadw'n bura." *P b*—trwm ac ysgafn eto.

"Marw ar groes am y rhai 'gred."



"Y Sabbath sydd ddydd seibiant  
'Ddiwrth fyd, awch ynfyd, a'i chwant."

Nid un sill yw '*ddiwrth*: heb law hyny, nid yw yn edrych yn ferthus. Dyweder, "Rhag byd, awch ynfyd, a'i chwant."

"Chwilio ei air, a'i chwalu."—Proest i'r odl.

"E roes Duw Ner ras a doniau."—Wyth sill: dyweder, "Rhoes Duw-Ner ras a doniau."

"Oreu synwyr o'r un *swniad*."—Gair tra gwladaidd yw *swniad*. Os yw *swn* yn air Cymraeg, mae *sain* felly hefyd, ac yn fwy barddonol: "Oreu synwyr o'r un seiniad."

Ni welaf fi ynddi ragor o frychau; os brychau ydynt, rhai mân ydynt. Ar y cwbl, y mae yr awdl yn dystiolaeth fod *Ab Ieuan* yn ddysgybl dysgyblaidd o leiaf, ac y gellir pencerdd o hono mewn amser; canys y mae wedi dringo yn lew mewn ychydig amser.

Ni welais onid un cyfansoddiad, heb law un *Ab Ieuan*, ar y testyn, a hwnw a ddanfonwyd i mi i'w *ddiwygio*. Ond tebyg oedd i faes llawnach o fresych na gwenith; a'r ffordd hawsaf i'w *ddiwygio* fuasai tynu y gwenith allan o'r gwyg, ac nid y gwyg o'r gwenith. Ond yr oedd y synwyr yn loew ac yn iach; a gellir, i'm tyb, brydydd o hono pan ddysgo ychydig o'r rheolau. Mi a'i cyfarwyddais at *Ramadeg R. Davies* o Nantglyn. Mi a nodais bob llinell feius oddi tani

ag inc coch, ac a'i dangosais i un ger llaw, yr hwn a ddolefodd,—

“Och! och! aeth yn goch i gyd!”

Chwi a wyddoch, mae yn debygol, am bum testyn Eisteddfod Caerfyrddin; a feiddiwch chwi gymmeryd dau neu dri o honynt mewn llaw; neu yn hytrach, a feiddiasoch chwi? canys y mae yr amser i yru'r cyfansoddiadau i mewn bellach yn nesâu, os *rhaid* yw eu gyru hwynt cyn Calan Mai. Chwennychwn weled *Ioan Dafydd Rhys* am ychydig o ddyddiau, o chewch gyfleusdra; a chwi a'i cewch yn ol wedi hyny. Y mae genyf ryw adgof fod “Ystadud Gruffydd ab Cynan” ynddo. Fe allai y cewch gyfleusder i'w anfon i dy Mr. John Gittins, i Lanfair, cyn y bo hir.

Gan ddymuno i chwi iechyd, a mwynder Awen, ac yn benaf dim rad oddi uchod,

Ydwyf, eich Ewyllysiwr da,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Ebrill* 13, 1819.

## XXII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

*April* 28th, 1819.

DEAR SIR,

MR. T. Richards this evening brought me your letter, inclosing Mr. Rowland's. I am grieved at his report of his own state of health. As to the umpires for Gwynedd and Powys, I am at a loss what to say. No man is a fit umpire, unless he be a pro-

ficient in the established rules of Welsh prosody; and such persons, I am afraid, are rare birds; not owing to the mystery of bardism, but to the neglect of it in general among persons of extensive knowledge in most other branches of learning. Would you not better propose it to Mr. P. Roberts, that he should be umpire for Powys. If he is really deficient in scanning Welsh verse, he will acknowledge it in his answer to you, and urge it as the strongest of all reasons for his declining it. I know of none else excepting Bardd Silin and Bardd Nantglyn, as I told you before. Llywelyn Lloyd, they say, was umpire at St. Asaph last year!! He *may* be a good one.

As for Gwynedd, I intend calling on Mr. Rowland Williams on the subject; and what he says I will let you know. Mr. Richards spoke of meeting Mr. P. Roberts, &c., at Llangollen, Caerwys, Wrexham, Flint, the Peak of Derby, the next week, or the week after, or about Whitsuntide. You are both at liberty of course to act as you feel inclined; but the spirit does not move me to stir in the least. Such things may be carried on by correspondence; and personal meetings by appointment, within such a short compass of time, might end in *nil*.

My family unite with me in best respects to you. Mr. Richards promises a long postscript.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

## XXIII.

TO MR. HUGH JONES.

FY NYSGYBL HYDDYSG,

DERBYNIAIS *S. D. Rhys* yn y dydd yr oedd arnaf ei eisieu. Yr oedd genyf ryw adgof fod "Ystadud G. ab Cynan" ynddaw, ac felly y mae. Yr oeddwn ar ysgrifenu traethawd i'r eisteddfod ar wahanol ansoddau a theilyngdod y ddwy Ddosbarth Cerdd Dafawd, sef un Caer Fyrddin a'r eiddo Morganwg; canys dydoledig ydynt byth er Eisteddfod fawr Gaer Fyrddin yn y fl. 1450.

Y mae yr Ystadud sydd yn llyfr *S. D. Rhys* yn anghywir hynod; a diammheu ddarfod i ryw rai o ddysgyblion D. ab Edmunt chwanegu at yr Ystadud gyssefin; o herwydd enwir ynddi fesurau cerdd dafawd, sef "Deuair Fyrion," "Cadwyn Fyr," ac ereill, nad oeddynt mewn bod ac arfer cyn yr Eisteddfod yng Nghaer Fyrddin yn 1450. Heb law hyn, dywedir yn yr Ystadud gau,—“Wedi Gruffydd ab Cynan, Bleddyn ab Cynfyn, tywysog Pywys, a'i cadarnhaodd, gan chwanegu amryw bethau.” Yn awr, yr oedd Bleddyn wedi cael ei ladd yn 1073, ac ni ddaeth Gr. ab Cynan i orsedd Gwynedd hyd y fl. 1079. Gwelwch wrth hyn gywreindeb ein hysgrifeniadau!!

Y mae yr Eisteddfod yng Nghaer Fyrddin yn agoryd ar yr 8fed o'r Gorphenaf nesaf.

Cyhoeddwyd, lluniwyd yn llon—wyl orchest  
Lewyrchawl i feirddion:  
Dwyre, Huw—dere i hon,—  
Dere a'th Awen dirion.

Cewch *S. D. Rhys* yn ol pan y mynoch.

Wyf, yr eiddoch ym mhob peth  
a berthyn i'r Awen a'r gelfyddyd o gynghan-  
eddu yn ddifai,

*Mehefin 8fed, 1819.*

WALTER DAVIES.

## XXIV.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR parishioner, Mr. E. Allen, being this day at Manavon at his father's funeral, I have the opportunity of putting in his pocket Joshua Thomas's *Hanes y Bedyddwyr*, which was sent here from Mr. Rowland Williams of Meivod, together with the *Mythology of the Druids*, to be forwarded to you, with an open note from him inclosed. It is now about forty years since I saw *Hanes y Bedyddwyr* before. I have read it now with greater attention. It contains a great deal of local information, interlarded with illiberal reflections upon most other denominations. I wonder that some criticisms thereon were not published at the time, as he exposes himself very much in many places. I beg leave to take another peep into Druidism (as well as into the Baptism of Believers) before I forward the *Mythology*. I ask your pardon for not sending you the three stanzas on "Holl Ieu-enctyd Cymru" before now; and my apology is, that I have been unwell most of my time since I left Kerry. I send you now some sort of verses, but they do not please me. You will find them on the last page of this sheet.

I spent three days with Silin lately, on a Quixotic expedition which may form the subject of a paper for the *Cambro-Briton* in some future number. I have invaded Silin's parish; and if he is offended, I give him leave to invade mine in return, for the same purpose. He was to be at St. Asaph last week, with a prospect of higher preferment. *Dryw* is the successful candidate for the prize at Denbigh. It is not known who he is, but supposed to be a clergyman—

the *Derwydd* of St. Asaph Eisteddvod, when I was the *Meilir*, and *Gwion* won. I am sorry to inform you, but perhaps you know it already, that the Vicar of Rhuddlan (Jones) refuses the honour, or rather the fag, of the secretaryship of the Powys Cymmrodorion Society. I take this to be the reason, that not a step has been taken (publicly) to forward the preliminaries laid at Wrexham. I think it necessary to write to Mr. Humphreys Jones, the *pro tempore* secretary at Wrexham, inquiring the reason of the delay that has taken place. The subjects, in justice to the public, ought to be advertised before the close of the present year.

I had occasion to write lately to Mr. Williams of Ystrad Meurig in behalf of my neighbour of Llanwyddelan, inquiring for a curate. In my letter I took the opportunity of stating briefly what had been done at Wrexham. Like a true ancient Briton, he rejoices at it in his answer, which I received yesterday. Of the late proceedings in Dyved he says:—"All I know of it is the *grandis et verbosa epistola* which has been printed. As for myself, I renounce three parts of the resolutions, *ex animo*—o wraidd vy nghalon. We are fallen! *Fuimus Tröes!* May you in Powys stand, and flourish, and your motto be, '*Forward.*' When you see Ioan Ceri—he that is almost the last of the Britons, born in Dyved—tell him that he bestowed his trouble, his expense, and his labour of love towards his country in the first instance upon a thankless soil (not upon a thankless soil, perhaps, but the thorns sprung up and choked the seed), and that I trust his last sowing will return the toil and seed a hundred fold."

Indeed I have at present some doubts as to the success of the "last sowing," as Mr. Williams calls it, unless some spirited Briton is roused to become secretary; and I believe there is nothing more wanted. Silin is returned from St. Asaph by last Sunday, and he could inform from head quarters how matters stand; but I am afraid he will keep all such informa-



tion to himself. Have you Carte's *History of England*, Leland's *Assertio Arturii*? I have found two more MSS. containing *Huw Morus*'s works; among others, "Cân y Galenig i Miss Ann Miltwn," which I never saw before, but had heard much of it forty years ago.

I remain, dear Sir,  
Yours sincerely,

WALTER DAVIES.

Nov. 22, 1819.

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## XXV.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD no time to have any chat with you either at Manavon or Pool about the Chair which *you* and your friends are preparing for me. I ought to be, and am, much obliged to you and them for such an extraordinary mark of respect; at the same time I am not perfectly reconciled to the method pursued towards obtaining an object, which in justice ought to have proceeded from another quarter. *That* was my *due*. *This* is above my merit, notwithstanding all the puffs that have lately appeared in print. Were I in any degree meriting such repeated public notices, I might consider myself equal to Burns, to whom his countrymen are now erecting a monument in Ayrshire, at the estimated expense of £1800. This monument will have the effect of enhancing the reading of his poems, or rather songs. I never saw a collection of them;

having seen only some fugitive pieces in the newspapers now and then. I cannot think him superior, if equal, to our T. o'r Nant; and I would think our countrymen too full of vain adulation were they to set on foot a subscription towards erecting a monument on the Hiraethog to the memory of that excellent genius, at the expense of nearly two thousand pounds.

As to the chair in Kerry, I do not think the *letters* intended will look well when cut hollow, or indented. Those kind of inscriptions are not common save on common articles. The better sort have letters in bas relief. If the expense will not be too much, the chair will look much more sightly. I do not mean carved bas relief, for that is now too late; but the letters cut pretty deep, and filled with pieces of another wood, of different colour from that of oak, either darker or lighter. The pieces should be let in lengthways, not sideways, as they would stand better, and the relief low and rounded. I cannot presume to add that it would be an additional improvement were the chair furnished with castors, for the ease of motion to the bard when he grows corpulent. When our friend, the artist of Maelienydd, arrives at Kerry, may we have the pleasure of seeing you both at Manavon?

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Mawrth Ynyd, 1820.*

## XXVI.

TO MISS ANGHARAD LLWYD.

*Medi* 15, 1820.

FY NGHYD-WLADFERCH,

DARFU i'r gwlaw a ddyferodd o'r nef heddyw y boreu, i ostwng llwch, a ffrwytho daiar, beri i ni benderfynu na chynnelid yr un Orsedd heddyw yng nghymydogath Rhiwfabon. Ond yn y gyntaf a gynnelir, yr hyn a fydd ym Maelienydd, derbynia yr haeddawl eu graddau. Mae enw Angharad ar glawr a chof gan bob un sydd gydnabyddus â'i theilyngdod gwiwgof; a chyfrifir ei bod yn yr Orsedd yn yr ysbryd, lle bynag arall y byddo hi yn gweinyddu er lles i'w hiaith a'i gwlad.

Eich Ewyllysiwr da,

GWALLTER MECHAIN.

## XXVII.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

DEAR SIR,

IN answer to your inquiries of the 16th of December last, I beg leave to state the following particulars. The first written account of the inscription on the pillar near Valle Crucis was by Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt, an able antiquary, and

a correspondent of Archbishop Usher, to whom he sent a copy, which was also sent by the archbishop to Dr. Langbaine. Mr. Edward Lhwyd was the next who noticed it in a letter to Mr. Wanley, dated September 14, 1696. The pillar was in its original position when R. V. copied the inscription; but it was overturned from its pedestal, and the letters damaged by some fanatics during the troubles of Charles I; so that the copy taken by Edward Lhwyd in 1696 is not only incomplete, but also incorrect as far as it goes. Vaughan's correct copy might, perhaps, be yet found among Dr. Langbaine's papers, if such exist. E. Lhwyd's reading leads us to presume that Eliseg had been in some degree successful in recovering from the Saxons some portion or other of his patrimony of Powys, which had been wrested either from him or his ancestors; but this presumed reading is not in the least corroborated by any MS. history that I have seen or heard of. Had the pillar been erected in Eliseg's lifetime, or immediately after his death, it might have been deemed a puff after a successful skirmish or two, a fort or castle recovered, &c.; but that Concenn should erect it to the memory of his great grandfather Eliseg, forces upon us an opinion that Eliseg was a chieftain of more than common note. Be that as it may, we have no account of him save on this pillar, and as a link in old pedigrees. Dr. Powell has led most of his followers, and among others Mr. Pennant, into a great error, by taking *Brochwel*, the grandfather of Concenn and son of the Eliseg of the pillar, for Brochwel Ysgythrog, who fought at the battle of Chester in the year 607, or as some say in 617.

The following sketch exposes the error respecting Brochwel and Cyngen or Concenn:—

Pasgen

Cadell Deyrnllug

Cyngen Glodrydd

Brochwel Ysgythrog—at the battle of Chester, A.D.  
607 or 617

Cynan Garwyn—2 Tyssilio, the British historian

Selyv Sarff Cadau

Mael Mynau

Beli

Cynllaw

Eliseg

Brochwel

Cadell

Concenn, who erected the pillar from the year 830 to 850, and is said by Caradoc the historian to have been killed by his own men at Rome in the year 854. This Concenn or Cyngen had a sister named *Nest*, who was grandmother to Rhodri the Great, who divided the Principality of Wales between three of his sons in 877.

By the foregoing sketch you will find that the Brochwel of the pillar is seven descents from Brochwel Ysgythrog; and the Concenn or Cyngen of the pillar is ten descents from Cyngen Glodrydd, the son of Cadell Deyrnllug. From 617 to 854, *i. e.* 237 years—this divided by nine generations—gives twenty-six years each—a fair average.

You inquire lastly, "Who could Cadell be, *after whose death* Eliseg recovered Powys?" The copy of the inscription by E. Lhwyd is too imperfect to

enable me to answer this question, nor am I satisfied that the name *Cadell* occurs in the place you allude to. My copy is \* \*<sup>1</sup>, with a caret between A and T, and the word followed by \* \*<sup>1</sup>.

My copy has sixteen imperfect lines in the middle of the inscription. I presume yours must be the same, if copied from Lhwyd's letter to Wanley.

The sons of Brochwel Ysgythrog in one MS. are four in number—Bod, Tyssilio, Cynan Garwyn, *St. Mawn*. Error—*Mawan*, in *Cambrian Biography*, is a saint in the beginning of the sixth century, one of the sons of Cadell Deyrnllug. Mawan then was brother to Cyngen Glodrydd.

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## XXVIII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

DEAR SIR,

As Mr. Rees will not be contented to go to Caernarvon without you, I trust you will accompany him. As to the oratorio on Friday, may you not enjoy it! Kerry church may be served on the following Sunday thus:—I will do the duty at Tregynon at three in the afternoon; and then either Mr. Mathews or Mr. Richards may go to your Church. I enclose this to Mr. Richards, and propose the exchange to them or either of them. The Rector of Montgomery is, I believe, gone to Cheltenham, which will prevent *y Du o Wrecsam* from shining on the shores of Menai.

<sup>1</sup> [These two words of the inscription cannot be represented here.]

I am copying *Awdl Dyfalwch*, and will send it to you on Tuesday, to be left at the *Unicorn*. My intention in this is, if Mr. Rees will be so kind as to recite it at the Eisteddvod, he may read the copy over during his resting hours on his journey thither. Much of the excellence of the ode, of this ode in particular, will depend on the recital, there being such sudden transitions from one passion to another—love, revenge, unsteadiness, resolution, narrative, lamentation, &c., &c. I cannot go myself, were a medal of diamonds awaiting me. Notwithstanding my sending the ode to Kerry, I shall expect you both this way on your route on Monday morning, without fail. We shall wait you both to breakfast at nine o'clock; in so doing you may start early, by packing up over night.

I have received another letter from Goddard. The compositions were sent off the same day; but they are not arrived. When they arrive, I am directed to send them to Robert Davies of Nantglyn. But how, in so short a time? There is a fourth premium *now* proposed of twenty guineas: inform Gnarus of it. The subject is "George IV. in Mona;" an ode is required.

They seem to do all they can in Gwynedd to retain all the prizes among themselves. Their odes are completed before the subjects are published; and then, &c.

Bardd Cloff and I separated at half-past nine yesterday.

I remain, yours, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Friday, August 31st, 1821.*

## XXIX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *CAMBRO-BRITON*.

SIR,

As you have in your number for January, p. 161, in the words of the Carthaginian queen—"Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur"—candidly declared your pages open to animadversions upon such communications from correspondents as stand fairly exposed to wholesome castigations, I have presumed to offer a few remarks upon a letter inserted in the same number, and signed "A Powysian." In a style of studied turgidity, smelling strongly of oil, he commences his attack upon an unoffending individual, by passing some flattering encomiums on "the great *erudition* and *discretion* displayed at Carmarthen in September, 1819," on the "much *talent* and *erudition* exhibited at Wrexham" the following autumn, and on the admirable accomplishments of the antiquarians, &c., &c., at that Eisteddvod. Here the "Powysian" might as well have closed his declamation: but praise unadulterated with flimsy aspersions would not have answered his purpose. The basilisk of ancient romance, crested with scales of ruby and sapphire hues, had a tail armed with a venomous sting. So in this case; an ill-natured reptile is discovered lurking beneath the withered flowers of forced eulogium. The "Powysian," after being so lavish of his encomiums on the Bard of Nantglyn, declaring that *he*, and his *prize ode*, deserved *both* a medal of gold, betrays the cloven foot by picking a quarrel with the Bard's shadow, or the motto upon his well-earned medal. "It is objectionable," he says, "from two considerations: first, poetical imperfection; secondly, the vague idea which it conveys." Here are two elves conjured up by the exorcism



of the "Powysian," which have no existence, saving in his own fanciful brain. Let us try whether these said elves will not vanish into fetid air upon being exposed to the eye of candour.

First, the poetical imperfection. The motto, as far as I can see, as well as the whole inscription on the obverse, was adopted by some friend of the Bard's in London—and friends he has many in town and country—and must have been nearly to the following purport, for I have never seen the medal:—"To Mr. Robert Davies, of Nantglyn, Chaired Bard of the Eisteddvod at Wrexham, Sept., 1820, for his Ode on the Death of George III." Then followed the distich, the effect of friendly humour:—

"Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,  
Ei hun bioedd hen Bowys."

Whether the first word (Bardd) occurs on the medal, I cannot tell: it must, however, have been intended, as the line is *one* syllable too short without it—a momentous omission! It was, however, omitted in your catalogue of the medals inserted in your number for April last: whether the omission originated with the engraver or with your compositor, is of no great moment. Give me leave, Sir, to notice that in the same catalogue you placed the chaired bard, Mr. R. D., in the second class as it were, or below Mr. Evan Evans. This little error ought to have sufficiently gratified the "Powysian," and acted as a narcotic to allay his spleen. But no; he proposes another distich as a substitute for the erroneous one, which had given him so much offence, thus:—

"Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,  
Cawd ar ben Cadair Bowys."

Here, it is evident, that "poetical imperfection" is more glaring than in the original distich so much complained of; and I would advise Mr. R. Davies to adopt the

second line—"Cawd ar ben Cadair Bowys"—as a notorious example of Twyll Cynganedd, among the "Beiau ac Anafau Cerdd Davawd," in the third edition of his Welsh *Grammar*, which it is expected will be called for by a discerning public.'

Now for the second eyesore in the motto *supposed* to be on the medal, namely, "the vague idea which it conveys." This vagueness is supposed to exist in the second line—"Ei hun bioedd hen Bowys." I own that this line is a veniable plagiarism. It was written by Rhys Cain in the sixteenth century, and applied to Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, a prince of Powys in the eleventh century. I see no harm at all in borrowing this line, and appropriating it, with good nature and humour, to the successful Bard of Powys at Wrexham. He has, at least, as legitimate a claim to the chair of Powys as Bleddyn had to the sceptre; and their respective claims are grounded upon bases sufficiently distinct, so as never to be confounded by any person in the time present or to come, in Powys, Gwynedd, or Dyved, save by the solitary and much out of humour "Powysian." The Bard of Nantglyn's claim to his chair is grounded upon the correct effusions of his flowing *Awen*: Bleddyn ab Cynvyn's claims to his sceptre had for its basis blood and massacre, the fall of the illustrious Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, and the favour of the Saxon Harold; claims as absolutely distinct as mind is from marble, or a writing-pen from a blunderbuss. To show the futility of "Powysian"'s argument in a still clearer light, the motto in question connected with the dedication to the Bard, is upon the obverse of the medal, so that the much to be apprehended misconception can never possibly take place, save in the crania of such as seek occasion to quarrel with shadows and nonentities.

I beg pardon, Sir, if this apology for the Bard of Nantglyn and the motto on his medal be deemed worthy of a niche in your interesting miscellany, for trespassing so much on your pages, which ought to be

filled with more sterling and appropriate matter than the crude farrago of any itching writer, making much ado about nothing, whether a "Powysian," or

Your obedient Servant and constant Reader,  
A CORNAVIAN.

## XXX.

TO PHILIP VAUGHAN, ESQ., BRECON.

SIR,

BEFORE I parted with Mr. John Hughes's<sup>1</sup> very agreeable company at Kerry, after having carefully perused the several compositions, and consulted with him upon their respective merits, I wrote down our joint opinions in Welsh, and left the same in his custody.

By reviewing the notes then taken, I am more and more confirmed in the decisions then given, and I have reason to expect that Mr. Hughes continues in the same mind.

Out of fifteen or sixteen compositions on the Overthrow of the Egyptians, two excel. One by *Iocyn Ddu*, the other by *Moesen*. The former has been rather unfortunate in the choice of his assumed name, it being too jocular a term for the writer of a sacred poem. The other assumes the name of *Moesen*; and who could have given a more correct description of the transit of the sea of Edom, than the leader of the chosen people? *Moesen*, moreover, treats his subject

<sup>1</sup> [Author of *Hora Britannica*, &c.]

as one who understood it well, and his prosody is of the first class. Therefore, upon the whole, Mr. Hughes and myself declare him to be worthy of the prize; but at the same time we owe a tribute of commendation to the talents of his less successful rival.

On the chief subject, "On the Period of the Regency," out of seven odes, four, or even five, attracted our attention.

*Casnodyn* writes in the language and style of the Bards of the native Welsh princes, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries: but of the merits of the composition, we must confess ourselves unable to determine, as the author never could have intended it for the amusement or edification of the present generation.

*Cynvelyn* appears to have been very intimate with the events and transactions of the period under consideration; but having chosen to accompany Napoleon to Wilna and Moscow, and to follow the disastrous retreat of the French Army—in the fervour of his *Awen*, he seems to have entirely forgotten the British campaigns and exploits in the Peninsula.

The odes by *Hanesydd* and *Gwion Bach* are correct as to prosody, and one of them might have been the best, had not an eagle (*Eryr*), the king of birds, become a claimant for the chair. We therefore have no hesitation in giving our joint opinion that the ode, signed *Eryr*, deserves the first honour of the Eistedd-vod. If the odes will be printed, we confidently expect that public opinion will echo our decision to have been just.

As for the *Ynglynion on the Rainbow*, we dare not be so positive. Many of them are so much alike, that to select the *best* from among seven or eight, or more, would be nearly as difficult as to select the most perfect penny piece out of a score of the same coin newly issued from the Mint.

The following, however, we beg leave to lay before our coadjutor, viz:—

(a.) "Enfys yn ddilys a ddyd"—by *Eiliedydd*.

(b.) "Teg enfys, ol bys, ail i bwy"—by *Essyllydd*.

(c.) "Hardd gynllun eurwedd ganllaw"—by *Ehed-ydd Bychan*: but his "pabell haf" we do not altogether approve of, as the airy arch appears occasionally at other seasons of the year.

(d.) "Gwiw fwa trilliw i fyd drylliog"—by *Noa*. He gives the Rainbow only *three* colours.

(e.) "Rhodd Duwdod hynod yw hon"—by *Gruffydd Arfon*. The author makes himself too public.

(f.) "Caer wridog y Creawdwr"—by *Gwion Bach*. The *enfys* is not mentioned by name; and the third line is somewhat obscure.

(g.) "Enfys o wregys yr eigion"—by *Euronwy*. (Mythologic.)

Upon the whole, if the Eisteddvod be continued, it might be worthy of consideration whether such a scramble for five guineas among the writers of an *Ynglyn* of four lines, should be encouraged. They have not hitherto answered expectation. The prize is one-fourth part of the highest prize, whereas *one-fortieth* would be sufficient, and perhaps the compositions would be better.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,  
Your obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

September 19th, 1822.

## XXXI.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

Nov. 22nd, 1822.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received the enclosed notes to you and Mr. Rees in a letter to me from the Secretary of the Cambrian Society in Dyved. They are preparing, it seems, for the Eisteddod of 1823.

The chair prize is fixed:—"The Foundation of St. David's College at Llanbedr."

The following subjects for the second prize:—1. "The Fall of Jerusalem;" 2. "Hezekiah;" 3. "Belshazzar;" 4. "Nebuchadnezzar."

I say nothing of the chair prize, save that Dewi Wyn o Eivion will not be a candidate; Ioan Glanddyvroedd may.

I would recommend the second poem to be either an *awdl* or *cywydd*: for I hate the long cuckoo song of a *cywydd*. And the "Fall of Jerusalem" is a grand subject, by which the Oxford bard Milman has gained much credit.

I would recommend an essay in Welsh, instead of the usual *Ynglyn*.

The two essays are on the same subjects as were proposed in Dyved for 1820. 1. "The Chair of Glamorgan, &c., and the Political and Religious Principles of Bardism." This has lain dormant for two years, and it may lie for twenty-two years more. Iolo is too old for it, and there is not another Iolo in the world. 2. "On the Evidence and latest Remains of Druidism and Paganism in the Compositions and Fictions of the ancient British Bards." 3. A premium, "for the best Translation of Trioedd Dyvnwal Moel-mud." 4. A premium, "for the best Glossary on the

Poems of the Cynveirdd prior to the Eighth Century, preceded by an Essay on their Authenticity, on their Orthography, and on the Characteristics of their Fictions." The Committee sits at Caermarthen next Tuesday week, and a joint answer from you, and Mr. Rees, and myself, will be expected there and then. Do they think we live in one house—but in different stories? Write from Berriw what you think of the subjects, and let Mr. Rees write per se, if he does not meet you on Dean Business. Angharad expects your epistle.

I remain, as usual,  
Your obedient Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

P.S. The subjects for the essays are too deep, and require too much labour for general competition, and the light the best writer may throw upon them will be but an *ignis fatuus*; unless a mine, a Herculanæum of papyrus be found in Snowdon, or Cribarth, &c.

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## XXXII.

TO MR. JOHN HUMPHREYS, CAERWYS.

Y CYMRO PARCHUS,

YN ol cyhoeddiad y *Powysion* ddwy flynedd yn ol, derbyniais lythyr caredig oddi wrthy, o herwydd i mi, yn Rhagymadrodd y llyfryn hwnw, roddi cofnod dyledus i goffadwriaeth y gweinidog ffyddlawn hwnw yng ngwinllan yr Efengyl a nodasai

ei Awdl ar Farwolaeth Sior III. ag *Ap Iorwerth*. Yr oeddwn yn barnu yr awdl ym mhlith y goreuon; ac ni allwn lai na chrybwyll yn barchedig am yr awdwr a'i cyfansoddasai. Yr oedd genyf erioed er yn herlod barch neillduol i'r cyfryw ddynion ag oedd ef; a gobeithiaf y bydd felly genyf tra bwyf yn anialwch y byd hwn; a phan orfydd i mi symmud fy mhabell, caffwyf trwy drugaredd eu cymdeithas yn dragwyddol yn y trigfanau gwynfydedig hyny lle nad oes onid un blaid yn seinio yr un gerdd orfoleddus.

Yn ol eich llythyr chwi, yr hwn a lonodd fy ys-brydau, ac a barodd gynhwrf yng nghilfachau tyneraf fy nghalon, mi a gefais y dywenydd o dderbyn cyffelyb lythyr, ond ei fod yn Seisoneg, oddi wrth weddw hybarch y gwr parchedig uchod. Os yw hi yn fyw ac yn iach, pan weloch hi nesaf, cofiwch fi yn garedig ati; a dywedwch wrthi na wneis i ond yr hyn oedd ddyledus arnaf, pan grybwyllais ei phriod anwyl; a bod ei chofiant am danaf o'r achos wedi peri i mi foddlondeb lled anhawdd ei ddarlunio.

Yr ydwyf yn cael y cyfleusdra o anfon hyn o fyr adhebiad gyda'ch cymmydog, gweinidog Caerwys, yr hwn sydd ar ei daith yn ymweled â'r Ysgolion Rhad. Y mae rhifedi beirdd Cymru yn amlhau yn rhyfeddol. Ni wyddwn i fod y diweddar Barch. Thomas Jones yn fardd, nes y dywedodd rhyw un i mi mai efe oedd awdwr yr awdl. Ni wyddwn chwaith am danoch chwithau, nes y derbyniais eich llythyr. Yr oedd llithrigrwydd eich rhyddiaith yn dangos i mi fod Awen yn agos; ac yna tua'r diwedd gwelwn hi yn tori allan mewn mesurau cerdd reolaidd.

Llwyddiant i chwi ym mhob daioni.

Ydwyf, yr eiddoch yn garedig,

WALTER DAVIES.




## XXXIII.

TO LORD CLIVE.<sup>1</sup>

MY LORD,

SINCE I returned from the hospitable reception last week at Powys Castle, I have not forgot the tile found in its cellar; and I perused the few heraldic helps that I have, in order to discover what family the arms thereon exhibited; but I have not succeeded. From what I recollect of the tile, I read it thus:—Party per fess, sable; and in the chief sinister, a lion passant (qu. couchant?), guardant (qu. regardant?), argent: secondly, from centre to base, a paly of six, sable and argent—the argent pointed upwards.

Whether these were part of the arms of the Charltons or the Greys, once lords of Powys, I do not know. Mr. Bowen of Shrewsbury may be able to determine.

As I am now on the subject of tiles, I beg leave to mention, that a few years back, on my way to Meivod, I turned from the road to pay a kind of devotion to the site of the ancient palace of the Mervinian princes of Mathraval; and with the point of my stick I raked out of the rubbish a few fragments of its ruins: first, a broken brick, with the figure of the maker's thumb thereon—the lines of the skin fairly delineated; secondly, two fragments of tiles—reddish, and of well-tempered construction. One of them had a perforation at one end of its flat surface, thus, ; the other had a protuberance to fit that perforation, its lateral side thus, ¶. They must have formed part of the roof of the castle; but how they were laid on the roof, Mr. Haycock, or any other architect accustomed to view

<sup>1</sup> [The late Earl of Powys, father of the present noble proprietor of Powys Castle.]

the construction of ancient buildings, may be able to decide; whether laths were used, or whether the tiles were simply laid on mortar, on a plashed roof. I do not find that any search has ever been made in the ruins of Mathrava! Castle: therefore, does it not excite your Lordship's curiosity to have a couple of spade and mattock men employed for a day or two, to remove the rubbish, in order to discover what may be discovered therein? I would prefer the months of March or April to make the attempt, when the ground and trees are bare of foliage, &c. I would gladly superintend the trial, and have every fragment worthy of notice preserved for your Lordship's inspection. If the rubbish thrown aside as useless be considerable, it is near the turnpike road, and select labourers belonging to the road might be employed under proper direction. If your Lordship thinks the ruins ought not to be disturbed, I ask your pardon for this trouble, and remain,

Yours, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

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#### XXXIV.

#### TO DEWI WYN O EIFION.

ENWOG FARDD,

HYSBYS i chwi er ys dyddiau yw hanes Eisteddfod y Trallwng—pa fodd y cadeiriwyd y Milwriad Parry o Fadryn megys cynnrychiolydd eich cymmydog o Lan Gybi. Yr oedd yno sibrawd ym mhllith y beirdd, a pheth anfoddlondeb, mai gweinidog

cyflog yn y Gaer Wen oedd Eben. Tomas! Y nos cyn yr Eisteddfod derbyniais bapryrn yn mynegu i mi hyny, heb enw wrtho; ond ni sylwais ar y newydd, gan ei ystyried megys yn fagl i'm tramgwyddo. Teithi yr awdl yn unig yr oeddwn i yn eu golygu, heb ofalu pwy oedd ei hawdur—ai boneddig ai gwreng, ai uch-elwr ai gweinidog. Newydd arall yno oedd, eich bod chwi a'ch cyfaill R. ab G. Ddu wedi gweled yr awdl fuddugol cyn ei hanfon i Bowys, a'ch bod eich deuoedd yn ei chymmeradwyo yn fawr. Nid oedd dim i'w feio yn hyn chwaith.

Bellach, os argreffir yr awdl hon ym mysg yr wyth ereill ar "Ddinystr Ierusalem," mi a ddymunwn beth gwell diwyg arni, o ran dystewi dadwrdd cenfigen; canys er ei bod, i'm barn i, yn rhagori, ac ynddi amrai fanau a phennillion cedyrn hynod, y mae, er hyny, ynddi rai banau lled weiniaid a chyffredin. Gan hyny, er mwyn eich cymmydog, anfonwch am dano i ymweled â chwi gynted ag y byddo cyfleusdra, a gosodwch ger ei fron ef y pigion canlynol, i edrych a ydynt wrth ei fodd ef, neu gystal a'r na ddichon gwell.

1. A ydyw yr ail englyn wrth ei fodd ef? Gwell i'm golwg i a fyddai yr awdl hebddo, ac ni byddai ball cydiad hebddo. Pa fodd y gellir galw Ierusalem, yn ei nerth a'i phrydferthwch, yn "garnedd grog?"

2. Yn y trydydd englyn—"Yn ei bri hon wnai barhau:" ai nid oes yma fath ar broest-odliad? Crych a llyfn hefyd.

3. Yn y pedwerydd englyn, ä y bardd i ben clogwyn; "Af yn awr," &c.; "Ierusalem fawr is law im' fydd:" ac yna, yn y pummed englyn, "I ben mynydd af." I'm deall i, y mae yma beth cymmysgedd. *Gwel'd* ym mhob un o'r ddau englyn yn lle *gweled*: geill *gwel'd* wneyd y tro; er hyny cwtogair cyffredin ydyw.

4. Yn yr ail golofn—"Ddysgedigion . . . ymrodiant mewn mawrydi:" ai nid gwell fyddai *mawrhydi*? "Yw ei *thrwyaowl* athrawon;" "Ac *efryd* ar y gyfraith:"

gwneir *efryd* yma yn berwyddiad neu ferf, yn lle *efrydu*, myfyrio, astudio, &c.

5. Yn y drydedd golofn—"Ddail dillynion"—"tra iachusol at rai achosion:" go wan, a chyffredin yw y llinell ddiweddaf.

6. Ail golofn—"Fan orhoff, orlawn o fewn â pherlau."

7. "Caer Salem sicr ei seiliau." Y mae *sicr* yn Ysgrythyrol; ond a ydyw yn air Cymreig? Ai nid o'r Seisoneg *secure* y daw?

8. Adgof genyf nad gwarantedig yw llusgiad o'r bummed i'r chweched sill, o ran eu bod yn sathru eu gilydd. Dylai y sill lusg gyntaf fod yn ail, drydedd, neu bedwaredd. Gwelir yn yr awdl—"Ar Ierusalem tremiaf;" "Yna'r marchluedd floeddiant." Y mae yn ddilys nad yw y sain mor beraidd a phe byddai sill neu ddwy rhyngddynt.

Ni chwanegaf sylwiadau yn rhagor, ac nid oedd achos am hyn i chwi, nac fe allai i'ch cymmydog: ond pryderus ydwyf i'r awdl, pan argreffir, ymddangos yn ei gwisg oreu; canys dir genyf y bydd llawer o sylwi arni, a beio hefyd os gellir. Y mae rhai o'r brodyr tra hunanol wedi gyru eu hawdlau ar y testyn, ac yn rhyfeddu at eu siomedigaeth. Gan hyny, bwriwch olwg gofalus dros ysgwydd eich cymmydog pan fyddo yn ysgrifenu adysgrif newydd i'w gyru i mi.

Yr wyf yn adnabod eich gwaith ym mhlith cant, er nad wyf eto yn eich adnabod chwi; ond gobeithio y caf hyny cyn hir, naill ai yn wyddfodol, ai trwy lythyr diymgel. Gwelais "Elusengarwch" o ddau fath; yr oedd un yn rhagori tu hwnt i bob cyfartalwch; ond nid oes achos i mi yn awr ddywedyd pa un. Gwelais amryw bethau ereill, a gormod o honynt yn dra sarig eu naws. Fe allai bod rhyw achos am hyny i'r dyn anianol: ond ymddyrchafed bardd cyfaddefedig uwch dylion llyfrion y llwch. Bydded foneddigaidd yn ei ymarweddiad, llariaidd mewn hunan-amddiffyniad; a geill yn ddiogel ymddiried i'r byd am iawn farni. Wrth

y byd yr wyf yn meddwl y dynion deallgar ynddo: ac os ceir y rhai hyny o'n plaid, ni waeth am ereill.

Cyhoeddwyd yn ddiweddar waith y llithrig-fardd o Geiriog, Huw Morus, mewn dau lyfr deuddegplyg, pris 12s. Myfi a gymmerodd y boen a'r drafferth o'u casglu yng nghyd: am hyny dymunwn i'r argraffydd (Painter o Wrecsam) fod yn ddigolled. Os gellwch gymmeradwyo y gwaith i hoffwyr barddoniaeth Gymreig—gwaith y prydydd goreu yn ei oes—i ryw rai o'ch cydnabyddiaeth, byddaf ddiolchgar i chwi.

Cofiwch fi yn garedig at eich cymmydogion, R. ab G. Ddu, a Chybi o Eifion; a choeliwch fy mod i chwi, ac i bob Cymro o'ch bath,

Eich ufuddaf Wasanaethydd ac Ewyllysiwr da,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Manavon, near Welshpool,  
Hydref 13, 1824.*

Dylai pob bardd fedru cadw cyfrinach; a pha ham na fedr prif-fardd Eifion yn anad neb?

### XXXV.

DEWI WYN TO GWALLTER MECHAIN.

*Caerwen, Hydref 25, 1824.*

ANRHYDEDDUS GYMRO,

DAETH eich llen i law yn brydlawn; ac i'ch gwneyd yn ddiofal na chaiff neb ei gweled mewn amser dyfodol, dyna hi yn ol i chwi; dangosais hi yn unig i Ebenezer Thomas yn ol eich gorchymmyn. E allai

fod y chwedlau gweinïon wedi peri i chwi led-dybio fod rhyw gydweithrediad rhyngwyf a'r bachgen; ond gwybyddwch mai dyfais gelwyddog oedd y cwbl. Mae yn wir i'r bachgen ymddyddan â mi o berthynas i'r gwaith, a dangos peth o hono i mi cyn ei anfon; ond ni welais erioed mo'r gwaith i gyd. Addawsai ddyfod ag ef i mi i'w olygu cyn ei yru ymaith; ond brys i achub yr amser, a wnaeth iddo ffyrstio ei anfon heb i mi gael golwg arno. Y flordd fyraf am hyn yw dywedyd, nad oes yn yr awdl gymmaint ag un llinell o'm gwaith i, ac yr wyf bron yn sicr, o waith neb arall chwaith.

Dichon eich bod chwi, ac y bydd ereill, yn gweled rhyw bethau yn yr Awdl yn tebygu i'm gwaith i. Yr ateb i hyn ydyw, fod Awen y bachgen o'r un rywogaeth a'r eiddof finnau; o herwydd wrth ddarllen fy marddoniaeth i yr ymhoedd yn y gelfyddyd; ac myfi yn ganlynol a fu ei athraw: a'r flordd a gymmerais i'w gyfarwyddo oedd, ei gynghori i ddarllen *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru* a phethau ereill, rhag iddo ymlithio ac ymlynu yn ormodol wrth fy null i; yr hwn, os yw yn ardderchog mewn rhyw beth, nid yw yn dda ym mhob peth, &c. Dydd Sadwrn y bu'r bachgen yma, ac ymddadleuais ag ef yn y modd mwyaf cyfeillgar: addawodd wneyd ei egni i ddiwygio; ond ni ddywedodd pa un a wnai ai dyfod yma i'w hadysgrifio ai peidio. Ni ddarfu i minnau ei gymhell gwneyd, rhag ofn iddo fy nhybied yn rhy swyddgar; e allai fod y chwedlau celwyddog fy mod i yn ei gynnorthwyo, wedi briwo peth ar ei feddwl. Gan nad oedd un math o gyfeillgarwch rhyngoch chwi a'r bardd, gymmaint a'i adnabod, yr oedd yn annichon i chwi fod yn bleidgar iddo; ac felly hyderaf fod eich dedfryd yn gywir, ac nad rhaid i chwi na phryder na chywilydd o blegid eich barn. Yr wyf yn cofio i mi ddywedyd wrth y bachgen pan welais i y gwaith, ei fod yn dra thebyg o lwyddo; ac bron yn sicr, os na fyddai rhyw hen walch cryf iawn wedi canu; canys meddwn, "Yr wyf yn sicr fod hon yn llawer cryfach

Awdl nag eiddo Gwilym Cawrdaf, yr hon a ennillodd yn Aberhonddu."

Darfu i'r bachgen wedi hyny welläü peth ar y gwaith, ond ni welais byth mo hono. Dywedodd yr adanfonai yr Awdl i chwi cyn bo hir: perais i iddo beidio â ffwdanu, er mwyn iddo gyflawnu eich dymuniad yn dda; ac os cais genyf fi ei golygu, byddaf ddigon ewyllysgar i hyny; *a'r cwbl* yn gyfrinach.

Buaswn wedi ysgrifenu atoch er ys blynyddau oni bai ofn ymddangos yn rhy feiddgar a swyddgar, i'ch annog i gyhoeddi eich barddoniaeth, sef pigion eich gwaith prydyddol, yn llyfryn, er mwyn eich anrhydedd eich hun, llesâd a dyddanwch cenedl y Cymry, heb olygu ennill na cholled oddi wrth yr argraffiad; canys beth yw ychydig bunnoedd i wr yn eich sefyllfa chwi? Am waith Huw Morus, nid wyf yn meddwl y medrwn werthu cymmaint ag un llyfryn; canys haws o lawer a fyddai gwerthu cadachau esgidiau yn y wlad yma, nag un math o farddoniaeth. Methu genyf werthu cymmaint ag un o *Fêl Awen* Pedr Fardd.

Pe cyfrifaswn chwi yn elyn o'm heiddof, yr wyf yn meddwl fod ynof gymmaint o waelod ac anrhydedd, ag y cadwaswn eich cyfrinach; ond gan fy mod yn eich ystyried yn ewyllysiwr da, mae fy rhwymau cyfrinachol yn ddeublyg. Hefyd yr wyf yn dueddol i feddwl mai barn gyfion yw eich unig ymgeisnod fel pen-beirniad yn yr Eisteddfodau; ac yr wyf yn cydymdeimlo â chwi, o herwydd pwysigrwydd eich gorchwyl, a'r anhawsder i ddiengyd oddi wrth bob math o annymunoldeb wrth weithredu.

Wyf, yr eiddoch yn iselfryd,

DEWI WYN O EIFION.

Diolch yn y modd mwyaf teimladwy i chwi am fy ngwahawdd i alw yn eich ty. Mae ynof duedd gref ryfeddol i rodio oddi cartref: mae hyny yn dygymmod yn llawer gwell â'm hiechyd, na syfrdanu fy ymenydd

yn ceisio prydyddu; ac os oes hoedl a llwyddiant, dichon y caf ryw adeg i rodio y wlad yna; ac os dawaf, bydd dda genyf gael cyfeillach a lletty genych chwi.

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### XXXVI.

#### TO THE SECRETARY OF THE LLANVAIR CYMREIGYDDION SOCIETY.

BARCHEDIG SYR,

YR esgus cyffredin gan aml un yn ein plith, pan fyddo yn ammharod i rod-di ateb i'r gofyn, ydyw dywedyd ei fod yn rhy brysur; felly finnau, pan ddaeth eich llythyr i'm llaw ddoe brydnawn, a gymmerais achles dan gysgod yr un gorchudd. Ond gan na wn ddydd eich misol neu wythnosol gyfarfod yn ystafell y Cymreigyddion, prysuraf rod-di yr ateb goreu a fedraf, rhag i mi fod yn achos o luddias penderfyniadau y Gymdeithas mewn pryd ac amser cyfaddas.

Yn gyntaf sonier am y testynau.

I. Awdl.—Nid oes genyf un gwrthddadl i'r testyn "Gwanwyn." Er nad yw dymmor i'r wenynen gasglu llawer o fêl; er hyny dichon i'r bardd naturiol dynu melusder archwaethus oddi ar wrthddrychau misoedd ieuencyd y flwyddyn. Canwyd, dybygaf, ar yr un testyn mewn caniadau digynghanedd, ar ddeisyfiad Archddiacon Beynon, yn nhalaeth Dyfed, flwyddyn neu ddwy yn ol. Canodd y bardd Seisonig Thomson ac ereill yn orchestol ar y testyn; ond pe medrai bardd Cymreig arwain ei feddyliau goruwch coeg lwybrau benthyciad, gan gartrefu ei Awen cymmaint ag a allo



o fewn terfynau Cymru, byddai ei awdl yn fwy derbyniol, o ran ei hanymddibynoldeb ar ganiadau blaenorol.

II. Cywydd.—Y mae o'm blaen dri o destynau: nid yw y cyntaf yn eglur i mi—pa un a feddylir ai *sir* Drefaldwyn, ai *ser* y ffurfafen. Meddyliaf mai y diweddaf oedd ym mryd yr ysgrifenydd; a thestyn ardderchog a fyddai yn llaw athronydd barddonol; athronydd, meddaf, canys y mae yn ein plith rai na wyddant, mwy na'r twrch daiar, ddim am yr haul, na llawer am draul y lleuad. Ar y testyn hwn dylai yr holl gylch wybrenol gael ei ystyried—haul, lloer, y planedau teithiol, ser safadwy, a'r bodau annirnadwy hyn a elwir yn gyffredin “ser cynffonog.” Rhydd y testyn hwn i'r bardd ei wala a'i weddill o waith myfyrdod i'w Awen; ond na ryfyged fesur meithder yr eangder anfeidrol, na darlunio trigolion y miliynau o fydoedd sydd yn gwibio yn rheolaidd o amgylch miloedd o heulau; mor ddirfawr o faint, mor ddysglaer eu llewyrch, ac mor danbaid eu gwres, fe allai, a'r haul ysblenydd sydd yn goleuo, yn twymo, ac yn lloni trigolion y dywarchen hon, sydd yn cynnal epil Adda.

2. “Cyflafan Bethlehem” a fyddai destyn mwy dealladwy.

3. “Twyll y Cyllyll Hirion” a wnai y tro, er, fe allai, nad yw na mwy na llai na “hen chwedl.” Cymmerer un o'r ddau gyntaf yn destyn cywydd; canys coeliaf, pe cenid i'r cyllyll hirion, na byddai ddiogel i Harri Peat, nac un Sais arall, dramwy rhwng y Trallwng a Bwlch y Fedwen. Parhæd brawdgarwch.

Seison yn Gymry llonydd,  
A Brython yn Seison sydd.

III. Deg o Englynion i'r “Agerddlong.” *Agerdd* yw'r gair am *steam*. Pe rhoddid hwn yn destyn, byddai y prydyddion â'u traed drwy eu hesgidiau yn teithio tua Llynlleifiad i gael golwg ar yr anghenfil, i

wybod pa un ai tebyg yw i'r behemoth neu i'r lefiathan. Nid yw "gwefr-beiriant" mwy adnabyddus i'r cyffredin. Testynau yw y rhai hyn mwy cyfaddas i ysgolheigion y prif athrofaŷ, nag i'r sawl na fedrant ddarllen ond iaith y fam Gymreig. Felly, ni welaf nemor o wahan-iaeth rhwng y ddau destyn hyn. Holiad—pa beth a feddylir wrth yr enw "gwefr-beiriant?" ai *electricity*, ai *electrifying machine*? *Utrum horum, &c.*

#### IV. Chwech Englynion.

1. I'r "Hin-fynegydd." Yr Almanac bach, y mae yn debyg, yw hwn, neu, fe allai, gwymon y môr, neu y cryd cymmalau—

A fydd yn waew blin yma a thraw,  
Erbyn rhew a gwlaw i'w glywed.

Y mae amryw bethau ereill yn rhagarwyddo hinon a thywydd—pethau halenedig, tannau crwth, &c., &c. Nid oes prin ddiwedd ar nifer yr hin-fynegyddion; ac eto wedi y cwbl, nid oes brin greadur mwy anwybodus na dyn o gyfnewidiadau hin. Ond i ddychwelyd i bwyll; wrth yr hin-fynegydd, meddyliai yr ysgrifenydd *barometer*. Nid yw y peiriennyn hwn yn mynegu yr hin, canys dodrefnyn geirwir ydyw am bwysau yr awyr: felly, awyr-bwysydd yw ei enw. Dyn, llygredig ddyn, sydd yn gosod celwydd megys yng ngenau y marw i hudo gwerinos. Prin y medraf ddyfalu pa beth a ddywedai prydyddion ein gwlad ar y testyn hwn.

2. "Cof-golofn Rodney." Gallai bardd awenyddol, ac nid arall, wneyd o'r testyn hwn yn well na'r cyntaf.

3. "Efernwy." Ni wyddys ei dechreuad; ond ei diwedd sydd hysbys; y mae yn ymarllwys i Hafren. Nid oes destyn yn y byd yn rhy wael i'r awenyddol, ac nid oes un yn ddigon ardderchog i ddal ei ardderchogrwydd dan ewinedd yr anfyfyriol.

4. "Marchog y Sir." Rhodder at hwn, "Hawl y Pabyddion i ran yn Llywodraeth Prydain Brotestanaidd."

5. "Ar Nodweddiad Llanfair Caer Einion." Taw a'i pia hi; goreu po lleiaf a siaredir.

## 6. "Mathrafal," ar lan yr afon Banwy.

"Y llwybrau gynt lle bu'r gân,  
Yw lleoedd y ddylluan."

## XXXVII.

THE REV. JOHN JENKINS TO THE REV.  
WALTER DAVIES.

*Kerry, April 24, 1826.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I HEREWITH send you three books for your perusal, which I expect will afford you a good deal of amusement. When anything occurs to you, I shall be glad if you will write your remarks in the margin. I am always happy to meet your observations in my books. I apprehend your namesake of Bishopston has given a *coup de grace* to the averred antiquity of Ossian. I do not know how Sir John Sinclair and the Highland Society will carry themselves under it. The argument arising from the structure of the Gaelic versification, so similar to the Welsh from the time of Davydd ab Gwilym, no one can weigh in the balance of criticism so well as yourself. I am anxious to have your opinion on the whole matter in dispute between our eminent Cambrian and the Scotch antiquaries.

I am truly happy, and I am sure you are, that Mr. Thomas Richards has had Llangyniw.

Yours truly,

JOHN JENKINS.

## XXXVIII.

TO \* \* \* \*

I RECEIVED your terse and pithy summons to attend you at Mathraval, on Thursday next, ere I had descended from the areithva of Gwenddolen yester-even; but the transgression of the fourth Sinaian injunction, in receiving it only, lies not, I trust, at my door.

With respect to the subject matter of the summons, I humbly conceive it to be highly improper and premature, for several weighty reasons apparently unknown to you. Your temerity seems to me a proof that you are totally unacquainted with the writings of the adepts in occult sciences, such as Heydon, Glanvil, George Agricola, and above all Cornelius Agrippa. They might have enlightened your darkness on the subject of hidden treasures, that they are jealously and vigilantly guarded, not by the *bon-hommes* of the Continent, or such benign beings as the *tylwyth teg* of Cyveiliog and Mawddwy, or the *bendith eu mamau* of Ceredigion; but by some malignant elves, the *dæmones montani* of the above writers, who are so extremely tenacious of their trust that such unqualified mortals as presume rashly to invade their subterranean domains seldom escape with impunity. Therefore, I would by no means encourage the newly collated Rector of Ll-n-g-n-w, to venture his sacred person on the forbidden ground. Had he been a curate "gwirion gwan, fel Sion o Lan y Seintiau," they might have given him a welcome reception, and hailed him as an ally rather than an invading foe; but as he is giving full proof of his ministry, being instant in season and out of season, an encourager of profane music in the

<sup>1</sup> [The Rev. Thomas Richards of Llangyniw was the person addressed.]

four provinces of Cambria, "a righteous man and a water-drinker," they would hail his fall as a cause of triumph, to the inexpressible grief of all his untried parishioners, from *Pont Dolanog* to *Talar Bowys*. Were the invasion attempted in an inauspicious hour, the chief demon would give charge to his myrmidons, not to attack either great or small, save the Rector, though he had a score or twain in his suite. As he is not crowned with an Absalomian wig, as Thetis held the imp Achilles by one heel, so might some infuriated elf, armed with the talons of a fiend, similar to the "Hans of Iceland," seize the tonsured priest by the left leg, and with the spiral evolutions of a tornado, transport his inverted corse into the mid-regions of the air, and from thence, hurl him headlong into the swollen flood of the *Banwy*, to be carried along the *brwynen* of the stream, o geulan i geulan, o dwmpath i dwmpath, to shoot the arches of all the bridges and aqueducts, from *Mathraval* to the *Cymmerau Havren*; there to be picked up, and dragged ashore by some salmon poachers: or if this dry weather continue, and the *Banwy* (as at present) scarcely able to move a water-wheel, much less to float a bloated rector, he may be dropped lifeless among the briars and brambles of *Mathraval Ffreeth*, or the gorsy brakes of *Trev Edryd*; and so, not to be found to undergo the ordeal of a coroner's inquest; while at the instant of his fall, whether into the flood or the brake, the welkin may be heard to ring with the joyful acclamations of the guardians of hidden treasures, glorying in their victory over the avaricious sons of earth.

And further, had you consulted the authors above named, they might have directed you how to prepare yourself properly for action, so as to have some chance of being favourably received by the guardians of mines and concealed treasures. You ought to have been fumigated with the odour of burnt fern seed, gathered on midsummer day, and sprinkled with the juice of vervain. You ought to wear a bracelet of *glain neidr*,

and a necklace of the vertebræ of toads; but above all, you ought to be in possession of the true divining-rod of the ancients, cut from the *corylus avellana*, at the instant when Sol enters Capricorn, with the moon and Mars in opposition. As you are apparently destitute of all, or most, of these requisites, I would advise you, and your worthy guests of the 7th of September, 1826, to keep clear of the forbidden ground, so as not to disturb the ghosts of the Mervinian race of princes, who may have been inhumed on the spot, and by so doing, excite the hostility of the angry elves who hover over their tombs and treasures; and for the present, to postpone your meditated and ill-advised invasion *sine die*.

When you write next—

Pray do not use *your pronoun WE*,  
For I am the sole Patentee.

September 4th, 1826.

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### XXXIX.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE  
(*CARNHUANAWC*).

*Manavon, September 18th, 1826.*

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter last night, and another a few days before from Mr. Vaughan of Brecon, nearly on the same subject, viz., an inquiry whether the parcel of compositions, sent *viâ* Hereford, had come safe to hand. I had received it on or

about the 8th inst., and intended to forward it soon, according to Mr. Vaughan's direction, to Mr. J. Hughes, at Wrexham; but together with Mr. Vaughan's came another letter from Mr. Hughes, dated *Wellington*; so that it was fortunate I had not sent off the compositions to Wrexham, for there they might have remained to the end of this month, or that of the following. Mr. Hughes, in conclusion, advised the returning of the parcel to Brecon, without being sent to him. It fortunately happened that Mr. J. Blackwell, of Jesus College, Oxford, was then with me at Manavon. You saw him at Pool in 1824. He understands the modern rules of Welsh prosody very well. Therefore, I kept him with me two or three days. He concurred with me in opinion; and I had, before he came, made up my mind to concur with you, in giving the chair to *Philomon*, for his ode on "Mount Sinai." *Hur* was his rival, who had more beauties, but at the same time more *defects* than the former. The awfulness of Jehovah's presence on the mount constitutes the chief excellence in *Hur's* ode; but in our opinion, he dwells too long upon it. You gave your opinion in favour of *Neptune*, on the "Battle of Trafalgar;" we could not, however, avoid preferring the poem by *Hiraethog*, which we take to be the *best* of any of the compositions. We considered it an impossibility to decide which, out of eight, ten, or more, was the best *englyn* on the "Sun;" and to keep those gentlemen in good humour with each other, we have declared for the young lady who signs "*Phæbe*." You will have a fuller account of all these in the report sent with the compositions to Mr. Vaughan. Mr. Blackwell took them all with him to Mr. Jenkins of Kerry, yesterday, in order to have his sanction to our decisions; and then to send the sealed parcel to Mr. Vaughan, by the Newtown coach, through Llandrindod and Builth to Brecon, on this day. I will write to Mr. Jenkins this day, in case he has not sent it off, to use his discretion, whether it be best to forward it by coach, or take

it himself to Brecon; for both Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Jenkins intend being there on the evening of the 25th.

As to the "Voyage of St. Paul," there being but one piece on the subject, and that a very poor one, we have advised a gratuity to be given the writer, instead of the premium, especially if the committee reserved the power of withholding it, in case sufficient merit should not be found in the composition, which is evidently the case here. It should never appear in print.

You will be so kind as to write to Mr. Vaughan, that he may be at ease about the safety of the compositions, and inform him that I received his letter, and another from Mr. Hughes at Wellington the same day. The "Voyage of St Paul" may stand over as a subject for the next Eisteddvod, which I hope will not be annual.

I remain, dear Sir,  
Your obedient Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

## XL.

TO ARTHUR JAMES JOHNES, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote to you yesterday by your messenger, I met Mr. Richards of Llangyniw, at Llanvair, and he informed me that you were setting off for the Metropolis on Tuesday next. I have, therefore, just time to wish you a safe and pleasant journey. He informed me also, that he considered you in earnest about what he calls the "*Cambrian Magazine*." For



my part, as I told you, I thought it a hoax; but if it turns out otherwise, so much the better. I can only advise you not to be too forward or too sanguine on the subject, for if the late Mr. Humffreys Parry, with Dr. O. Pughe at his elbow, and with all his powers at his nod, could not support the *Cambro-Briton* but for a few numbers; who would run the risk of being engulfed in a similar vortex? Survey it well before you approach too near; it may be time enough to launch out some years hence, when you and your coadjutors shall have collected a store of proper materials, well digested and arranged in methodical order.

I have sent a small book, which Mr. D. Jones, No. 12, Millbank-row, left behind him in Merionethshire, and requested it to be sent after him. I shall be obliged to you for forwarding it to its destined place when you hear of the owner's arrival at Westminster.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Manavon, October 29, 1827.*

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## XLI.

### TO THE SECRETARY OF THE DENBIGH EISTEDDVOD.

DEAR SIR,

ON Friday evening (29th of August), Robert Davies of Nantglyn arrived at Manavon, with his cargo of Welsh compositions for the Denbigh

Eisteddvod. He continued with me until the Tuesday evening following, when they were returned by him, after our having given them in succession an attentive perusal, and coincided in the following decisions.

1. *Awyren* (balloon). The number of candidates amount to eighty; and about half that number are tolerable compositions. Some have omitted the term *Awyren*, in the *englyn*, which renders it incomplete. Others make too free with expletives. Some turn the subject to ridicule, and one mistook the meaning of *Awyren*, and descanted upon a more common article, namely, an *umbrella*. No. 6, by *Eos y Dyffryn*, and No. 7, by *Cynvelyn* (included in the same letter), contain some scientific hints as to the causes of ascent and descent in the balloon, namely, the different specific gravity of atmospheric air, and the hydrogen gas of the balloon. But in our opinion No. 1, by *Eryr Gwernabwy*, is the most complete *englyn*, without expletives and elisions of vowels.

2. *Buddug* (Boadicea). No. 1, by *Merddyn Emrys*, is elegant in its construction, and for that reason is not so well adapted to the taste of common readers. We, however, consider it the best *cywydd* on the subject. The writer indulges himself with some peculiarities of orthography which we do not commend; and beg leave to advise him to give his poem a revision before it meets the public eye. The concluding stanza we also advise him to obliterate.

1. *Awyren* (balloon). Among the prizes at every grand *Eisteddvod*, from the commencement of the periodical meetings of that name in 1819, one was uniformly offered for the best *englyn* of four lines upon a given subject. Thus *Telyn* (the harp) at Caermarthen, *Awen* (poetical talent) at Wrexham, *Haul* (the sun) and *Envyys* (the rainbow) at Brecon, &c., &c. In each of these, the umpires thought that the subject-term, whether *telyn*, *awen*, *envyys*, or *haul*, should be considered as indispensably included in the *englyn* which they adjudged to be the best. The *englynion* not

containing the term or subject were laid aside as incomplete.

Now, among the eighty *englynion* sent to Denbigh upon the subject *Awyren*, many fair samples have been offered which do not include the subject by name; others are replete with elisions, which, though allowable to a certain extent in a poem, yet in an *englyn* of only four lines they should be considered as blemishes. Taking these points into consideration, we have selected one which includes the term *Awyren*, has no elisions, and every word of it is applicable to the subject. This is No. 1, by *Eryr Gwernabwy*.

2. *Buddug* (Boadicea). On this subject six competitors have entered the lists. *Merddyn Emrys*, *Rhydderch*, and *Prasutagus*, appear in the front rank; and *Cynvelyn*, *Diglyw*, and *Anhysbys*, bring up the rear. See the animadversions on the *cywydd* of *Merddyn Emrys*.

We might have given extracts from each, wherein they excel, and others wherein they are deficient, in grammatical accuracy, or where they permit the Awen to descend from the heights of *Caer Gwydion*, to a blamable lowness of idea and expression, wholly incompatible with the grandeur of the subject. We have, however, declined this task, as the poems in competition are before competent judges at the *Eisteddfod*.

3. *Gwledd Belsassar* (Belshazzar's Feast). On this subject the number of candidates for the Chair amount to eighteen, out of which, twelve appear to be tolerably written; out of the twelve, three or four might rank in the first class, about five in the second, some two under the line, and the remainder among the *oi πολλοί*.

The Chair in our opinion belongs to a voluminous writer, who appears under the name of *Belteshazzar*, the second No. 7. As two competitors have assumed the same signature, it will be necessary that the first verse of No. 7 be read aloud, that it may be owned by the real author.

We wish that we could say that this prize poem or ode is a thoroughly correct piece. Upon a revision the writer himself will own that it is not. For a few inadvertencies he has, however, made complete amends in several unrivalled passages of the ode, as for examples, the lamentations of the captive tribes of Judah and Benjamin, when their harps were hung on the willows of the waters of Babylon. Aurora on the tiptoe gilding the Assyrian sky on the morning of Bel's anniversary, is beautifully delineated. "Timotheus sat on high," at Alexander's feast, by Dryden: so here; the nameless *bardd teulu* of the Babylonian Dynasty, whilst his hands awake to ecstasy the living lyre, his melodious voice chants in unison the celestial pedigree of the monarch of the world. Next follows the blasphemous oration of the Eastern Despot, "who made the earth tremble." This is a masterpiece of its kind, and might challenge comparison with that of Satan in Milton's pandæmonium. When blasphemy was at its acme—the sacred vessels of Solyma's Fane, profaned to the honour of the giant-golden-god in the centre of the hall—all of a sudden the myriad luminous lights of the massy chandeliers turn into a bluish glimmer, just sufficient for the guests to observe the monarch in convulsive agony, at the ominous appearance of a hand writing—"Mene, Mene, Tecel," &c., upon the wall. The dotted breaks, in the last part of Belshazzar's vaunting speech, are admirably conceived to delineate the horrors which had taken possession of the haughty monarch's mind, so as to entirely paralyze the organs of utterance. This part of the ode is unrivalled, and we consider it in itself sufficient to have gained the prize. \* \* \* \* \*

## XLII.

TO THE REV. P. B. WILLIAMS, LLANRUG.

May 1st, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter of April 2nd in due time, respecting Mr. Cathrall's *North Wales*; and am much at a loss to know what *dalpwr* could induce him to undertake a publication to the subject-matter of which he must necessarily be a stranger. However, as he has launched far into the main without either rudder or compass, you, though personally unknown to him, have befriended him much in offering to become his pilot, to steer him and his vessel safe to the wished-for harbour.

One of your first inquiries is about the cyffiniau Cymru a Lloegr; and in what parishes of Montgomeryshire the English language is spoken. In answer to the above, I will commence my tour at Eisteddva Gurig, near the source of the Triad of streams, Hafren ac Wy a Rheidiol. The population of Llangurig (1) and Llanidloes (2), on the southern side of the Severn, are mostly Welsh, and the Welsh Service predominates in these churches; but whether English be read every third or every fourth Sunday, I cannot say. Down the Severn from Llanidloes, the population becomes gradually more Anglicised. Llandinam (3) has some Welsh services, but the quantum depends upon the bias of the minister. Below Llandinam, keeping the south of the Severn, the population as well as the Church Service are English, including Pen y Strywad (4), Mochdrev (5), Newtown (Llanvair yng Nghedewain—6), Kerry (7), Llandyssul (8), Llan Merewig (9), Montgomery (10), Forden (11), Buttington (12), which borders on Shropshire. Opposite

Llanidloes and Llandinam, on the North of the Severn, Welsh population prevails in the parishes of Treveglwys (13), Carno (14), and Llanwynnog (15), and Welsh duty more common than the English. Following the Severn down still on the North side, to Aberhavesp (16), Tregynon (17), Bettws (18), Llanllwchaearn (19), Berriw (20), the population becomes more English, the service in the churches entirely English; and here, as elsewhere, owing to the erroneous proceedings of our bishops giving away Welsh livings to Englishmen, and thereby encouraging dissensions from the Established Church, Welsh chapels have been years ago erected in most of the last-mentioned villages where the Welsh population generally resorts. To the North of the last line of parishes, Welsh is the exclusive service of Llanwyddelan (21) and Llanllugan (22); Manavon (23) has Welsh and English alternately, though the population consists more of Welsh than English; but so I found it, owing to an Anglicised rector who preceded me. The parishes in the chwe' phlwyf Cyveiliog—Machynlleth (24), Llanwrin (25), Penegoes (26), Darowain (27), Cemmaes (28), and Llanbrynmair (29), are decidedly Welsh; though in the town of Machynlleth, with an English rector, this language has lately encroached; but there are chapels enough to contain nearly the population of the whole hundred. To the east of Cyveiliog, the parishes of Garth Beibio (30), Llangadvan (31), and Llanervul (32), the population is decidedly Welsh, although English is read in the latter once a month. Llanvair Caereinion (33), Llangyniw (34), Castle Caereinion (35), Meivod (36), Llanvechain (37), Llansanffraid (38), Llanvyllin (39), and Llangedwyn (40), have a mixed population—Welsh by much predominating; yet the Church Service in them is alternately Welsh and English. Above or West of these parishes—in Llanrhaiadr ym Mochnant (41), Llangynog (42), Penant Melangell (43), Hirnant (44), Llanwddyn (45), and Llanvihangel yng Ngwynva (46), the population

is Welsh, the Service the same, except some occasional services for the sake of an English resident or two who may not be inclined to dissent. On the north of the Severn, in the parishes of Pool (47), Guilsfield (48), Llandrinio (49), and Llandyssilio (on Offa's Dyke—50), the services are entirely English, and the population mostly so: but even here the zeal of the itinerant missionaries gives their congregations Welsh occasionally, as these last-named parishes have several inhabitants who would prefer the Welsh, if they had their choice.

From the above report it appears that the line of demarcation between the two languages in Montgomeryshire may be traced from the junction of the Tanat with the Vyrnwy above Llanymyneich, and proceeding southward, leaving to the left or English side, New Chapel, Guilsfield, Pool, Berriw, Tregynon, and Aberhavesp, and thence following the Severn to Pumlumon; though for many miles from its source the Welsh is the prevailing language on both sides.

As to Roman Roads, I do not know that any discoveries have been made since Sir R. C. Hoare published his *Giraldus*. I believe the Roman Road from Mediolanum to the western stations must have gone over Milltir Geryg towards Bala, &c. The Ffordd Gam Elen, or Maen Gwynedd, could never have been framed or used by the Romans.

The "Plwyv y Cedwg" you mention as being in the *Archæology*, must have been a substitute for *Bettws Cedewain*. You will find Tregynon, the real name, in the foregoing list. The derivation of *Bettws* is still *sub lite*. Several attempts have been made, but I think your *Bedw-faes* equal to any of them; though it may not be worth discussion. I do not think our ancestors pronounced *d* like *t*; the alteration took place in orthography rather than in the pronouncing organs.

The Venerable Archdeacon Beynon, in his extraordinary zeal for the adoption of Welsh *blank verse* to the total exclusion of the long-established alliterative

versification, in his last Carmarthen oration, reached a most curious climax in his Scripture quotation—and the application of it to his North Wales neighbours in general. Some person sent me the North Wales or Bangor paper which contained the Archdeacon's speech, with an asterisk opposite the attack upon the swine; and in the margin was written "at him." But I am not so easily moved; and upon the whole I have too great a respect for the speaker, though as an Ordovician I must smart a little under the lash, as unprovoked as injudicious. You have seen my Essay on the Welsh Metres at Carmarthen in 1819, and the Welsh preface to the second volume of the *Powysion*, 1826, partly on the same subject. The Archdeacon must have been moved to the unpolite attack by the North Wales men standing aloof from his blank verse prizes. He has hitherto conducted his pupils in the leading-strings of imitation—Thomson's *Seasons*, &c.; and for this year Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. Were the subjects proposed such as would not confine the writers to servile imitations, the Archdeacon would be more likely to obtain customers from among the herd of Venedotian swine. If you and I entertain the same opinion of the poetical merits of Welsh alliterative versifications when in the hands of a Goronwy Ddu o Von, or a Dewi Wyn o Eivion, we cannot help commiserating the state of the mental vision of Welsh scholars who cannot, or will not, see such beauties in them that we may look for in vain in any blank verses hitherto laid before the public.

The Welsh monks did not trouble their heads at all with Welsh prosody, though they may have jingled some Latin rhymes.

I am, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.



## XLIII.

THE REV. P. B. WILLIAMS TO THE REV.  
WALTER DAVIES.

May 26, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR,

ACCEPT my sincere acknowledgements and most grateful thanks for your very prompt and ready attention to my letter soliciting assistance for Cathrall's work. The information contained in both your communications (which have been duly received) is most satisfactory. I have your *Agricultural Survey* in my possession, and find it extremely useful, and I have not scrupled to transcribe some passages out of it, which you will soon be able to discover when the part comes out, should you take the trouble of reading it over. I perceive that Cathrall has done the same, and that most largely in the first part of vol. ii. He has copied whole pages, and that without mentioning your name, or acknowledging his obligations, particularly under the following heads:—Climate, Winds, Soil and Surface, Mountains, Lakes, Rivers; but for want of understanding the Welsh language, he has made several mistakes. He has *Dunodie* for *Dunodig*, *Cynsylet* for *Cynsyllt*, *Ystlye* for *Ystlyg*, *Yal y Llynn* for *Tal y Llynn*, the *Dowydd* River instead of *Dwrydd*, near Ffestiniog, *Drwys y Nant* instead of *Drws y Nant*, and innumerable other errata committed either by him or the printer. *Difrgi* for *Dyfrgi*, otter, &c. All the information on natural history is copied from Pennant's *Zoology*. But the most glaring blunder is that respecting the place where our last Prince Llewelyn was killed, which I perceived he copied from Carlisle's *Topographical Dictionary*, article "Aberffraw," which was supplied to that gentleman by the

late Sam. Rowlands, brother to Rowlands of Chester, the surgeon, who, poor man, was, I am sorry to say, more than half his time so much intoxicated that he scarcely knew what he was about; and it appears very strange to me, that Mr. Nich. Carlisle did not think it worth his while to contradict Mr. Rowlands's assertion (that the Prince was killed at Fishguard in Pembroke-shire), after having inserted the true and correct account under two other articles in the latter part of his work, viz., *Llanynys* and *Aber Edw*: and when I wrote to Cathrall on this subject (which was the commencement of my correspondence with him), his answer was, that it was of no *great* consequence *where that prince was killed*, hinting that he was of so little consequence. I replied, that it was of as little consequence to the Welsh where any of the English kings died, or were buried; but that I thought that historical facts should be given correctly. I took the liberty of cautioning him how he went on mangling our history in this manner, and that I was surprised how he could have undertaken such a work, without understanding the language, which must appear evident to every Welshman; and I further said, that I was acquainted with many clever Welshmen, and took the liberty of naming you, Mr. Rowland Williams of Ysgeiviog, and Dr. Peter Williams of Llanbedrog, and several others, who would have shrunk from such an undertaking single-handed; and I told him, that, in my opinion, all the talents of North Wales ought to be united in publishing its history, and that Rowlands found that one county (Anglesey) was sufficient for him. Cathrall, if I may judge from his conduct, must have no small degree of assurance to attempt such a work, without understanding the language, and without ever having visited any part of Anglesey or Carnarvonshire; and, I believe, he has not been in either Merionethshire or Denbighshire; but he boasts that he is well acquainted with your county. He may know a little of the lower part near Welshpool, but I doubt much

whether he ever was in the upper part about Llanidloes, &c. Many years ago I visited Llanvyllin, Newtown, Llanidloes, and Llanvair, &c. I have often been through Mallwyd and Machynlleth; yet I frankly confess, notwithstanding our boasted knowledge, that we are both of us very unequal to such an undertaking as that of publishing the History of North Wales; and I fear that, instead of gaining credit, we shall only reap disgrace for our trouble; and I cannot help wishing it had fallen to your lot, for you would have been able to have done more than half a dozen of such pretty fellows as Cathrall & Co.

Cathrall may perhaps pocket a few sovereigns, as he has a pretty good list of subscribers, and I believe I have been the means of getting a few names for him. He had the assurance to ask one hundred pounds for the work when it was about half finished, and when he was entering on the difficult parts, where he found he could not get on without calling in a Welshman to his assistance. This proposal, I refused; he then requested I would try to get some friend to take the work off his hands. It was offered for thirty or forty pounds or less to Mr. Jones of Llanvyllin; but he refused; so Cathrall was obliged to go on himself, or give it up. My remuneration will be but very small. However, rather than he should go on blundering by himself, I was willing to give him some little assistance.

I had a great deal to say to you on other subjects, but I have entered so largely into this Cathrall business, that I perceive I shall have no more. By the by, I do not approve (as far as my humble judgement can go) of what is called singing with the harp, as practised at Carnarvon and Wrexham; and I do not think that it does *us* Welshmen any credit to see half a dozen dirty working (and half drunken) tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, &c., elevated on a stage, or otherwise conspicuously exhibited, for the amusement of the company. If this farce be carried on, some decent clean-looking young persons should be selected

for the purpose, and these should rehearse their parts, and be accustomed to the harper before they appear in public. This is my candid opinion expressed to you as a friend. Do not suppose that I blame you: far from it. I know this part of the farce was not got up by you.

Do you approve of what I would call the stiff, affected, and pedantic mode of writing the Welsh language, attempted to be introduced by Dr. W. O. Pughe and his disciples? I do not mean merely the orthography, or the use of the *v* for *f*, or *z* for *dd*, but the total change in the arrangement of words, so as to render the language nearly if not totally unintelligible to nine-tenths of our countrymen, who have not studied this new phraseology. I cannot say that I admire *Coll Gwynfa* as much as the late Humffreys Parry, editor of the *Cambro-Briton*. Dr. W. O. Pughe was evidently misled by Iolo, who thought nothing good could proceed out of any other corner except his own dear Glamorgan.

I want a list of eminent men, natives of your county. Old Heylin, the cosmographer, was, I believe, of Welsh extraction. I think his father was a Montgomeryshire man: he was brought up at Burford School in Oxfordshire, where I was for a short time curate.

When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you at Llanrug?

I agree with you in thinking it as highly improper to confer Welsh preferments on Englishmen. Our bishop<sup>1</sup> boasted, when he first came into the diocese, that he intended introducing some Saxons among the Welsh to improve, and humanize, and civilize them. The English seem to consider the Welsh as half savages. What blindness! what partiality! If I have any partialities, you may suppose they must be in favour of my native county, Carmarthenshire; but I cannot bear that one half of the Principality should be mis-

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Majendie.]

represented at the expense of the other, and the inhabitants called "swine." The words are, "Throwing pearls before swine." Is not the great Archdeacon acting on this plan, elevating his own dear county? My dear friend, do not suppose that I am proud of our lakes. I admire your county as I do this. What I want is, to do away with all petty jealousy about our own counties, or our own native spots. There is too much of "gwyn y gwel y frân ei chyw" amongst us all. I like a little national spirit; but it should not be carried too far. Cathrall considers it as part of his plan to notice *lakes*; and I did not think that it would have given you any offence to ask if there were any in your county. You say of yours, "Much good may they do you; we like *terra firma* best." We must all like and take all things as they were created.

You write a most excellent legible hand; but I am a most terrible slovenly scribbler, and I fear you will have some trouble in deciphering my handwriting. You did not answer my query about the History of Llan Silin, though this has nothing to do with Cathrall. I am also ashamed to say that I do not go on in the methodical manner that you do in your *Survey*, and, in short, in everything you do. I had not even taken the trouble of arranging my queries to my friends; and by the confused and hurried manner in which they were written and proposed, I must, no doubt, have given you and the other gentlemen a great deal of trouble. I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Evors; but I fear he will not take the trouble of answering my letter.

Yours truly,

P. B. WILLIAMS.

## XLIV.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received a letter from Mr. P. B. Williams, of Pantavon, thanking me for my "prompt communications;" and he adds in a P.S., "I have not yet heard from Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Richards, nor Mr. Rowland Williams." He says that Cathrall has interlarded his history with entire pages from my *Survey*, without any notice whatever whence he had them. My correspondent speaks rather freely of several persons, more freely indeed than I should expect from him. I requested him, in my last, to persuade Dewi Wyn, if he had the opportunity, to undertake the office of deciding upon the compositions for the prizes at Denbigh, and that I had recommended him to the notice of the committee. Mr. P. B. W. wrote to Dewi, and Dewi returned an answer, which Mr. Williams copied in his letter to me, wherein he states his reasons for declining, and protests that he will have nothing to do with an Eisteddvod as long as he lives. In the mean while, I received a letter from Dr. Jones, of Denbigh, honorary secretary, stating that the committee had nominated three umpires for the three first poetical prizes—David Owen, of Gaerwen, Mr. A. O. Pughe, and myself. In answer, I expressed my doubt whether Dewi Wyn would accept of the office; and as the secretary did not mention that he had been applied to, I advised a Welsh letter to be addressed to him, which might have a more powerful effect upon him than their common mode of corresponding in Saxon. This was a day or two before I received the copy of Dewi's refusal. I unwillingly consented to be one of the three—provided the compositions should be sent first to Gaerwen, and then to Manavon, by a

special messenger. I also added, in that case, if I concurred in opinion with Dewi Wyn, I would feel less hesitation in deciding, as I could consider myself protected from the abuse of anonymous letters by the shield of an Achilles. I hope he will consent, otherwise I think I will again demur. Mr. A. O. Pughe would be an excellent judge, were some candidates to assume the language and metres of Casnodyn, Meugant, or some other of the ancient sages. But for modern verse, give me Dewi Wyn, in preference to any among the half a million Welshmen.

Yesterday I received a very curious letter from a curious man, Mr. Richard Llwyd, of Chester. He begins with,—“Dyma dipyn o scribble i ovyn maddeuant, &c., am *hiatus*,” &c. Whether he copies our friend, Miss Angharad Llwyd, or she him, themselves are the only competent judges.

I find, by the Receiver General, that the prime stimulus of the intended *Cambrian Quarterly* paid you a second visit before his return to the city from whence he came. You were from the beginning sanguine as to the success of this chimerical publication. I continue the same kind of sceptic, and have been upbraided for my “short-sightedness.” Then let time tell who sees, and who is blind. A well-written prospectus by a person, who must needs be a stranger to his subject, may aptly be compared to a superb bill of fare inviting gormandizers to a feast of delicacies—the choicest viands, the most delicious beverages—then what would be the epicure’s disappointment, when the feast day arrived, to see the table covered with the most homely fare, “bara llwyd a diod vain veinaf?” You know the projectors have no store laid up; and to depend upon the contributions of others, is a depending upon something as uncertain as gwynt mis Mawrth. You succeeded, I find, in delaying the publication of the first number for nine months: Horace advises nine years; and the young projectors will not be in their prime much sooner. They should have at least

materials sufficient for three years, or twelve numbers, before they commence printing. I told them at first to beware of Scylla and Charybdis, shipwreck, or rather coracle-wreck; but they intend launching forth in defiance of winds and waves. "Goreu dysg y dysg a brynir." With our united regards to Mrs. Jenkins, yourself, and Johnny,

I remain, dear Sir,  
Yours sincerely,  
WALTER DAVIES.

*June 12th, 1828.*

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## XLV.

### TO MISS ANGHARAD LLWYD.<sup>1</sup>

DEAR MISS ANGHARAD,

DERBYNIAIS eich tocyn without a date, na diwrnod yr wythnos, na mis y vlwyddyn. So I cannot be certain when or where to mount my cader, and proceed in quest of you. I, however, recollect y diwrnod when your tocyn came to hand; it was the very day the cader went to Crosswood, to proceed from thence to Penmaen for some merched ieuainc to return to Montgomeryshire. The cader has not yet returned; but I expect it the latter end of this week. I have sent to my daughter Jane, to inform her that you were yn y wlad hon; and it will hasten her return, as it would have vexed her much not to give you a cyfarvod, and welcome you to Minavon. As I am no

<sup>1</sup> [Written in imitation of Miss Llwyd's mixed style of conversation.]



expert manager of a cader, when it is drawn along ar y whil wyllt, I should hesitate in ensuring your safety, not forgetting my own; for what a loss it would be to the projectors of the repertory, were you and I shot out of the cader, and down the Pant y Ffridd precipice into the rapid Rhiw. Therefore for the sake of Cambrian achau ac hynafiaeth o bob rhyw, come leisurely along under the auspices of your far-famed Tirion,—the road from Berriw hyd yma is in excellent order. Therefore, make haste; we shall be expecting you.

I remain,  
Your disobedient Servant not at command,  
MECHAIN.

*Hen Nos Galan Mehefin, 1828.*

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## XLVI.

TO THE REV. THOMAS RICHARDS.

Y GWYLIEDYDD DIFLIN,

Os cymmer chwimp chwi i adael eich praidd i areilïo eu hunain yn gynnar ar nawn y Sabboth nesaf, gan hwyliaw eich rhygyngiad tua Chaledfryn yn Rhos, i ymgyfranu yn ysbleddach yr alawyddion, a fyddwch chwi mor weddawl a bod yn gludydd y tufewnolyn, a'i gyflwynaw i law ddeheu ein cyfaill, Mr. Blackwell yno, gan i mi fod mor anffodiawg a methu rhoddi cyfarfod iddo yn y Trallwng y boreu ddoe. Os nad ewch, rhoddwch i'r sawl a el; os nad â neb, gyrwch ef yn ol i mi, fel yr ymddarbwyllwyf ryw achlysur arall.

Cofiwch fi at eich cyd-fyrddolion, eich chwiorydd,  
ac at "Elen fad, yn aned neb."

Wyf, a wyddoch pwy; ac os na wyddoch,

DYFALWCH.

*Mae yn Afon, Medi Mwell—y 5med  
dydd o Leuad Gorthir Cyfeiliog  
yn y fl. deunaw cant a phedwar  
saith.*

## XLVII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

*Manavon, Oct. 28th.*

DEAR SIR,

I FIND, by a letter from Angharad Llwyd, that she has forwarded to you two packets of her essay on Welsh Genealogies, and one of the same I received this week. I have neither the beginning nor the end, and the pages are not in their proper succession. I, therefore, transmit my parcel to you, in order that you may arrange the pages properly between the three packets. The handwriting is scarcely legible to one so unacquainted with her abbreviations as I am. Mr. Rees, as you informed me when last at your house, promised to put the essay in order. If either you or Mr. Rees could get a fair copy of it written, it would then be within reach of common ken. She informs me that Mr. Aneurin O. Pughe, at Denbigh Eisteddvod, allowed her "to incorporate the Catalogue of MSS. which he produced at Pool with the one she is now making. She has completed the Mostyn collection, and was going to Wynnstay, &c. If either you

or Mr. Richards has Mr. A. O. Pughe's Catalogue, it could be sent to Angharad from the Visitation at Llan-vyllin, on Wednesday next, 3rd of November. But the question is, as the medal was mentioned in the Shrewsbury paper to have been given to Mr. A. O. Pughe, what is poor Angharad to have for ten times more trouble? And besides, his catalogue consists mostly of the Hengwrt MSS.; and Hengwrt is not in Powys. I never understood that the medal was given away. If it is, Angharad cannot be advised to proceed. Will you be so kind as to write to her on this catalogue subject, or get Mr. Richards, the secretary, to do it. Our united best respects to Mrs. Jenkins and yourself.

I remain, dear Sir,  
Your obedient Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

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### XLVIII.

THE REV. JOHN JENKINS TO THE REV.  
WALTER DAVIES.<sup>1</sup>

*Kerry, October 24, 1829.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I WRITE a few lines by Mr. Davies, although I do not expect that he will find you at Manavon. Yesterday I parted with Dr. Pughe and Aneurin at Lower Garthmyl, on their progress toward Denbighshire. Aneurin about a week back came to Kerry, and as he was anxious to have a view of Iolo's books, particu-

<sup>1</sup> [Endorsed—"Y llythyr diweddar oddi wrth y Parch. J. Jenkins, Vicar Ceri—Tach. 3, 1829. Bu varw yr ugeinved o'r un mis!—W. D."]

larly *Achau'r Saint* of the Gwent edition, I pressed him to take a ride at once to Merthyr Tudvil; and he was so fortunate as to get that very MS., for which he paid £5. He will get it inserted with the Chronicles to be published by the Parliamentary Commission, and have his expenses paid. In the scantiness of our ancient documents, I am glad to have any accession to our store. Both Dr. Pughe and Aneurin think the MS., though transcribed by Iolo from two older MSS. which he had seen about fifty years before his death, to be very desirable to be procured. His quarrel with Owen Myvyr had prevented its appearing in the *Archaiology*. Aneurin spent one day with Mr. Price of Crickhowel, and had an opportunity of examining his copy of the *Gododin*, of which he thinks highly, as rendering the poem, in his belief, much more intelligible. Mr. Price pays me his promised visit next Tuesday week, viz., November 3rd, by the Brecon coach. I hope you will meet him at Kerry on Wednesday, the 4th of November, and we shall be happy to see Walter with you. It will be a great gratification for Mr. Price to meet you.

I shall be glad if Mr. Davies will be allowed to bring back with him the "Mwythig" manuscript of pedigrees, as I am wishful to send it to the Towy-side as soon as I can, that I may have another to transcribe in return. You may have it afterwards as long as you please, and also the "Mabus MS." when completed.

We mean to go to Crosswood on Monday (viz., Mrs. Jenkins and myself, leaving Johnny at home on account of the hooping-cough) to spend most part of the week.

With kind regards to Mrs. Davies, Miss Jane, Walter, and yourself, from Mrs. Jenkins and Johnny,

I remain, my dear Sir,  
Yours truly,

JOHN JENKINS.

## XLIX.

TO THE REV. W. J. REES, M.A., CASCOB.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is with the deepest regret that I now look to the date of the note accompanying the present, the very valuable present to me, of *The Claims of Ossian*, from the learned author of that inimitable work. I do not know which to admire most: the extensive learning; the indefatigable perseverance of the author in unravelling the difficulties which his subject, in all its bearings, presented; or the ingenuity and force of his arguments upon every point he undertook to elucidate.

I find that as soon as Mr. Macpherson published the first edition of his *Ossian*, whispers and insinuations were afloat that the highly ingenious production could not possibly be a translation from the genuine works of a blind Caledonian in the third century. I have seen a letter from Mr. Lewis Morris, in answer to a correspondent who asked his opinion of the poems attributed to Ossian, about the time the pretended translations of them appeared. Mr. L. M. possessed a strong mind, though he is not to be ranked among the first literati of his age. He gave his opinion of Mr. Macpherson's translations and assumptions, within the laconic compass of four words, "All Irish and bombast."

Many among the readers of the printed *Ossian* were of the same opinion as Mr. L. M.; but no one undertook the Herculean labour of undermining every prop set up by national, though misapplied zeal, to support the man of straw, decorated by Mr. Macpherson in the most elegant garb that his luxur-

iant fancy could invent, until the author of this essay entered the lists, and handled his weapons so dexterously, in my opinion, as to set the question of authenticity for ever at rest. I ground this opinion upon the skill displayed by the author in converting the confident assertions of Blair, Sinclair, and others into engines for the total demolition of the baseless fabric they had erected, and intended to support the insupportable authenticity of the poems in question.

When I read the work, I had my pen in hand, and could not forbear dashing under every line that appeared to me of such force and perspicuity as to be unanswerable; and now, if I turn over the leaves, to my fresh gratification, I find that a great portion of the whole essay has undergone these marks of dashing distinctions.

There is but one expression in the whole essay that does not meet with my entire concurrence, and that is in p. 215, where the author says, "I am not a bard myself." This is too modest; he might have been a bard of the first class, and that he is not so, is entirely owing to his all-pervading mind taking a different bias. Had he not been highly gifted with the bardic talent, he could not have so successfully deciphered the arbitrary and most unaccountable rhyming crambos of the Hibernian muse, invented and propagated in the 14th and 15th centuries.

The examples the author gives of Irish verses of that period correspond with the Welsh metre called *Ban Cyrch*, of which some few solitary distichs appear in the works of our earliest bards; but they seem to be then the issue of chance more than of design. This *Ban Cyrch* was not systematically adopted as a metre *per se* until about the beginning of the 16th century. We have the following definition or description of it, in a MS. of the reign of Elizabeth:—

"Dwy gangen a fydd ar golofn *Ban Cyrch*; a gair diweddaſ y gangen gyntaf yn dwyn cyrch unawdl at orphwysfa yr ail gangen; ac ar ddiwedd yr ail gangen

y bydd y brif-awdl. A dau o'r colofnau cymhlyg hyn a wnânt bennill, a maint a fyner tros hyny."

The above is a correct definition of the Irish verses in p. 275—"A Thorcuil-torno," &c.

I have not heard, since the essay was published in 1825, that any opposition to the validity of any of its arguments and deductions has been suggested by the Highland Society, Reviews, or from any other quarter. Were the amiable Dr. Blair, and others of his party, now alive, they would, I am convinced, lament their own temerity in coming forward, more national than rational, to defend such a defenceless production; and readily coincide with the truth of the facts, developed in such a masterly manner by the author. If any writer of eminence will again strike the strings of Ossian's lyre, he will be induced to mention the author of this essay in terms similar to those with which the learned Dr. S. Clarke complimented the acute Dr. Bentley:—"Vir in hujusmodi rebus peritiâ plane incredibili et criticus omnes longé longéque judicio et sagacitate antecellens."

Though late, very late, be so kind as to return my most grateful thanks to the worthy author for his valuable present; and inform him that I do from my heart deplore the misfortune that has overtaken him nearly in the prime of life. I, however, console myself with the belief that he is as capable as any person living of bearing his affliction with fortitude and resignation to the dispensations of Providence; and more especially so, as he is not in so solitary a state as many would be under similar bereavement, for he has to soothe him—philosophy on his left hand, and religion on his right.

I have the honour to remain, my dear Sir,  
Your obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Manavon, Dec. 27, 1828.*

## LI.

TO \* \* \* \*

*Manavon, January 30, 1830.*

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter of Christmas Day in due course; but your inquiries could not be answered without searching among papers thrown aside long ago as lumber. I was also called off frequently from the search by other avocations. Now, having collected the few documents I am able, I fear they will fall far short of your expectations.

In my last, I gave you some account of the Eisteddvodau of 1789, 1790, and 1791, ending with that of Llan Rwest, on the boundaries of the counties of Denbigh and Caernarvon, where the subject was "Gwirionedd" (Truth), and the chaired bard, David Thomas, alias *Davydd Ddu Eryri*. Then,—

1792.—The Eisteddvod was held at Denbigh. The subject (a fiction of late ages) was "Cyflafan y Beirdd gan Edward I." (The Massacre of the Bards by Edward I.), and the successful candidate was Robert Williams, alias *Robyn Ddu o Eivion*, who, I believe, is still living—a wealthy freeholder.

1793.—The Eisteddvod came again to Bala, in Meirionnyddshire. The subject was "Tymmorau y Flwyddyn" (The Seasons of the Year), and the medal was voted to Richard Powell, schoolmaster at Yspytty Ivan, in Denbighshire. In a few years afterwards, this promising young man lost his life in endeavouring to cross the Penmachno hills by night, during a heavy fall of snow. His medal, surrounded with a serpentine wreath, emblematical of the revolution of the seasons,

<sup>1</sup> [It does not appear to whom this letter on Eisteddvodau was addressed.]



as well as of eternity, was presented by the bard's disconsolate mother to the Rev. Walter Davies, in whose possession it still remains.

1794, 1795, 1796, 1797.—I have no account of the proceedings of these years. I am of opinion that the Eisteddvodau were discontinued for the remainder of this century; I mean such as were under the patronage of the Gwyneddigion Society.

1798.—On the cover of the *Greal*, No. 2, published September, 1805, the editors acknowledge the receipt of an "Awdl i Eisteddfod Caerwys yn 1798, ar destyn y Gwyneddigion, sef 'Cariad ein Gwlad'" (An Ode for the Eisteddvod at Caerwys (Flintshire) in 1798, on the subject proposed by the Gwyneddigion Society, viz., "The Love of our Country"), by Thomas Edwards. This disproves what I stated above of the discontinuance of the Eisteddvodau, at least for this year. The Awdl of Thomas Edwards (*Nant*, I presume) did not appear in the *Greal*.

1789.—"Ystyriaeth ar Oes Dyn," Bala. Gwallter Mechain.

1790.—"Rhyddid," Llan Elwy. Davydd Thomas, neu *Davydd Ddu o Eryri*.

1791.—"Gwirionedd," Llan Rwst. Yr un.

1792.—"Cyflafan y Beirdd," Dinbych. Robert Williams, neu *Robyn Ddu o Eivion*.

1793.—"Tymmorau y Flwyddyn," Bala. Richard Powel, o Ysptyty Ivan.

1794.—

1795.—

1796.—

1797.—

1798.—"Cariad ein Gwlad," Caerwys. Awdl gan Thomas Edward: sonir ei derbyn ar las-len y *Greal*, tudal. 6.

1799.—"Llesoldeb Gwybodaeth," un o bedwar testyn cadeirfeirdd Dinorwig. G. Williams. (*Greal*, 50.)

1800.—"Ansawdd Dysg a Gwybodaeth ar gload y ddeunawfed ganrif." Gwallter Mechain.

1801.—

1802.—“Dedwyddyd,” testyn beirdd Cadair Dinorwig. Un gan G. W. (*Greal*, 57.)

1803.—“Coffadwriaeth am y Parch. Goronwy Owain.” Gruffydd Williams, Braich Talog, plwyf Llan Degai, dan enw *Y Cyw*; yr ail oedd Dewi Wyn o Eifion, dan enw *Eliolod*.

1804.—“Ynys Prydain, a'i Hamddiffyniad rhag estron Genedl.” Gweler y *Greal* am y caniaadau. Dymunai y Gwyneddigion gynnal yr Eisteddvod yng Nghaernarfon, Medi 29, 1804. Bardd Cwsg y Deheudir, sef Mr. Huw Morus (nai O. Myvyr), a ganodd heb y gynghanedd arferol. (*Greal*, 174.)

1805<sup>1</sup>.—

1806.—“Marwnad yr Arlwydd Nelson.” (Blue *Greal*, p. 10.)

1807.—

1808.—

1809.—

1810.—“Y Iubili—Dyfodiad Sior III. i'r 50fed fl. o'i Deyrnasiad.” (Llan Elwy, gan George Strong.) Rhoddwyd yr ariandlws, sef cwpan, i Gruffydd Williams (*Gutyn Peris*).

1811.—“Amaethyddiaeth,” Tremadog. Cynnygiwyd bathodyn i'r goreu gan Mr. Maddocks, ond ni dderbyniwyd yr un. Davydd Owain, neu Dewi Wyn, a farnwyd yn oreu.

1812.—

1813.—“Dychweliad yr Iuddewon.” Testyn Cymdeithas yr Eryron, Awst 12, 1813. Richard Jones (*Gwynndaf Eryri*): ni sonir iddo ennill. “Gwrthwynebiad Honiadau Pabaidd, ac Amddiffyniad Protestaniaeth.” Testyn yr un Gymdeithas, ond ni enwir y flwyddyn yn R. J.

1814.—

<sup>1</sup> Yn y *Greal*, 215, y mae Awdl “Moliant Ynys Prydain, ac ei Hamddiffyn rhag Estron Genedl,” sef testyn y Gwyneddigion am B.A. 1805, gan *Eivion Ieuanc*, sef Davydd Owain o'r Gaer Wen yn Arvon, ac iddo y barnwyd yr ariandlws.” See *Greal* blue covers, p. 9, 13, 14.

1815.—

1816.—Hydref 11. “Haeddedigol Goffadwriaeth am Hynafiaid y Cymry, a ymdrechasant ym mhlaidd Rhyddid. Testyn y Gwyneddigion i Eisteddfod Llan-gevní. Cyhoeddodd R. J. ei awdl; efe a gafodd y tlws. (Tudalen 30.)

1817.—

1818.—

1819.—“Elusengarwch,” Dinbych. Y Parchedig Edward Hughes o Vod Vari.

## LII.

### GUTYN PERIS TO GWALLTER MECHAIN.

*Braich Talog, Llandegai,  
Chwefror 18fed, 1830.*

#### BARCHEDIG GYFALL,

FE weddai i mi eich hysbysu, ddarfod imi dderbyn eich anrheg, gwaith y Beirdd ar destynau y Parch. Archddiacon Beynon, a'i bod yn dra derbyniol a chymmeradwy genyf, ac yn werth fy sylw: ond, pa beth yw y cas a'r eiddigedd at gynghaneddion, a'r anfri a roddir iddynt, yn fhagarawd y llyfr? Nid oeddynt, ac ni byddant byth, yn orthrymder, rhwystr, na chaethiwed i neb ganu yn null y llyfr hwn. Er maint y rhyddid a gymmerai yr awdwyr, hynod mor sothachlyd yr ymddengys i mi eu bod, wrth y *pigo* a fu arnynt: dim ond 25 llinell ar y Gauaf, yng ngwaith *Myfyriwr*, yn werth eu dangos!

“Mor gynted ag y gwelom gyfansoddiad yn y pedwar mesur ar hugain ar un o'r Tymmorau hyn, neu ar

y Daran, yn *well*, yn *odidocach* na'r rhai hyn," meddynt. Pe gwelent eu *cystadl* ar y pedwar ar hugain, pa beth a ddywedent? Nid *ammhosibl* hyny. Mae y dull hwn o ganu yn hollol ddyeithr ac anarferol yn y Gymraeg; ac nid oes gan mo'r un o fil o dderbynwyr cyhoeddiadau misol archwaeth iddynt yn y grealau: odid y clywir Cymro yn ail adroddi cymmaint a phen-nill o honynt, ac anfynych y ceir Cymro a wŷr pa faint yw pennill o rai o honynt. Yr oedd y beirdd Cymreig yn arferu prifodli ym mhob oes o'r blaen, ac yn cynghaneddu yn fynych iawn.

Pa ham y bu i'r awdwyr alw Cerddi y Daran yn Awdlau, a hwy heb odli dim ynddynt? Bid i chwi fy esgusodi am a ddywedais: Syr, mi a wn yn dda nad yw y llyfr yn perthyn dim i chwi yn ychwaneg na'i fod yn werth, neu yn costio, eich deuswllt. Yr wyf yn hoffi cynghaneddion; ond mae rhai pethau yn rheolau y fardd-oniaeth Gymraeg nad ydynt dda i ddim, ond rhwystrau yn unig. Rhagwan Englyn, Byr a thoddaid, &c., i fod yn y bummed sill: pa waeth a fyddai ei fod yn y bedwaredd neu y chweched sill, fel mewn rhyw fraich arall o gynghanedd sain? Arwain awdl Tawddgyrch yn ol y sill gyntaf ynddo; a phethau ereill a'r nad ydynt da i ddim. Yn y cyfryw bethau yr ymfrostiai y Beirdd yn amser y Dr. John D. Rhys, eu bod yn eu gwybod, er mwyn rhagori ar eu gilydd. Ac ar ol i fardd gaethiwo ei Awen i gadw iawn le gwân a rhagwan, nis gŵyr un o bob ugain a'i darlleno am y peth; ac nis gŵyr mo'r un o gant am reol y Tawddgyrch; ac ni byddai y gân ddim gwanach hebddynt.

Yr unig dro i mi a chwithau weled ein gilydd oedd yn nhy Paul Panton, Ysw., o'r Plas Gwyn, Pentraeth, ym Mon. Gobeithiais eich gweled yn Eisteddfod Dinbych, ond ni ddaethoch yno. Gwelais ferch i chwi yno, geneth hardd a phrydferth, un gall, dybygaf. Yr oedd yn dda genyf weled eich merch, ac yr wyf yn ddiolchus iddi am ymddangos imi; a dymunaf fy nghofio ati yn garedig; clywais iddi briodi, ac yr wyf yn dymuno ei llwyddiant yn ei sefyllfa briodasol.

Clywais fod mab i chwi yn yr Eisteddfod a soniwyd; ond ni welais ef, a buasai hoff genyf ei weled.

A gaf wybod genych, pa ham na chyhoeddir gwaith y beirdd yn Eisteddfod Dinbych? Er maint a gymhellwyd, yn ddirgel a chyhoeddus, ar y cyfeisteddwyr i'w cyhoeddi; ac er i'r ardderchog gadeirydd, Syr Edward Mostyn, hysbysu ar gyhoedd i'r wlad ei fod yn addaw talu am eu hargraffu, os oedd byr, neu ddiffyg arian yn rhwystro iddynt ymddangos. Mae gohiriad eu hargraffu gwedi bod yn achos llawer o ofer siarad, ac y mae gair y wlad yn llydan, mai y beirniaid sydd yn erbyn eu cyhoeddi! O! ow! ow!

Mi a wn y gwyddoch chwi yn dda pa beth yw barddoniaeth a'i pherthynasau, a'ch bod yn brofiadol o gael eich barnu, ac o fod yn farnwr, lawer gwaith cyn hyn; ac yn ol yr hyn a welais i o'ch gwaith yn barnu ac adolygu gwaith beirdd, nis gall fy syniadau byrion lai na chyduno â phob tipyn o'ch beirniadaeth. Ac y mae fy nghred am danoch, eich bod yn addasach, o herwydd eich prawf, a'ch gwybodaeth mewn barddoniaeth, ac o barth ysbryd barn a gwreiddoldeb meddwl, yn addasach, meddaf, i fod yn farnwr na neb a wn i am dano. Nid oes ynof y meddwl na'r dyb leiaf ddarfod i chwi wneyd cam farn â mi yn Ninbych.

Ond er fy mod yn parhau i ddywedyd fel y dywedais uchod, dywedir wrthyf nad oeddych chwi ond un, ac y gallai fod amryw o'ch cyd-feirniaid yn wŷr ieuainc, cyfarwyddach, fe allai, yng ngwaith beirdd Groeg a Rhufain nag yng ngwaith beirdd Cymru; ac yn adnabod, fe allai, law Mr. E. E.; ac ynddynt, fe allai, fwy o dueddgarwch nag a weddai gyda chyfiawnder a chydwybod dda; ac i'w taerineb pleidiol, a'u haeriadau dygnion, eich gorchfygu gan belled ag i chwi dewi, a gadael iddynt hwy eu ffyrdd. Dywedwyd wrthyf ddarfod i chwi farnu fy nghân yn oraf, ac mai rhyw ail farn a fu pan drowyd hi yn ail; ac os felly, mi a allwn gael cam; canys nis gwn am neb (fel y dywedais) addasach i iawn farnu na chwi; ond fe allai ereill gamu a gwyro eich barn eilwaith.

Ni ddarllenwyd ond rhan fechan o'r awdl fuddugol yn yr Eisteddfod; ac fe haerir fod llawer o feiau yn yr hyn a ddarllenwyd. Nid oes ynof na chas nac eiddigedd at Mr. E. E., canys goddef ei farnu yr oedd ef fel finnau: ac fe ganodd ef a minnau oreu ag y gallem. Cymmaint a ddymunwn yw gweled y gwaith yn gyhoeddus: ni welais erioed waith Mr. E. E. ond yn llaw Mr. Blackwell; ond mae yn debygol fod fy ngwaith i ganddo ef er hyny hyd yn awr. Yr wyf yn cofio fod Mr. E. E. gwedi arfer y rhagferf *ydd* yn y lle y dylyasai bod y bannod *yr*; a dymunais ar Mr. Blackwell newid y fraich hòno yng nghân Mr. E. E. cyn ei chyhoeddi, er mwyn yr iaith. Mae llawer yn dywedyd fod yr achos yn rhy fudr, ac na chyhoeddir byth mo'r gwaith. "Mawr na chai rhywun weled gwaith yr ennillwr heb law y beirniaid ac yntau." Dyna a ddywedir.

Os oes cywirdeb yn y feirniadaeth, dymunaf arnoch gyhoeddi y gwaith yn ddi oedi (a'r gwr boneddig yn cynnyg talu); ac os cam farn a fu, bydded cuddiad y caniaidau yn dystiolaeth o'r gam farn; ac nid rhaid gwell tystiolaeth. Nid oes ynof un ammheuaeth am eich gallu a'ch cywirdeb chwi i farnu; ac os ydych yn cadarnhau mai fy nghyfiawn-le i yw bod yn ail ar "Wledd Belsassar," mi a ymostyngaf i'ch barn.

Rhagorodd Mr. E. E. arnaf mewn hyawdledd, meddir, trwy iddo ddywedyd mai haws i Euphrates "ddolenu i'w tharddle'n ol." Gair cyffredin gan wragedd gwlad Mr. E. E. a minnau yw, "Troi'r afon yn ei hol:" dywedir yn fynych, "Ni waeth ceisio troi yr afon yn ei hol." Am y gynghanedd, tinceirddiol yw: tebyg, ac nid rhy debyg; dau glo yn rhyddion, a'r trydydd yn gafaelu—*ddlen iu, ddlen ol*. Ystyr gyffredin, cynghanedd dinceirddiol yn Arfon, yn ymddangos yn newyddbeth perarogl, teilwng o bob uchafiaeth i olwg preswylwyr Clawdd Offa! Dywedir iddo ragori yn rhyfeddol mewn dychymmyg, trwy ddywedyd "fod y canwyllau yn diffoddi gwedi i bawb feddwi a chysgu." Mae yn debyg fod y canwyllau yn

cynneu allan, ond nad oedd yno neb a allai oleu rhai yn eu lle pan ddarfyddent. Wel, wel!

Rhaid terfynu, gan ddymuno i chwi bob daioni, a hyderu ar eich hynawsedd, a deisyf arnoch ateb y llinellau hyn mewn mwyneidd-dra,

Ydwyf, eich gostyngedig Wasanaethydd,

GRIFFITH WILLIAMS.

### LIII.

#### TO GUTYN PERIS.

ENWOG FARDD,

DERBYNIAIS eich llythyr er ys dyddiau yn ol, a dylaswn ei ateb yn gynt; yr esgus am fy oediad a osodaf yn is i lawr. Yn gyntaf, am ganeuau rhyddion beirdd y Deheu, os cenadir i mi eu galw yn feirdd. Ni chostiodd y llyfrau ddim i mi; a dyma yr achos:—gwr goludog a hael yw yr Archddiacon; ond ni bu ganddo erioed flas ar bereidd-dra cynghaneddion Cymraeg. Sothach iaith, ffrwythau pensyfrdandod, ydynt yn ei olwg a'i farn ef. Ei araeth ef yn y cyfarfod blynyddol yng Nghaerfyrddin yn yr Hydref diweddaf a gyhoeddwyd yn eich newyddiadur chwi ym Mangor Fawr; a rhywun, ni wn pwy, a yrodd un i mi, a nod ar gyfer rhai llinellau, lle y traethai yr areithiwr ragoroldeb y caneuon diawdl, a'i ewyllys i anfon rhai o honynt, pan gyhoeddid, i Wynedd, pe byddai les o osod "perlau o flaen moch." Dymuniad hebryngydd y newyddiadur oedd fy nghythraddo i roddi fflangelliad i'r gwr urddasol; ond pell iawn oeddwn oddi wrth y fath ryfgy anfoesol. Ond wrth ysgrifenu at gymmydog

iddo, mi a gofiais fy ngwasanaeth ato ef yn barchedig, gan chwanegu fy mod wedi gweled ei araeth danbaid ef; ond er hyny, er fy mod yn un o foch Gwynedd, ac yn hoffi cynghanedd reolaidd, lithrig, nad oeddwn yn hwchian dim o ddigofaint wrth ei araeth ef, nac yn teimlo fy ngwrychyn yn codi wrth ei darllen; ac os gwelai yr archddiacon yn dda anfon i mi lyfr o'r caneuon, y byddwn ddiolchgar iddo. Ar hyny, dyma ddeuddeg o lyfrau yn dyfod gyda'r bedrolfen, traul y cludiad wedi ei dalu, &c., a llythyr ym mlaen hefyd, gwedi talu ei draul, i'm hysbysu fod y llyfrau yn dyfod. Y mae yr hen wr boneddig yn ei fabandod (tros bedwar ugain oed), wedi cymmeryd yn ei ben ddifrifio ac erlid cynghanedd a'i choleddwyr. Cymmérwn amynedd—cesglir yr henadur yn fuan at ei hynafiaid, a phan y byddo efe marw, bydd marw y gân rydd yn Neheubarth hefyd. Yr ydych yn gweled ei bod yn lled wan eisis, ond bod ei chynnalydd yn gwneyd ei oreu i'w chadw â'i phen i fyny tra byddo efe. Os byddwn byw ar ei ol ef, dylid canu marwnad i'r Gân Rydd. Ryw amser yn ol, ymddangosodd yn y *Gwyl-iedydd*, "Ymryson rhwng y Bardd a'i Awen;" y bardd yn myfyrio llinellau digynghanedd, a'r Awen yn rhedeg i gyssoni ac i odli; ac yn y diwedd, yn cynghori y bardd, gan ddywedyd,—

"Cân di gerdd olen-gerdd lwys—  
Gad yr haint gyda'r Hwntwys."

Pwy oedd y *Gronwy Goch o Leyn* oedd â'i enw wrth yr "Ymryson"? Ai un o'ch gwladwyr chwi oedd?

Mi a amddiffynais, hyd y gallwn, y priodoldeb o gynghanedd i farddoniaeth Gymreig, yn fy rhagarweiniad i'r traethawd ar Deilyngdod y Ddwy Ddosbarth, sef un Morganwg ac un Caerfyrddin, neu un gaeth Dafydd ab Edmwnt a'i orchestion diansawdd. A therfynais gyda'r eofnder o haeru—os cân y beirdd, hwy a ganant mewn cynghanedd, ac heb hyny ni chanant ddim—cynghanedd neu ddim. Ac er a welais, nid oes



farddoniaeth Gymreig, yn haeddawl o'r enw, heb gynghanedd.

Chwi a soniwch yn eich llythyr yn nesaf am Ragwan ynglyn ar y pummed sill, arwain Awdl Tawddgyrch yn ol y sill gyntaf, &c. Ffolineb oll; na phoenwch ufuddhau i reolau Sion Rhydderch, na Sion Dafydd Rhys, mwy na rhyw Sion arall, mewn defodau diawdurdodawl. Y mae *Cyfrinach y Beirdd*, sef beirdd Morganwg, neu fel y galwant eu hunain, "Beirdd Ynys Prydain," wedi ei gyhoeddi. Mi a'i gwelais mewn ysgrifen flwyddau yn ol, ac am hyny mi a'i hamddiffynais yn y traethawd a enwir uchod, ei fod yn llawer rhagorach na dosbarth y pedwar ar hugain Caerfyrddin.

Am brif destyn eich anerchiad ataf, sef pa ham na chyhoeddwyd gwaith y beirdd i Eisteddfod Dinbych? yr wyf fi yn y tywyllwch gymmaint a chwithau. A'r tywyllwch hwn a barodd i mi oedi ateb eich llythyr cyhyd; gan i mi ysgrifenu i Ddinbych ar ei dderbyniad i wybod yr achos, ac i fynegu i'r ysgrifenydd yno eich anesmwythder o'r achos. Ychydig ddyddiau yn ol cefais ateb, fod awdlau, traethodau, ac ynglynion yr Eisteddfod, yn y wasg, ac y byddant allan ar fyr amser. Nid y cyfeisteddwyr sydd yn cyhoeddi, ond argraffydd yn cymmeryd y draul, ennill neu golli, arno ei hun.

Dywedwyd ym mhellach yn yr ateb a gefais,—Os oes neb yn anfoddloni i'r farn a roddwyd ar deilyngdod yr amrywiol gyfansoddiadau, rhoddant eu cwyn o flaen y byd, ar glawr y *Gwyliedydd*, gan ei fod eto wedi ymddangos, yn ol hepiant rhai misoedd. O'n rhan fy hun, nid oes genyf ond ychydig o goffadwriaeth yng nghylch teilyngdod neu annheilyngdod nebun o'r cyfansoddiadau. Ond y mae yn gofius genyf i mi wrthod y swydd annymunol fwy nag unwaith, gan gymmeradwyo Dewi Wyn o Eifion i sylw y cyfeisteddwyr. Ysgrifenwyd ato ef, a gwrthododd; ysgrifenwyd eilwaith, ac efe a drodd yn chwerwyn arnynt. Ar hyny, dyma genad lwythog o gyfansoddiadau o bob math yn dyfod ataf, a'r genad yn aros nes y dychwelwn, a

hyny yr wythnos flaenorol i'r Eisteddfod. Cefais am fy llafur y tro hwn yr un faint, os nid yr un fesur, o wobr ag y byddwn arferol o gael; sef grwgnach, a thuchan, ac anfri; ac heb i'r haelion foneddwy'r gymmaint a thalu traul y llythyrâu y buaswn mor ffol a'u derbyn drostynt. Gobeithiaf mai dyna yr Eisteddfod ddiweddaf yn fy oes i, yr hon o raid sydd yn nesu i ben.

Fe ddichon bod cyfansoddiadau Dinbych wedi ymddangos cyn hyn; gwelais un o rag-gyflwyniadau y cyhoeddwr yn Seisneg, mewn iaith flodeuog, gan amddiffyn ei hun o herwydd diweddarwch y cyhoeddiad.

Ydwylf, eich Ewyllysiwr da,  
O gyffiniau Clawdd Offa,  
G. MECHAIN.

## LIV.

TO THE REV. W. J. REES, CASCOD.

MY DEAR SIR,

MRS. JENKINS was so kind as to send me an invitation to meet you at Crosswood this week. I have sent my apology explaining the causes why I could not come at this season: I say *this* season and *this* year in particular more than any other.

I take the opportunity of returning your "Genealogical Particulars of the Family of Herbert," for the perusal of which you have my best thanks. Should you this time return through Newtown, I hope you will take Manavon in your way. \* \* \*

I remain, my dear Sir,  
Yours truly,

Sept. 13, 1830.

WALTER DAVIES.

## LV.

## TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND herewith Archdeacon Beynon's poems. When I come to Kerry I will bring another for our friend Mr. Rees. But as the Archdeacon said in his speech at Caermarthen that these poems were so excellent that he would print so many copies to be distributed among his friends, I should expect you and Mr. Rees to be included in the number. In that case you may give this to Ignoramus.

I have since my return from Crosswood peeped into Tegid's rules of Welsh orthography, and I am persuaded that I cannot follow him the length he has stretched out, lest I should find myself too far in a wilderness. I have long ago made some sort of a promise to the editor of one of the monthly Welsh publications that I would write my own sentiments upon Welsh orthography, and send them either to his monthly or to the *Gwylidydd*. Of course I shall prefer the latter. And now is the time to do it. I shall probably steer a middle course between the wrangling parties.

I will, however, write a few observations upon Tegid's schemes on a separate paper, to be sent to you about the time you expect the return of Tegid's; but as for myself coming, I must beg leave to decline for a short time. Had there been a high rock here on the banks of the Rhiw, I might have considered myself as chained to it. I hate the idea of going into the hills *above*, or through the gorge which opens into the vale of Berriw *below*.

I think that a few verses drawn from Tegid's Testament, compared with the same in former editions,

might be of service to him, to be laid before the Bishop of Oxford, in addition to that I pointed out in the *Gwyliedydd*, which, as you told me, the Bishop has already seen.

I remain, dear Sir,  
Your obliged Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

*Manavon, Dec. 1st [1828?]*

# LVI.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES, RECTOR OF  
LLANDDERVEL.

*Dec., 1832.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM glad that any subject you had taken in hand should induce you to break a tedious silence, and open anew a correspondence with me; and more especially on the subject of the Life and Writings of our celebrated North-Wales antiquary, Mr. Robert Vaughan. Ym mhell y byddo y cawr mynyddig yna, y Berwyn saith-filtirog, cribog, ac asgellog, sydd yn gorwedd fel rhwystr annhreiddiadwy rhwng Manafon a Llandderfel! Pe byddai yr ysbaid cyfryngol yn un gwastadedd, ac agerdd-gerbyd yn ehedeg ar adenydd o dân o Gedewain i Benllyn, gallem gyfranu hanesion y naill i'r llall trwy gyfeillach ac ymgomiaeth; ond gan mai haws dywedyd "mynydd" ddwywaith na myned trosto unwaith, rhaid ymfoddloni i ateb holiadau trwy roddi atebion mewn llythyrau.

I am not possessed of any information where Mr. Robert Vaughan received his education, either at school or at college. As you have Anthony à Wood, and I have not, he must inform you of what college he was in Oxford. If there be in his account some items which you deem not authentic, some portion in the sequel of this letter may be of service to clear your doubts; if not, and you send the doubtful items to me, I will give my opinion of their correctness, or the reverse.<sup>1</sup>

You are right in supposing that Mr. Vaughan did not busy himself in the political squabbles of the age: his main and almost sole object being to collect together, in one library, all the Welsh manuscripts, or all that tended in other languages to illustrate the history and antiquities of his country. But notwithstanding his taciturnity on political topics, it is evident that he was a loyalist at heart, by a letter of his to Archbishop Usher, dated Hengwrt, May 1st, 1652;<sup>2</sup> wherein he says, "My friend Dr. Ellis (who in these dangerous times hath suffered many assaults and storms from his adversaries with patience and constancy) will be very careful of the safety of your things." This is Mr. Vaughan's second letter to the archbishop; there is a former one in the *Cambrian Register*, dated April 14, 1651. This Mr. or Dr. Ellis was the Rev. Thomas Ellis, an excellent scholar and antiquary, fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and Mr. Vaughan's parish rector and intimate friend.<sup>3</sup> Dr. Francis Mansell, who was elected principal of Jesus College in the year [1620], is commended by his biographer<sup>4</sup> among

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Humphreys, when Dean of Bangor, made additions to Wood's *Athenæ* on the following persons:—Sir John Pryse, William Salesbury, Bishop Richard Davies, Dr. David Powell, William Myddelton, Henry Perri, Dr. Thomas Williams, Dr. John Davies, Bishop Morgan; and it seems strange that he should omit Mr. Robert Vaughan, as he was nineteen years old when Mr. Vaughan died, and a native of the same county.

<sup>2</sup> *Cambrian Register*, vol. ii. pp. 473–78.

<sup>3</sup> *Life and Actions of O. Glyndwr*, published in 1787, by the Rev. John Thomas, master of Beaumaris School.

<sup>4</sup> *Cambrian Register*, vol. ii. p. 253.

other things, for his care in having young men of promising talents selected upon the foundation, eight of whom are named, and among them "Mr. *Thomas Ellis*."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Vaughan's library at Hengwrt, as Mr. Yorke<sup>2</sup> says, consisted of 165 volumes in manuscript; many of ancient date on vellum, others being copies in his own handwriting, or that of a ready amanuensis, whom he constantly employed. Out of the 165 volumes, 137 were of Mr. Vaughan's own collection; the remaining 28, from 137 to the end, were in the handwriting of Mr. John Jones of Gelli Lyvdy. Mr. Vaughan happening to be the survivor, according to a mutual agreement between the parties, gained a little by the contract; but had Mr. Jones survived, he would have gained much; for the latter, compared with the former, in the accomplishments of an historical antiquary, was a mere shadow—a transcriber of inferior discernment, but an excellent penman.

There was another contemporary collector of manuscripts, to form as it were a triad, Mr. William Maurice, of Cevn y Braich, or as he called himself, *Llansilinien-sis*, who occupied a middle station between the other two. Mr. William Maurice drew up, or copied Mr. Vaughan's own catalogue of the library at Hengwrt, according to some transcripts, in the year 1652, according to others in 1658. One of these catalogues is in the library at Mostyn, another in the handwriting of Mr. Evan Evans, in the Plas Gwyn library in Anglesey. Of this I have a transcript.

Among other things, Mr. Vaughan wrote:—Notes on the Book of Basingwerk Abbey (No. 88 in catalogue); Translation of the Triads, with notes; a large folio, 6 inches thick, of Pedigrees, on a new plan (No. 96 in catalogue); Notes on Dugdale's *Monasticon*; on Burton's *Antoninus*; on Usher's *Primordia*; on Leland's *New-Year's Gift*; on Nennius; on Dr. Powell's *History*

<sup>1</sup> *Cambrian Register*, vol. ii. p. 253.

<sup>2</sup> *Royal Tribes*, p. 127.

of Wales; on Bale's *Catalogus Scriptorum*; Annals of Wales, or Chronology from Vortigern downwards, translated from the original into English; Topography of Merionethshire;<sup>1</sup> a Tour to St. David's, being only cursory common-place notes on the places he passed through, and the objects he saw; A Short Account of the Family of Cors y Gedol (in the library at Mostyn). He collated ten several copies on vellum of Caradoc of Llancarvan's *Brut y Tywysogion*. But Mr. Vaughan's *chef d'œuvre*, and the only production published by himself, was his *British Antiquities Revived*, in answer to a tract by a South Wales gentleman (Sir Thomas Cannon of . . . . . near Tenby), who insisted that Cadell, prince of South Wales, and not Anarawd of North Wales, was the eldest son of Rhodri Mawr. The advocates for the primogeniture of Cadell gave up the contest. Mr. John Lewis, the correspondent of Dr. Gibson, when he was preparing his edition of Camden, says in his notes on his ancestor, George Owen, Lord of Cemmaes's *History of Pembrokeshire*:—"My author must have been a bold man to have asserted that *Cadell* was Rhodri Mawr's eldest son. . . . He roused all the sticklers of North Wales in favour of Anarawd's reputed primogeniture, and in Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt alone a whole host against him, who wrote a very elaborate treatise to overset the doctrine here advanced, which by means of my friend Mr. Vincent Corbet of Ynys y Maengwyn, I was favoured once with a sight of, but which, my author having been dead before it was written, hath hitherto remained unanswered, and perhaps may be unanswerable."

This is very candid, and a "*fas ab hoste doceri*;" and the late Mr. Fenton, author of the *History of Pembrokeshire*, acknowledges the superiority of his countryman's opponent.

<sup>1</sup> Published in the *Cambrian Register*, vol. i. p. 188 [and republished in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, N.S., vol. i. p. 200].

Another point settled by Mr. Vaughan, in his *British Antiquities Revived*, was the existence of two founders of tribes of the name of *Gwaethvod*; the one in Powys, ancestor of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, the Vaughans of Golden Grove, Earls of Carbery, &c.; and the other of Cardigan, descended from Gwyddno Garanhir, and ancestor of the Pryses of Gogerddan, and many others in Cardiganshire and elsewhere. Before this, heralds and genealogists confounded the descendants of the two Gwaethvods, as if there had been but one chieftain of the name. Under this head Mr. Vaughan maintains the right of Lord Carbery to use the arms of his ancestor Bleddyn ab Cynvyn. The right was disputed by the Kynastons as soon as the *British Antiquities Revived* issued from the press. Their organ, Mr. Kynaston, of Pant y Byrsley, himself no mean antiquary, wrote to a friend of Mr. Vaughan's, stating some difficulties to be solved by Mr. Vaughan in defence of his system. Mr. Vaughan, to use a trite phrase, had before driven the nail to the head, he now clenched it; and from that time forward, Mr. Vaughan's statements on the two points at issue have never been called in question. It appears by Mr. Kynaston's letter, that his family questioned Lord Carbery's right to Bleddyn ab Cynvyn's arms, because he was a descendant from a bend sinister branch. Mr. Vaughan, nevertheless, defended Lord Carbery's right, by quoting the laws both of Moses and of Hywel Dda. I am not aware at present that these letters have ever been published. My copy of them seems to have been written before the close of the seventeenth century. They are copied by the same hand; and by another hand on the same paper, the rate of tolls payable in the market town of Oswestry. Mr. R. Vaughan, according to Mr. Ed. Lhwyd, in his letter to Humphrey Wanley, dated Swansea, Sept. 14, 1696, "was the first in these last ages" that could read the inscription on Colovn Eliseg, near the Abbey of Valle Crucis. He sent a copy of it to Archbishop Usher, and the primate sent one to Dr. Lang-



baine. Mr. Vaughan probably took his copy while the column was standing, before the Cromwellians threw it from its pedestal. Mr. Kynaston of Pant y Byrsley took a transcript of Mr. Vaughan's copy, April 22, 1662 (Caerwys MSS. 5). As Mr. Kynaston took a copy from Mr. R. Vaughan at the above date, we have no reason to lament the loss of the one copy sent to Archbishop Usher. [*Cetera desunt.*]

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## LVII.

### TO LORD CLIVE.

MY LORD,

SINCE I left Castell Coch, on Tuesday last, I have been thinking of Glas Myneich and Green Hall. Glas Myneich in its primitive form should be *Clas* Myneich, i. e., land appropriated to monks. If such a term can be found in any document to apply to Green Hall, it would be much in favour of the customary decimation of  $\frac{1}{10}$ th. The original root of *clas* I take to be *llas*, a deep blue colour; hence *glas* (q. d. *go las*), partly deep blue, light blue, or azure. *Glas* is also put for green, as, "*daiar las*," the green earth, or sward. From *llas*, the primitive word, was formed also *clas* (q. d. *cy llas*), "a green covering; a space of ground inclosed; a region, a country." *Clas* is a term used since the sixth century; for Myrddin at that period has "*Glyw Powys, a chlas Gwynedd*," i. e., the chief of Powys, and the region of North Wales. *Clas*, as a tract of land, became at length appropriated chiefly to church or abbey land: *clas-dir*, glebe land. The English generally used the derivative *glas* instead

of *clas*; hence so many names of places in England—Glassie, Glasson, Glansworth, Gleasby, Glaiston, Glasscott, Glasen, Glason, Glasenby, Glaseley, Glastonbury. A bard in the thirteenth century has these words:—“Woe be to him that infringes upon the *clas*,” the cloistered or enclosed land of the church. In Wales we have *Clas* ar Wy, or Glasbury, in Radnorshire; *Clas* Garmon, the patrimony of St. Germanus, a lordship belonging to the Bishop of St. David’s. As to Mr. Salt’s supposition that *Glas* Menych led to the modern name of *Green* Hall, it is ingenious, and not impossible: but nothing can be grounded upon it, unless both terms can be proved to have been applied to the tract of land in dispute. In looking over the list of taxable places belonging to the Abbey of Strata Marcella, in Pope Nicholas’s Taxation in your library, the first place (if I recollect well) is *Delwyn*. Now, may not the original name of Green Hall farm be *Derw-lwyn* (Oak Grove), from the extensive park adjoining? I have been scores of times over the bridge at the west end of the park, leading to and near the town of Llanvyllin, called Pont y Der’lwyn to this day (The Bridge near the Oak Grove). The next names to *Delwyn* in Pope Nicholas’s list are in the Manor of Cyveiliog, which militates somewhat against my hypothesis.

There is a township in the parish of Holywell, near the Abbey of Basingwerk, called *Green*-field. This must be a modern name, like that of *Green* Hall, and may have been a fanciful translation of another *Clas* Myneich.

\* \* \* \*

WALTER DAVIES.

## LVIII.

TO THE REV. T. RICHARDS, BERRIW.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE found the *Welsh Looking-Glass*, and I am satisfied it is yours by the mark it bears in the appendix, according to your description of it when here last. Dyma fo i chwi: eiddo Caisar i Caisar. Yr oedddwn gwedi ei flingo o'i groen yn barod i'r rhwym; ond nid yw waeth o hyny i chwithau i'w rwymo gyda *Remarks J. R. o Lan*—.

Yr wythnos hon anfonwyd i mi gynnygiad Mr. E. Evans, o Gaerlleon, i gyhoeddi cylchgrawu misol,<sup>1</sup> llawn o addewidion, ac nid ychydig o ryfgy, yn haeru bod y Cymry mewn diffyg o'r fath gyhoeddiad a hwn, er amled torllwythi y wasg. Y mae y pregethwyr teithiol ym mhlith y Trefnyddion Calфинаidd yn casglu enwau ato. Un o honynt a anfonodd hwn i mi; ond rhusais roddi fy enw, i ddysgwyl a fedrech chwi, o Ddarowen i Lanwddyn, i Gaerwys, i Ruddlan, i Llangynyw, oddi yno i Wynedd, ac i Went a Dyfed, gasglu digon o dderbynwyr ac ysgrifenyddwyr i'r *Gwyllyddydd*. Gyrwch fel Iehu, ond nid yn ynfyd; mynwch gan bob Eglwyswr cartrefol yn ei blwyf gasglu enwau derbynwyr yn ei gymmydogaeth. Yr ydych chi yn adnabod 47 o'r cyfryw yn swydd Drefaldwyn, ac agos gynnifer yn Ninbych a Meirion. Cychwynwch i'r daith un ffordd, ac aed Mr. J. Richards, fel Obadiah gynt, ffordd arall. Cesglwch ysgrifenyddion ar bob math o destynau; addawaf fi anfon i chi logellaid bob mis, os medrwch chi eu gyru i'r Bala. Ewch i'r Bala heb oedi. Codwch yn foreu, ewch hyd yno i giniawa ar wyniaid Llyn Tegid: ar ol Gwyniaid Tegid, sicrhewch Wyniaid Wynnstay a Chedwyn. Y mae E. E. wedi

<sup>1</sup> [*Y Gwladgarwr* ydoedd y cylchgrawn hwn.]

sicrhau Breyron Bywmarys i gymmeryd eu hugeiniau a'u degau. Dos, a gwna dithau felly.

Ysgrifenhwch yn ebrwydd ar y testynau tebycaf i syrthio dan fyfyrdod y Lleoniaid.

Wyf, yr eiddoch,

GLAN YR IW.

*Ionawr, deunaw—33.*

# LIX.

TO JOHN PARRY, ESQ.

*Manavon, Sept. 21, 1833.*

DEAR SIR,

YOUR parcel, containing I. Tegid's transcript of some of L. Glyn Cothi's poems, arrived here in my absence, as I had gone to the Merionethshire sea-coasts for the benefit of my health, where I continued a month. On my return I opened the parcel, sent off what was designed for Mr. Rowland Williams; but how to send the other small parcel to Mr. Rees, I am at a loss, it being such an unfrequented cross country. I may have some chance of sending from Newtown.

I have read over about two-thirds of the poems, and I will return the whole to Oxford, according to your directions, as soon as I shall have finished the whole. The editorship could not have fallen into better hands than Tegid's, as far as orthography and prosody are concerned: and as to the historical and topographical notes, I can assist him as much as will be necessary to meet the public eye.

L. Glyn Cothi certainly ranks in the first class of the poets of his age. Some poems are excellent; others far

inferior; so that the editor should pick and choose, and winnow with the "shovel and the fan." Glyn Cothi's penitential ode in the last decline of life is far inferior to that on the same subject by his predecessor, Davydd ab Gwilym, both as to matter and composition. D. ab Gwilym is quite orthodox in his creed and sentiments; Glyn Cothi, on the contrary, wrote as a hoodwinked Catholic. His poems, however, throw considerable light on the manners of the age, and the custom of *clera* among the freeholders, on the great festivals and the wakes of the patron saints in several places.

In return, pray convey my best regards to Mr. P. B. Williams.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your obedient Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

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LX.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES (*TEGID*).

*Manavon, Oct. 1st, 1833.*

MY DEAR SIR,

ON the 20th of August I left Manavon for Aberdyvi and the sea-coast for the benefit of my health, which had been deteriorating for months back. On my return home on the 14th September, I found a parcel conveyed by mail from Mr. John Parry of Bedford-square, containing your transcripts of thirty-four of the *Cywyddau ac Awdlau* Lewis Glyn Cothi (though you inadvertently number only twenty-nine), with Mr. Parry's letter requesting I would read them

over, and add whatever I thought necessary by way of illustration in notes in the margins. He also desired me, when I had so done, to return them to you, which it seems was the request of the committee of the Metropolitan Cymmrodorion. The poems in some instances are addressed to persons now totally unknown, and their race probably extinct. "Let such lie with the Capulets."

Poem 6 is addressed to Davydd ab Gutyn of Oswestry. All I know of him (from the *cywydd* itself) is, that he was a descendant of *Ieuan Gethin*. I have in MS. the descent of the sons and grandsons of *Ieuan Gethin*, but among them I do not find a Gutyn. If hereafter I find out a Gutyn, I will let you know.

15. Rhydderch ab Rhys ab Llywelyn Voethus.

17. Rosier ab Iolo ab Robert o Vaelawr.

18. Gwilym Gwent, a valiant soldier, who perhaps could not trace his own pedigree beyond his grandfather.

19. D. Vychan o'r Caio, perhaps an ancestor of the present Baronet of Edwinstford.

20. Bedo of Penrhos.

22. Owain Vychan ab Ieuan Llwyd o Lanbrynmair. All that can be at present ascertained of him is, that he sprung from a cadet branch of the Mathavarn family.

It will not much disappoint the reader of the poems if he be not advertised *who* these gentry were. They are all reduced to dust, and the mansions of many of them have disappeared without leaving a ruin behind. Such persons, however, of whose lineage I know something, I have noted in their respective margins. As to names of places, I have but rarely found myself at a loss for explanations. I have noted a few corrections in prosody which had escaped your notice. As to the meaning of some doubtful lines, you must cut the Gordian knot when you cannot untie it. You should read over such obscure passages several times, and what has preceded and what follows will help you

to unriddle. I have ventured some explanations, and you may either adopt or reject them. Pray do not transcribe such poems as may appear below mediocrity. Too many of Davydd ab Gwilym's poems went to press. Selections from him and Glyn Cothi would have been preferable. Such paltry stuff may have been scribbled in a hurry over a pot of *metheglin*. See *Cyffes* L. G. Cothi, No. 2—how inferior to the penitential poems of D. ab Gwilym! the one an ignorant Catholic, the other an enlightened Christian, though anterior in point of time, and before the earliest dawn of the Reformation in Europe. If it be published, it should, of course, be the last in the collection.

The notes I would recommend to be at the bottom of each page, referred to in the poems by 1, 2, 3, or *a*, *b*, *c*, and not as an appendix huddled together, which are seldom consulted by the reader; but when placed at the bottom of each page, a glance will serve.

I am, dear Sir, in haste, and in want of health,  
Your obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

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## LXL

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Oxford, Oct. 17, 1833.*

MY DEAR SIR,

THE poems have arrived safe, and your illustrations I deem invaluable. When printed, they shall appear with your *initials*. I now forward to you

another packet, and in the mean time will proceed to transcribe the remainder. The MS. copy from which I transcribe is so incorrect that I cannot well judge of the merit or demerit of the poetry, till I have written the poem; this being the case, I had better transcribe the whole, and then select those which may be thought best. If it be not asking too much of you, I should be glad if you will occasionally put a cross over such poems, or such portions of them, as you may judge should not appear. I agree with you most cordially that a selection is best, and I will do my endeavour in the *pruning way* in future, according to your recommendation.

When the Cymmrodorion requested me to undertake the editorship of Lewis Glyn Cothi's works, I wrote stating that I must be looked upon merely as a pioneer, for that I had neither time nor ability to do more; but now, being assisted by you, I can do everything.

My dear Sir, I am sorry, and so must all others who know you be, that you have been indisposed. Your excursion to the sea-coast will no doubt be of great service to you. I hope you will take your own time to look over the MSS., and not fatigue yourself too much. You have heard of my having buried my poor mother this summer, and my father the summer before; I now send you a few lines which I wrote on my return to Oxford. I preached four Sundays at Llanddervel Church for Mr. Jones; and I was more pleased than otherwise with preaching in Welsh, which in all probability will never fall into my lot again to do. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Mae pob un o'r esgobion  
Yn eu swydd yn casáu SION,  
Tagent yr Ioan Tegid  
Yn llwyr, pe caent le i'w lliid,  
Seison ddynion ni wnânt dda  
A'u golud i feib Gwalia.

Excuse the above momentary effusion of the Awen.  
61—III.



I was going on, but Apollo twitched my ear in telling me that Bishop Carey is favourably disposed towards me.

TEGID.

## LXII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES (*TEGID*).

Nov. 8, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

HEREWITH I return the second packet of Cothi's poems up to No. 88 inclusive. Your numbers in this are not altogether correct; the next number to 58 being 61, and the Nos. 78 and 86 missing—in all 5—which brought our numbers at the close of parcel second equal, viz., 88.

In the first parcel, "Cywydd i Bedo o Benrhos, plwyf Penegoes," the name *Dianys* occurs; you marked it with a Q. I thought the term was applied to Bedo's fair daughters—*Dianas*; but I now find that *Dianys* was sometimes used as the proper name of a woman. In an old pedigree, thus:—"I Syr Roger Vychan a las yn Azincourt, o Wladys Gam, y bu dri mab; sev Syr Roger Vychan, Arglwydd Brodorddin, a'r Kwm, a thir yr hav, a Llechryd, a'r Gared, a hwnnw a briodes Elen vch. Syr John Wgon, ac iddynt y bu dri mab, sev Tomas Vychan, Wm. Vychan, a John Vychan; ac o verched nid amgen *Dianys*, neu Diana, gwraig Jenkin Turberville, Blanch, gwraig Thos. Milwater,"<sup>1</sup> &c.

I would advise you to make an index of the names of men and places in an alphabetical order, with such

<sup>1</sup> John Milwater, Esq., was one of the officers commissioned by Edward IV. to accompany William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to the siege of Harlech Castle in the year 1468.

explanations of each as you may be now in possession of, leaving others blank to a future time: then when a proper name presents itself in future reading, refer to the index, this would save you the trouble of repeating the same q. q. q.'s over and over again as you proceed.

I am sorry Glyn Cothi should write so many stanzas upon the ridiculous jingling metres of Tawddgyrch Cadwynog, invented by Davydd ab Edmund in 1451, though he hobbles on pretty well in those trammels. Had he put them aside for the use of such scribblers as possessed less flow of the *Awen*, it had been well, for his poems would have been more worthy of the press. Some, indeed, are very ordinary: some lines not belonging to any metre; for we have no metres without *cynghanedd*.

I have seen *saled* twice in the poems. Either you or L. Morris proposed an explanation by *saliant*, an heraldic term; but turn to *saled* in the *Geiriadur*, and you will find a couplet in which the word occurs rendered into English; but I forget already what the word means. If the explanation by Dr. O. Pughe be satisfactory to you, enter *saled*, &c., in your alphabetical glossary.

I wondered to find so many poems addressed to persons of note in *Maelienydd*, *Elvael*, *Gwent*, &c., much more than to men in *Deheubarth* and *Gwynedd*; and especially so as the bard, like a fox, rambled far from home. I account for it thus: being a Lancastrian, he was endeavouring politically to gain over friends in the very strongholds of the house of York, viz., the Mortimers of Wigmore. He was too cunning to tell those persons he addressed in plain terms what to do, for what or which Rose to take arms; that plain speaking might have proved dangerous to him. I will send your "Wylaf beth, tawaf wedi" to Mr. Saunderson by the next packet.

I am, in haste,

Yours truly,

WALTER DAVIES

P.S.—In the first parcel, about your No. 45, is a poem to *Davydd ab Meredydd ab Hywel Gethin*, o Raiadr, I gave a note upon it, and you may add to it. This poem must have been composed before the commencement of the wars of York and Lancaster; for in those wars Dafydd ab Meredydd ab Hywel Gethin had taken the surname of Mathew, which has ever since been continued by his descendants, the Earls of Llandaff. They have also retained his Welsh motto, “A vyno Duw a vydd;” and his lion rampant, but have changed its colour from *argent* to *gules*, and the field from *sable* to *or*. This David Mathew became a zealous partizan in the civil wars of his day, and was styled, “The Great Standard Bearer of Edward IV.” He lies buried in the Cathedral Church of Llandaff. A tourist and a connoisseur in chiseled marble and alabaster says, “There are two monuments belonging to the family of Mathews, that are very tastefully executed, and thought to be the work of an Italian sculptor.” I may send more illustrations of other poems hereafter.

“Gochelwch y surdoes,” said Gwilym Ganoldrev of a Cywydd i Vair, by Gwilym Tew; so you should be careful, in the Awdl i Vair by your bard, and the 478 lines *I Grist*, which make 120 englynion of six lines each; six englyn to each of the twenty letters of the alphabet. Could you select *one* pennill for *each letter* in the order they stand?

I have above mis-stated the number of banau in each pennill: they are four, and not six.

## LXIII.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Oxford, Feb. 6, 1834.*

MY DEAR SIR,

THE present packet ought to have been sent to you long ago; but other business prevents me paying much attention to Lewis Glyn Cothi; and moreover, transcribing is rather a dry work, and particularly so as the MS. copy containing the poems is so inaccurate.

Although I have not asked many questions this time, yet I trust you will not be the less copious in your valuable illustrations. I received a letter from Mr. B. Williams of Llanrug, which I have enclosed for your perusal: and it is my intention, when I shall have finished transcribing all the poems, to pay him a visit, and with him collate the poems together.

I will proceed with the MS. as circumstances will allow. Had I nothing else to attend to, I could accomplish my task in the course of a few weeks. You will excuse my rambling observations which appear occasionally in the margin. I cannot help thinking that you must now and then laugh in your sleeve at my ignorance and my foolish attempts. I found out *Gos-awg*—Gosshawk, as well as *caith* from *caeth*, before I received the MS. back from you; and I thought to myself what will Mr. Davies think of me? My consolation is, that I had rather appear ignorant before you now, than hereafter make a fool of myself before the world.

With my best regards to Mrs. Davies and Mr. C. Davies,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly obliged,

TEGID.

## LXIV.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES (*TEGID*).*Manavon, May 6th, 1834.*

MY DEAR SIR,

ON Saturday last I received your letter inquiring after the fate of your third packet of Glyn Cothi's poems. I was so near finishing the perusal, that I did not think it necessary to write to you by post, until I wrote with the parcel returned by the mail. I received the parcel, it is true, in February, but I had neither health nor spirits to open it for many weeks. It contains some poems of more interest than any in the two former cargoes. I have written copious notes upon some of them, especially Davydd Goch, Syr Gruffydd Vychan o Bowys, a Syr Wiliam Herbert. There are some ordinary ones in this parcel, as well as in the two former. Some of them may as well be rejected. In the first, the "Awdl Dychan i Wŷr Caerlleon" is too bad: one *pennill* for a specimen of the style would be full enough.

Care should be taken in the proper location of the pieces, as the last sheet (120) should be next to No. 116, and 116 should follow No. 91: then all the poems to the Ab Rhossers (Vaughans) as I have located them, on the last page of one of the sheets.

The title of the last poem (120) is, "I'r Cadben Wiliam Vychan, ac i Wiliam ab Gwatacyn, Maer Aberystwyth." I have made it clear that by these *two* names *one* person was intended.

I wish you would not hasten the fourth parcel, though you have it ready, for I have another iron now in the fire, and it will burn if I do not attend to it. When I am ready for the fourth parcel, I will write to you; and I am sorry to tell you that under present

circumstances I cannot attend to any composition intended for Cardiff Eisteddfod. If you write in your own approved orthography, you may depend upon it that it will not be permitted to be "laid on the table," the chief justice being so inveterate against reform, innovation, &c. I have seen an elaborate letter of his lately, written in the same spirit as his preceding ones.

Success to you in unravelling the mysteries of Druidism, if that be your subject. I began a few lines on one of the subjects, but I have long since declined it.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

WALTER DAVIES.

## LXV.

### TO LORD CLIVE.

MY LORD,

YOUR letter of the 2nd instant came duly to hand, and I was agreeably surprised that your Lordship wrote Welsh so correctly.

The Welsh book bought at Mr. Heber's sale is a translation of Bishop Jewell's *Apology for the Church of England*, published by the author in Latin, owing to a controversy which took place after Jewell's sermon at St. Paul's Cross, in which he "challenged all the Roman Catholics in the world to produce one clear witness within six hundred years after the birth of Christ, who maintained the doctrines of Popery." This *Apology* was Jewell's last reply. Queen Elizabeth made him Bishop of Salisbury in 1559.

The Welsh translator of the *Apology*, a zealous

protestant, and exceedingly national as far as related to his *natale solum*, was Maurice Kyffin, who travelled abroad, and was well versed in languages, ancient and modern. He was a native of Llansilin, near Oswestry, a near relative of the heiress Kyffin of Glasgoed, who married Sir William Williams the Speaker, grandfather of the first Sir Watkin of Wynnstay. Kyffin published his translation in 1595, with a preface to the reader, in which he is sufficiently severe upon the gentry and clergy of Wales for their hostility against the cultivation of the language of their fathers. He dedicates his translation in Welsh to the Right Honourable and his dear relative William Meredith, who, he says, as well as himself, had heard the preaching of the Gospel in foreign countries. There was a Sir William Meredith in those days a native of Wales; but I know nothing of his history. Mr. Kyffin's translation became scarce, the edition out of print. In the year 1671, Mr. Charles Edwards, a native of the same parish as Kyffin (Llansilin) undertook a second edition of Kyffin's Welsh *Apology*, adding to it the Welsh Epistle of Richard Davies, bishop of St. David's, prefixed to William Salesbury's first translation of the New Testament, published in 1567. To these together, the editor (Edwards) gave the title *Boanerges*—"An Eccho of the Sons of Thunder, being a second impression of Bishop Jewell's Apologie, and of Bishop Davies his Epistle, in the British tongue;"—printed at Oxford by W. H., and sold by the booksellers of Wrexham, Llan-vyllin, and the merchants of Bridge End, 1671.

I have this second edition, and also a third, published about the year 1770.

The second edition of the *Apology* is a medley of black letter and Roman characters.

WALTER DAVIES.

May 8, 1834.

## LXVI.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES (*TEGID*).

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM well persuaded that you received the third parcel of Cothi's poems, which I returned by coach soon after I received your last letter. In this last letter you informed me that your fourth parcel was ready, and I objected to its being immediately sent, as I was not in circumstances to attend to it. Now, as I am in better health than I was at the time, you may forward it here as soon as you list; and the sooner the better, for I may take it with me to the sea-coast, to amuse my leisure hours. I hope I shall not detain the fourth so long as I detained the third; but you will allow that the long notes sent in the parcel must have occupied a good deal of my time.

I find L. G. Cothi's "Cywydd Molawd Mon" inserted in the *Cylchgrawn*, No. 3. Does it agree with your copy? The englynion of "Powysydd" on receiving the "Blwch Ceubren yr Ellyll" are in No. 5 of the same periodical.<sup>1</sup>

I see that you had grand doings at the installation, and a Radical paper informs me that you dubbed some scores of Tories Doctors, but whether of civil or uncivil laws, the reporter has not determined.

I am, in haste,  
Yours truly,

WALTER DAVIES.

June 16, 1834.

<sup>1</sup> [See, *antè*, vol. i. p. 117.]



## LXVII.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Oxford, June 20, 1834.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I WAS glad to hear from you, and I send the packet accordingly. May the sea-side be of service to you is my heart's wish. Your notes to the last packet, as well as to the former ones, are excellent and very valuable.

I have sent the *awdl*<sup>1</sup> to Cardiff! transcribed by a friend. Taliesin ab Iolo has written on the same subject. Some of the mysteries of Druidism must come to light now. There will be only one more packet to be sent, and I must stop till then before I go to North Wales: that is my present opinion; for I have *no relations* in Meirion now that care for me, or who could give me a night's lodging.

"O un i un, ac felly yr aeth  
Pob rhyw genedlaeth heibio," &c.

I begin now to be very callous about having a Welsh living, for "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," as the wise man has observed; and it has been too truly verified in me. Wishing you a pleasant summer,

I remain, my dear Sir,  
With great respect,  
Very truly yours,  
JOHN JONES.

P.S.—I received a letter from Blackwell complaining greatly of Mr. B. Knight's conduct, and praying that

<sup>1</sup> ["*Awdl ar Dderwyddon Ynys Prydain.*" Ab Iolo was the successful candidate.]

you would take the matter in hand. I also received a letter from Daniel Ddu, with a *cywydd* of reconciliation, which is very good, and which I will transcribe for you.

\* \* \* \* \*

TEGID.

## LXVIII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES (*TEGID*).

MY DEAR SIR,

I HEREWITH return the sheets, No. 121 to 175, both inclusive. In reviewing the list of the poems already returned, I am inclined to make some additional notes, and corrections of some notes already sent in.

No. 12. "I Rydderch ab Rhys ab Llywelyn Voethus, o Gethiniawg." Llywelyn Voethus was eighth in descent from Elystan Glodrydd. Thomas ab Rhydderch ab Rhys married Maud, daughter to Jenkin Llwyd Vychan of Pwll Dyvach (see No. 172), ab Owain Llwyd ab Thomas Llwyd, and their son was Sir William Thomas, the elder, of Llangathen, knight. From Rhys ab Sir William Thomas, of this place, are descended the Thomas family of Coed Helen, near Caernarvon. The bard says (poem 15) of Rhydderch ab Rhys,—

"Cleimied a dalied ystent  
A gleimiodd yr hen *Glement*."

The first Clement in Wales that we read of, was one of Bernard Newmarch's retinue, when he wrested by force of arms the lordship of Brycheiniog from its native lord, Bleddyn ab Maenyrch, about the close of

the eleventh century. In the partition of Bleddyn's territory, Clement had his snack on the borders of Savaddon Lake.

The next Clement in Wales came from the "Peke," and was active in the apprehension of Sir Gruffydd Llwyd of Dinorweg, who had been knighted by Edward I. at the Castle of Rhuddlan, for bringing him the agreeable news that his queen Eleanor had been safely delivered of a son at the Castle of Caernarvon (*anno* 1284). After some years had elapsed, Sir Gruffydd could no longer brook the intolerance of the English towards his countrymen: he broke into open rebellion, but he was finally captured through the instrumentality of Jeffrey Clement, imprisoned, and disposed of in the usual way upon similar occasions. Clement was rewarded, not with the bauble of knighthood, but with a grant of *terra firma* in the subjugated country. He thus became Lord of Penardd and Geneu'r Glyn, and took up his residence at Tregaron, in the county of Cardigan. His vassals gave him the name of Sieffrai Velyn (Jaffier the Tawny). He died childless, and was succeeded as Lord of Tregaron by his brother's son, Robert Clement. Robert, as it were to appease the manes of Sir Gruffydd Llwyd, whom his uncle had sacrificed, married Cicely, the niece of the fallen Cambrian. In this piece of policy, the *amende honorable*, he was not acting without a precedent: Sir Payne Turberville, Lord of Coetty, on the division of Glamorgan, married Asar, the granddaughter of Iestyn ab Gwrgant, the ejected lord; and Bernard Newmarch, the conqueror of Brecknock, took to wife Nest, daughter of Trahaern ab Caradog, a late prince of North Wales. The Clements continued in Cardiganshire for many generations, and intermarried with some of the first families in the Principality. John, son of the aforementioned Robert Clement, married an ancestrix of the Pryses of Gogerddan. Others intermarried with the Dinevawr family, the Wogans of Wiston, the Vaughans of Cors y Gedol. Anne,

grand-daughter of Jenkin Clement, married Sir John Fakenham, whose daughter Anne married Sir William Sidney, father of Sir Henry Sidney, president of the Court of the Marches at Ludlow, and, in the reign of Elizabeth, Lord Deputy of Ireland. \* \* \*

You will find in a former note to poem No. 106, I believe, that Sir Thomas Vaughan, Knight, of Talgarth, son of Sir Roger Vaughan of Tre' Tŵr, and grandson of Sir Roger Vaughan of Azincourt, was Chancellor of the Earldom of Pembroke under his cousin William Herbert. This Sir Thomas is the Vaughan mentioned by Rapin as having been executed at Pontefract, in Yorkshire, together with the lords Rivers and Grey, by the orders of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who had usurped the Protectorate, in the year 1483.

In your last letter with the parcel, you lamented your loss of friends, and that in your native Wales you scarcely knew where to depend for a night's repose. Not so, my friend: you may safely depend upon welcome—can croesaw, as Gronwy Owain said—

“Ym Mon, yn Llanerch y Medd,  
Yn Lleyn, a thrwy holl Wynedd!”

At Manavon, whilst I am rector there, ni bydd noeth arf yn eich erbyn. Deuwch pan fynoch, a chyhyd ag y mynoch; bydd gwely i'w gael.

I have not been from home since I wrote to you last; but I intend going towards Aberdyvi on Monday next, and return in a week. By that time I shall expect the arrival of your last parcel.

I am, dear Sir,  
Yours truly,

WALTER DAVIES.

*July 25th, 1834.*

## LXIX.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*August 12th, 1834.*

MY DEAR SIR,

MANY thanks to you for your kind expressions in your last letter.

Diolch ich' fwy no dwywaith,  
Am bob ban diolch gan gwaith.

It is not likely that I shall come to North Wales now before autumn, and when I come,

I Fanafon, llon fy llais—  
I gwr ty gwr a gerais.

I now send you a few more poems which I transcribed since I received your letter. There are twenty more remaining.

\* \* \* \* \*

TEGID.

## LXX.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Oxford, Sept. 23rd, 1834.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I NOW send you the remaining poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi, from the MS. in the late Owain Myvyr's own handwriting. Taliesin ab Iolo has a MS. copy of the works, and he is willing for me to see them, and to collate the whole. I believe there is a MS. in the author's own handwriting at Hengwrt, which I must see. Mr. Bailey Williams of Llanrug has also several poems.

I purpose sending to London about forty poems at a time, with notes, &c.; but nothing shall be done without consulting you.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN JONES (Tegid).

## LXXI.

TO THE REV. THOMAS RICHARDS,  
LLANGYNIW.

DEAR SIR,

I EXPECTED ere this to have either seen or heard about the fate of the Cambrian *Watchman*—whether he is to continue another year in office or not—“To *be* or *not* to be?” that is the question. Whether

it be nobler in the professed and interested members of the Established Church to let their only periodical fall, while others in direct opposition to every establishment are supported and encouraged with might and main, or to prop for one year longer their only organ. It is difficult to think too meanly of the dignitaries and wealthy non-residents throughout the four Welsh dioceses on account of their lethargic apathy on this occasion. But they cannot read Welsh, the greater the shame! They can pocket the value of Welsh tithes; they have Welsh readers among their parishioners, on whom they should bestow a certain number of the *Gwyliedydd* according to the population of their respective parishes. They may have another soporific to take; that is, that the Church may continue connected with the State as long as they live; and for the next succeeding generation they care not a fig.

But already, it may be too late to administer a cordial to the expiring *Gwyliedydd*. He has been neglected so long, that he is paralyzed in every sinew and limb owing to inanition. There are thousands of Welsh readers who never heard of such a publication, although they take in, and read, and contribute to the support of other periodicals. A young aspirant came to me lately for an imprimatur to his first attempt at a Welsh sonnet, before he sent it to the *Gwladgarwr*. He had never heard of the *Gwyliedydd*, though born and bred among the Hiraethog hills.

Enough on this melancholy subject. The next is, subscription towards a memorial to be presented to Dr. Owen Pughe. Have you sent in? If not, request either of your Flintshire brothers to put my name down for two pounds; and I will pay the same to you as soon as you please. Delay not.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly, and in haste,

Nov. 15, 1834.

WALTER DAVIES.

## LXXII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES (*TEGID.*)

MY DEAR SIR,

THEY say, "Pob darogan derfydd." So it is with me as to Glyn Cothi. Here you have both parcels of sheets from 176 to 231, both inclusive. I have been unwell a great part of the autumn, otherwise the delay would not have been so prolonged. I send them off, however, before 1834 expires. I spent a good deal of time in attaching two long notes to the Nos. 196, "I Syr Wiliam Gruffydd o'r Penrhyn," and 215, "I Rosser Cinast;" and I had left them to the last. Cothi's No. 196 is a very poor rhigwm; a pennill or two of it would be enough, for it contains nothing peculiar to the family. I am afraid of the success of the publication. Should your labours be published, the sale would be very confined—one or two for a county, and three or four for the metropolis, &c.!—poor encouragement for editorship. Be on your guard about it; for in case it be not well received, it will be your credit that will suffer. For who are the Cymmrodorion? No adepts in their mother tongue. I have not made a review of the numbers, how many are worth the blacking by the printer's devil, &c. I would guess that half the number, well selected, would be much more acceptable than the whole. Cothi was too frequently a random writer: "away with it;" "a cywydd un-nos"—a cywydd that would suit three or four persons or families, but with different headings; his chief objects everywhere being good eating and drinking: what a pity he had not a fellowship in one of our universities. I have seen him reported as a Lancastrian, attached to Jasper, Earl of Pembroke; but if we may judge by his works, he was in politics a com-



plete Vicar of Bray: "hwi gyda'r ci, a hai gyda'r ysgyfarnog." What kind of biographical sketch can you give of him? And his being a complete beggar for almost every necessary of life, will cause a sarcastic grin on the *gweys* of our half-English countrymen. His failings in this respect cannot be hid, if his begging odes are exposed; and some of them, as to composition, powers of description, &c., are among his best pieces.

In your glossary, on several terms used by the bard,  
1. *Whit-harnais*, in Nos. 90—133. "Lord Sheffield, Sir Edmund Knyvett, Gruffydd Wynn, &c., were clad in *white armour*, *cap-a-pie*" (polished steel, so called), at the battle of Norwich (1549). Sir John Wynn's *Memoirs*, second edition, p. 114.

In No. 48, the last line:—"Na fu—un nef i Einion;" *rectè*, "Na fu un—nef i Einion."

2. *Saled* is used in several of the numbers. In one—"Tair saled ar darged oedd," quoted by Dr. O. Pughe; as much as to say, he bore three helmets for his coat of arms.

3. No. 153. *I Abad Deuma*.

No. 194. "I Abad y Ty Gwyn." "Teml yw y tai yma, ar Dymhir *Deuma*. I cannot find where *Deuma* stood.

Am *Deuma*, hyd yma *dim*,  
Ond chwillaw a syniaw siom:  
I ble'r aeth? i ryw gaeth gwm;  
A nyini gwnai Gothi gam!

4. *Galaeth*, No. 35. "Enw *Galath* Ieuan y Glyn." "Glew-ddaeth aer ail *Galaeth* dda."—*Rhys Goch* (*Eryri*), i Wilym ab Gruffydd, tad Wiliam Gruffydd. (Cothi, 136.) "Syr *Galaeth* yw, aesawr gledd."—*Lewis Morganwg*, i Syr Richard Bwlclai. (See *Cyd-ymaith Dyddan*—Enwau 24 Marchogion y Bwrdd Crwn.) Syr *Galaeth*, mab Syr *Lanslod Lac*.

I have several hints noted down upon waste paper, which I cannot, in a hurry (to save a post) lay my

hands upon; but they may be immaterial. If worth sending, I will find some opportunity of transmitting them.

In a hurry, and wishing you a happy new year,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Manavon, Dec. 31, 1834.*

P.S.—5. No. 198, “I Nicholas *Ryd*”—Reed, *Tegid*; (Rudd, *W. D*). There was a family of *Rudd* at Aberglasney, in the Vale of Towy, before the Dyers. A Rice Rudd of Aberglasney, Esq., was created a baronet by Charles I, Dec. 8th, 1628.

6. No. 195. “Marwnad D. ab G. ab D. o Lwydiarth, Mon.” (See the No. 195 now returned.)

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### LXXIII.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES (*TEGID*).

MY DEAR SIR,

It seems to me an age since we have had any correspondence. Lewis Glyn Cothi, whilst alive (in his writings), kept us both awake; but as soon as the Bard disappeared, I, at least, fell asleep.

I do not remember, without some clue, by way of reference, in what month I returned to you the last sheets. I thought of writing to you several times, to inquire what you were about, but to this day I unaccountably put it off.

Now, may I presume to ask, what further progress have you made? I hope the sheets are not gone to the printer's d—l. He has enough to do in national politics at present. My reason for wishing that the work be not hastily printed is, many improvements, corrections, and additions would, or might, occur to you *there*, as well as to me *here*, in the notes. You recollect a *cywydd* to "Sion ab Rhosser, abad *Deuma*." I was at the time quite ignorant of the situation of that abbey. I believe I confessed my ignorance in a short note in the margin. I inquired of every intelligent person I met with, "where was *Deuma*?" The only answer I had was from Mr. Aneurin Owen, on his return from Cardiff Eisteddvod. His answer was, "at Chester, I think;" and afterwards added, "I am pretty sure it was at Chester." I was not satisfied with this location of *Deuma* for two reasons: first, of all the bards then in existence, L. Glyn Cothi would have been the last man to address a *cywydd* to an abbot in Chester. Secondly, Sion ab Rhosser, a Welshman, under the existing laws, would not have been permitted to occupy such an exalted ecclesiastical station within the walls of that extremely Saxonified city. Do you then know where *Deuma* lay? If you do not, I *now* do. It is said that Archimedes once cried "Ευρηκα." I do the same as to *Deuma*.

I will not add more on the subject of the poems at present, as I cannot be certain that this will find you in Oxford. You may, whilst I am writing, be in South or North Wales, in Cornwall, or the Hebrides. Therefore, I must wait until I am informed from under your own hand, that you are within hearing of the Great Tom, "y gloch drom." In the mean time,

I remain, dear Sir,  
Yours truly,

WALTER DAVIES.

*Manavon, May 20th, 1835.*

P.S.—Perhaps you recollect that a *cywydd* poem on the “Vale of Glamorgan” was sent to the Cardiff Eisteddvod by *Mynyddig*, which was rejected by the judges, for they had required it to be in English, and not in Welsh. I am acquainted with *Mynyddig*, and he wrote an apology for his running the wrong side of the post, and sent it to the *Merthyr Guardian* a week or two after the Eisteddvod. Whether it was published in that paper, I cannot say: some Glamorganshire collegian at Jesus may be receiving that paper; if so, could you borrow that number containing *Mynyddig*’s letter, and send it me by Post, and the following paper, in case it contains any observations on *Mynyddig*’s letter and mistake, as to Cymraeg a Seisneg.

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#### LXXIV.

##### ‘EYPHKA.

YN y *Myvyrian Archaiology*, llyfr ail, *Brut y Saeson*, tudalen 578, y darllenir yr hanes hwn:—

“Anno IX<sup>o</sup> y llas Catwallawn. Ac y prypheythwyd Covent yn nant teyrnon, ereill ay geiliw manachloc devma. eraill manachloc *caerllion ar wysc*.”<sup>1</sup>

At first I could not help supposing that *Deuma* might have at one time been the name of the convent afterwards named Tintern, from the similarity of the sound between *Nant Teyrnon* and *Tintern*. But then, why should it have been otherwise called “manachloc *caerllion ar wysc*”?

In looking over Barber’s *Tour of South Wales*, I found at p. 204—“*Lantarnam* house and park, situated about 1½ mile from Caerleon . . . occupy the site of a rich Cistercian Abbey.” *Lantarnam House*,

<sup>1</sup> [See also *Myvyrian Archaiology*, ii, 438.]

erected about the reign of Elizabeth, and chiefly out of the remains of the abbey, a large Gothic gateway, and the monks' cells, now converted into stabling, are vestiges of the parent building. Here we find *Nant Teyrnnon*, the original name of the abbey, Hengistified into *Lantarnam*! It does not appear that there ever was a Llan Tarnam in Gwent. There are 55 Llanau in the "Plwyfau Cymru" (*Arch.* ii. 626), but there is no Lan Tarnam; it is, therefore, evidently a corruption of Nant Teyrnnon. Our friend Aneurin apparently had some faint recollection of having read somewhere that the "manachloc devma" was called by some Mynachlog Caerlleon, and accordingly pronounced it to have been at Chester—Caerlleon ar Ddyvrdwy instead of Caerlleon ar Wysg. What corroborates the *Heureka* is, that L. G. Cothi, in his "Cywydd i Sion ab Rhosser, abad Deuma," No. 153, says of the Abbot John,—

"Arnam ni ad gam nac yma na thraw,  
Na thrwy wlad y *Ddena*."

"Y Ddena" was another name for *Y Cantrev Coch*, now the Forest of Dean, partly in Glamorganshire.

No. 165. "I Rys ab Davydd ab Tomas, o Vlaen Tren," a Lancastrian. Nos. 137, 140, also to the same Rhys.

"Arwedded mewn targed tân,  
Lew o aeddalch *Elystan*;  
Eon encyd ddifancoll  
Eres ar yr *esau* oll;  
Harri a roes hir ei ran,  
Ar *Rys* hir *esau* arian—

A collar of silver esscs granted to Rhys by Henry VI. This decoration appeared first in the reign of Henry IV, and was worn by the distinguished of both sexes. Numerous opinions as to its origin have been entertained, and some of them ridiculous. Mr. Planché, author of the *History of British Costume*, mentions four opinions on the subject. The second considered it as an additional compliment by Edward III. to the Countess of Salisbury; but this is refuted by its non-

appearance till the reign of Henry IV. A writer in the *Mirror*, No. 681, p. 191, says, "We are inclined to the opinion third, by Sir Samuel Meyrick, viz., that Henry IV.'s motto, whilst only Earl of Derby, was *souveraine*, and when he became afterwards actual *sovereign*, the initial of his motto appeared to him auspicious, and the SS collar was invented in consequence. (The first and fourth opinions are not worth transcription.) Finally (say the editors), we must remark the singularity of the circumstance, that the origin of such popular and celebrated decorations as the Feather (and motto) of the Prince of Wales, the Order of the Garter, and the Collar of SS should be to this day a mystery to the most learned and most indefatigable antiquaries."

No. 198. Nicolas Ryd also wore an SS collar. This Nicholas Rudd was of Aberglasney: "Aur yw y ty ar war Tywi." See a list of Rudds in folio extracts from *Llyfr Mabws*, p. 6. Sir John Rudd, Knight of the Sepulchre, returned from Palestine with Richard I; and when Cœur de Lion was taken prisoner in Austria, Sir John Rudd was slain.

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## LXXV.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Christ Church, Oxford,*  
*May 27th, 1835.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I WAS glad to receive your letter, for which I return you many thanks. Lewis Glyn Cothi is not in the press, and will not be yet a while. The glossary is finished, and when I shall have time to write out a fair copy of it, I will send it you for your perusal, &c. The Cymmrodorion have now in the press a catalogue

of MSS. and books in the British Museum that are connected with Wales. I saw it, and think highly of it. It will be of great assistance to antiquarians and others, who will have to write Welsh history, &c. When this is published, then Glyn Cothi will undergo the ordeal of the press; but nothing will be done respecting it without your sanction and approval; and every sheet, as it is printed, will be submitted to you.

You are rather cruel with respect to Deuma; rather waggish, I should say. I give it up. It is not to be found in the Bodleian Library, for I went there and looked everywhere. In my opinion, that is, I guess that it is somewhere in South Wales; but its locality I cannot fix.

The *Merthyr Guardian* for August and September has been destroyed at Jesus College; however, I will try my best to find those in which *Mynyddig* figures, either in Oxford, or from my friend Mr. Henry Jones of Merthyr. Have you seen the prize poem—*Taliesin's*? I am not ashamed of mine after seeing his. I have written to Blackwell, begging him to have mine inserted in the *Cylchgrawn*. You take in the *Cylchgrawn*, I suppose; if not, in the number for April, you will see a portion of the *Gododin*, from Mr. Price of Crug-hywel's MS. copy. It will be continued.

Your letter accompanying the last packet of L. G. C. to me, is dated December 31st, 1834.

In conclusion, I scarcely need say, that whatever I can do for you in Oxford, I will do it with pleasure and readiness. The sooner you write to me the better, for I sometimes think of going to Bala, and to go if possible to Hengwrt, to see a MS. said to be in the handwriting of L. G. Cothi. However, it is an old MS. This information I received from Mr. Aneurin Owen, and I trust his information on this head is more accurate than it was with respect to the situation of Deuma.

Yours very truly,

TREGID.

## LXXVI.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES. .

*Christ Church, Oxford,*  
*August 29th, 1835.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I OUGHT perhaps to have written earlier on my arrival in Oxford.

I am now engaged in transcribing the glossary of Lewis G. Cothi's poems; when I shall have finished, I will send it to you. Would it not, at the same time, be better to send you the poems also, that they may be arranged for publication? I will classify them, as well as I can, first. I have a great mind, and will endeavour, to spend a week or so with you in October, in the earlier part, if I can leave this place, when we can consult each other, or, I should say, when I can consult you on the subject.

My visit to Wales has made me to long for the land of my birth: yr wyf yn hiraethu am yr hen wlad. I am indeed tired of college life and its monotony. Ond nid yw Cymru hithau ddim yn rhydd oddi wrth ofidiau a thrallodion mwy no gwlad y Sais, ef allai: ond—

O! Gymru gu, mor deg wyt,  
 Dywedaf fy ngwlad ydwyf.

Nef a ranodd i fryniau—yr hen wlad,  
 Ran lawn o fwynderau;  
 Mae yn hon, ond eu mwynhau,  
 Gysuron heb gas eiriau.

You must excuse my extempore effusion; and as the *Awen* is upon me, I will add one more, for I cannot help it:—

Hiraeth, ysywaeth, y sydd—i'm dilyn,  
 A mwy dolur beunydd;  
 Ni ddaw dim, yn niwedd dydd,  
 I'r enaid ond Meirionydd.



I hope you have taken in hand the dialogue on Welsh Orthography, with Iolo foremost. I am glad that you were not aware that I was in the country when you wrote your last letter, for it is an excellent epistle. When you have leisure, do write to me again. Please to give my kindest regards to Mrs. Davies. With many thanks for your hospitality,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly and obliged,

TEGID.

## LXXVII.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Christ Church, Oxford,  
March 1st, 1836.*

DEAR SIR,

I have the opportunity of sending to you the MS. copy of the works of L. G. Cothi, by Mr. R. J.<sup>1</sup> The poems marked "H" have been collated with the Hengwrt MS. Mr. Jones will be in the country about two months, and will bring them back when he returns; and as I had rather trust to your judgement than to my own, in the arranging of the poems, which in a great measure you have already done, will you have the kindness, therefore, to classify them in bundles, in the order you should like to see them published, thus:—Class 1, Class 2, &c. Please also to pack together the rejected poems, among them "Molawd Mon," "Awdl Dychan Caerlleon Gawr," &c.

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TEGID.

<sup>1</sup> [The present Vicar of All Saints, Rotherhithe, London.]

## LXXVIII.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Christ Church, Oxford.**April 29, 1836.*

DEAR SIR,

MR. R. J. returning to Oxford earlier than he intended, came away without having an opportunity of calling or sending to you.

If you will, therefore, send me what you think will suffice for two or three sheets, I will set to work immediately; for I am weary of the delay.

I remain, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

TEGID.

## LXXIX.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

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I THANK you for your judicious arrangement of the poems, and your notes are invaluable. I could never have done justice to your department of the work. Everything shall be submitted to you before I send any portion to the press, which will take place, I expect, next spring. I have been so taken up with transcribing, that I have no time to attend to the historical part. I think that with the assistance of Bailey's *Dictionary*! I have been tolerably successful in finding out the meaning of words. I cannot tell you what wretched MS. copy I have to do with. \* \*

TEGID.

## LXXX.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES (*TEGID*).*Manaron, June 7th, 1836.*

MY DEAR SIR,

YOURS (dated London, June 2nd) I received this morning, June 7th, and I write immediately in return, that you may not expect a packet from me for a few days more; as I do not intend to send any until I send all your papers in one parcel, as I received it by Mr. Robert Jones of Jesus College. I thought I should be able to send it the beginning of this week, but several other calls prevented me: a tedious family pedigree for Burke's Commoners, &c.; thirteen *Marwnadau* on the lamented death of D. Pennant, Esq.; and thirty-two compositions by the Cymdeithas Llenyddion Merthyr Tydvil. The forty-five compositions are sent off, and the pedigree is required to be off this week.

The compositions bore varieties of post-marks—Chester, Wrexham, Holywell, Denbigh, Bangor, Caernarvon, &c.; and what will appear mortifying to you and Caervallwch, &c., not one of the forty-five was written on the new-fangled system of orthography. Of course they had their choice, and they apparently decided, each for himself, and said, "Gwell yw yr hen."

What I have been doing of late with Glyn Cothi is the classification of his poems. Class I, are those to the family of Syr Davydd Gam, Vaughans and Herberts; Class II, Urien Rheged, the family of Syr Rhys ab Thomas, K.G.; Class III, the tribe of Elystan Glodrydd; Class IV, the tribe of Bleddyn ab Cynfyn. These four will take in the greater number of the poems. I will leave the remainder, probably, for you to class together—the royal class—the Tudors—Henry VII, &c.

I will write more fully with the packet. Mr. Williams Wynn was very kind in offering his franks *to and fro*; but you will excuse my resolution when I declare it. When I once send off the packet by coach, I will have nothing more to do with Glyn Cothi; he has so sickened me, that I must go to the *mordiredd* to breathe sea air and mountain æther. Therefore, do not trouble yourself to send here one single proof sheet; for if it comes, I must send it back as it came.

I do not see how the sheets can go to the printer as they are, with their scribbled margins; and it would be very tedious work for you to copy all anew; but how you can avoid it, you should be the best judge. The notes, whether short or long, should immediately follow each poem: some are adapted for the heading, or preamble, immediately after the title. The title first, in Welsh, as it now stands in your copy, then an English explanation of it, where necessary, but not otherwise.

You might alter the arrangement of the classes when you see them, so that some of the best notes may appear early—"y gwin goreu yn gyntaf." Perhaps the tribe of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn should lead. This would include the poem "I Rosser Cinast," and "Marwnad Syr Gruffydd Vychan," as both have good notes. That on the fate of Gruffydd Vychan is quite new, his fate unknown of late, until his elegies discovered it.

My proposal of sending the whole packet in one, as it came, I think preferable to the sending in piecemeals, with increased expense in carriage, &c.

When the poems for the most part are classed, the class of "unigolion" will remain, and such of them as are worthless may be omitted, only give a catalogue of their number, title, number of lines, first line, &c., to satisfy the curious.

In haste, I remain,  
Wishing you joy of your medal,  
Your humble Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

P.S.—In yours of St. David's day, you gave a short plan of classification—first, "Molawd Mon," "I wŷr Caer," "Fflint," &c., which I greatly disapproved of, as some of that class should be among the rubbish of the "unigolion."

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LXXXI.

TO MISS DAVIES.

*Penmaen Dyvi, July 19, 1836.*

DEAR J.,

MRS. VAUGHAN and I were yesterday in the valley of the Disonwy. We left the gig at Ysguboriau, near Ynys y Maengwyn, and footed it up to Bryn y Castell, an ancient British fortress, erected by Cadwaladr, son of Gruffydd ab Cynan, about A.D. 1140. A few years afterwards 'his garrison in it were besieged a long time by Howel and Cynan, two sons of Owain Gwynedd, and nephews to the owner of the castle, who finally succeeded; and the whole of the garrison were cruelly slaughtered, saving the captain, who was an ecclesiastic—Mervyn, abbot of Ty Gwyn ar Dav. The view from the summit was grand and sublime—the three peaks of Cader Idris to the N.E. over Dôl Goch and Dolau Gwyn; Peniarth woods, the slopes of Llanegryn towards Gwastad Meirionydd; the meanderings of the Disonwy in the valley beneath; Castell Tal y Bont and Tomen y Parc in a line to the North; the outlet at Aber Disonwy, St. George's Channel and Eivionydd, Lleyn and Enlli, to the N. West, over Ynys woods. And after feasting the eyes for some time with all around us, we thought of feasting some

other parts of the animal frame. Richard spread the cloth on the ballium of the castle,

"Ar fatras o ddail glas glyn,  
Mewn ridens o'r mân redyn."

*D. ab Gwilym.*

And there we enjoyed the picnic repast. You would have been delighted in being one of the party.

Yours affectionately,

WALTER DAVIES.

P.S.—We have "an ocean" of rain here this morning. Precariousness of weather retards the hay harvest much, though the wheat about Towyn yesterday exhibited most beautifully the golden locks of Ceres. You have no such colour in the earliest parts of your Montgomeryshire. I will give no more "marine ideas" about the management of *this*, *that*, or the *other*. We find "Baillie Jarvie" capable, the hay being stacked in "nation good fettle."

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LXXXII.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Christ Church, Oxford,*  
Nov. 19, 1836.

DEAR SIR,

THE packet intended to be sent by Mr. R. J. of Jesus College, has arrived safe. Your account of *Greal* and *Croes Naid* is invaluable. See also *Croes Naid* in Dr. Davies's *Dictionary*, where the doctor in part corroborates your statement.

I have now completed the second class—Llwyth Ystrad Tywi. When I shall have finished the third class, I think the first volume will be complete.

In my opinion, the volume should be preceded by an essay or preface on the War of the Roses, in order to show the Saxons what part the Welsh took in those civil commotions. You appear to be so much at home in the history of those times, that you could perform the task with ease. But if you be not disposed to write, I will attempt an essay, and submit it to you before its publication. Ond y chwi a fedrech ei hysgrifenu yn llawer gwell, a byddai hefyd yn fwy derbynawl gan y wlad nog fy eiddo i.

I am glad to find that in your last letter you appear to write in better spirits; and indeed, Mr. R. J. told me that you were in excellent health when he saw you.

The appearance of "Llandeilo Vawr," instead of Bertholeu, was a complete oversight. It must appear among the *errata*.

My sister from Caermarthen sent me a MS. pedigree of the principal families in the Counties of Caermarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan, written about the year 1753. It belongs to Miss Lloyd of Laques, Llanstephan.

With my kind regards to Mrs. Davies, and many, many thanks for your valuable remarks,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly and obliged,

TEGID.

## LXXXIII.

TO WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MILES, ESQ.

*Manavon, March 11th, 1837.*

MY DEAR SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the long tarrying of Dame Influenza (*hic et illic*), I cannot forbear penning a few lines as a criticism upon your mode of drilling Welsh words to suit your own preconceived system of Eastern Mythology. The dame above mentioned may have rendered me more peevish than ordinary: therefore you will pardon some peevish expressions that may fall in my way.

First, as to the name of Mr. Humphreys's seat, which you make to be *Bodilion*, and perhaps the proprietor may style it so; but he does not pretend to be a Welshman. When he erected his new residence some few years ago, the name of the place, as at present, was unknown. Close in its vicinity was an old humble dwelling called "Gwern Heilyn," the aldery, or rough meadow or pasture, natural to the springing up of *alders*, belonging at some time to a person of the name or office of *Heilyn*, which was originally a term applied to the prince's chief butler or cup-bearer. From the *office* it became at length the *surname* of the family. One of the name settled at Pentre' Heylin, the chief residence of Heylin, near Llan y Myneich. Of this branch was Dr. Peter Heylin, the cosmographer, and Rowland Heylin, alderman of London, during the Commonwealth of the seventeenth century. In Dr. Plott's time, there was a family of Heylin in Oxfordshire.

So much for *Bodilion* (a fine soft word it must be allowed)—"Ηλως, as far as regards Bod-heilyn, usually written Bod Hilin. There are several places



to which Heilyn is an adjunct, viz., Wtra Heilyn (Heilyn's lane), Garth Heilyn (the cliff of Heilyn). Llwyn Derw (the grove of oaks) could have no reference to Bod Heilyn. Llwyn is a common term applied to any coppice of wood—Llwyn Du, Llwyn Glas, Llwyn Melyn (the black, the green, the yellow). These are names of dwellings, and may refer to the appearance of the adjoining *llwyn* when the house was erected—*du* in winter, *glas* in spring, *melyn* in autumn. Mr. Yates knows Llwyn y Groes, Llwyn Tidman, Llwyn Mapsis, Llwyn y Maen.

As to the entrenched mounds, east and west of the town of Pool, I never knew the name *Bellons* given to them. I examined that to the east, close to a water-mill. I believe they called it "The Moat," or *Domen* (tumulus). Its situation was too flat either for an exploratory mount, or "for a heaven-kissing hill," to witness the first morning ray of the Phœnician deity.

We have many names of places—*Belan*, not *Bellon*; and I have once thought that the derivation was from *Bel-lan* (Llan Bel), the inclosure of Bel, Belinus, Baal, &c. We have Belan Deg (fair Belan) in Manavon; Belan Ddu, Belan Wydd, Belan Las, Belan Argæ, in the parishes adjoining; but I never witnessed any remains, stone or earthen, which might favour the idea that they were places consecrated to any kind of worship. A rounded hill, a frustum of a cone, might have been denominated *Belan* from its shape; but some of our Belans lie on *flat* ground.

That a heathen deity was once idolized in Britain, is proved by the inscription on the altar found in the country of the Brigantes (North of England), which exhibited in Roman characters—"Deo Marti Bela tu Cadra." The last word is evidently Welsh—Bel y Duw Cadr; Bel, the potent god. The Romans persuaded the colonized Britons that the British *Bel* was identified in their *Mars*; hence the "*Deo Marti*" of the inscription. In the British language, *bela* and *rhyvela* is to wage war. *Belgæ*, *warlike* Gauls in

Cæsar, &c., emigrated to Britain and Ireland; hence the *Fir-bolg* of the latter. Their fires on the eve of the first of May, still called *Beal-teine* (the fire to Baal), savours of a Phœnician origin. But in Wales, we had no fires within memory or upon record, save on the eve of the first of November, which was termed *coelcain*, *coelcerth*, &c., words of hidden import.

You mention a "Bellon" to the west of the town, in Powys Castle park. Is it on the flat, between the castle and the town? No favourable place for any hypothesis, excepting sepulchral. Was it erected over the remains of Prince Cadwgan, the founder of Castell y Trallwng, who was barbarously murdered in the park by his own brother's son, the infamous Madog, in the twelfth century? Opposite Llwyn Derw turnpike gate, there are lime kilns on the canal, called Belan Lime Kilns. Where is the Belan that gives the name to the kiln? Is it in the park?

WALTER DAVIES.

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#### LXXXIV.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Christ Church, Oxford,*  
*March 31st, 1837.*

DEAR SIR,

AT the request of the Cymmrodorion, I send you the three first Dosbarths of Lewis Glyn Cothi, which make up one volume, as a specimen of the work; and should it take, another volume of the work will appear. What now is wanting is a preface.

If you will in your next letter mention to me what

it cost you for carriages, backwards and forwards, of Glyn Cothi's MSS., &c., I will get you repaid. The Society has paid me for the expenses I incurred for such carriages; and why not pay you also? I wish the work was published, for it intrudes too much on my time; so that I am like yourself quite tired of it. I have done all in my power to make old Lewis appear respectable; but after all, I am afraid that what I have done will not escape censure. Mae arnaf eich ofn chwi yn fwy no neb. But should a second edition be called for, the errors may be corrected. Now with respect to the title page: what sort of a title will meet your approbation? Should our names appear in it or not? If not in the title page, should we appear at the end of the preface? I have forwarded to you two sketches, No. 1 and No. 2, and should you not approve of either of them, you will perhaps favour me with a No. 3.

I trust this letter will find you and Mrs. Davies in good health, and in excellent spirits.

I think sometimes of paying you a visit this summer, and if I can possibly leave, you may expect me, when you may lash me well, if I have done any personal injury to Lewis, who, it is said, was born at Pwll Tinbyd, near Dôl y Cothi, in Caermarthenshire or Cardiganshire.

Am ofyn hyn, os rhoi her,  
Yn esgob tew y'th wisger.

I remain, dear Sir,  
Yours very truly and obliged,  
TEGID.

## LXXXV.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Christ Church, Oxford,  
April 14th, 1837.*

DEAR SIR,

I SEND you a proof sheet of the pedigree which is to precede Dosbarth I. On Tuesday last, I received a letter from Mr. John Parry, who has attended a committee of the Cymmrodorion, in which he expresses the great hopes and wishes of the Society that you would be kind enough to write the preface. You have, I trust, received the sheets safe. One thing I hold, that it is out of my power to write an historical sketch of the part taken by our countrymen in the Wars of the Roses. It is desirable that the work should be published in May; and I shall be expecting to hear from you about the beginning of that month, if not sooner.

Will you, however, in the mean time favour me with a letter stating *progress*.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

TEGID.

## LXXXVI.

TO SIR SAMUEL R. MEYRICK, K.H., LL.D.

*Manavon, 1 Nov., 1837.*

MY DEAR SIR,

WHEN I left your hospitable mansion on the 26th ult., I promised you a testimony, by letter, of our safe arrival at Manavon. The first day was favourable, and we reached Ludlow (39 miles) about an hour before night. The next day was both rainy and stormy, but we went over the 37 miles in time to be at home by tea, finding our friends well. Gibbon's *Roman History*, soon followed us by mail from Aber-gavenny. It is a handsome volume bound in Russia; and last night Lady Charlotte Guest's letter, forwarded by you, came.

I fold this up in the second edition of Mr. Robert Vaughan's *British Antiquities Revived*, of which I request your acceptance.

On looking over your presents to me, I observed your separately printed letter to Henry Ellis, Esq., on the Deed of Gift by Gwenwynwyn to the Abbey of "Street Marshal," as we now call it. Had I seen it before it was printed, I could have offered some corrections. I have a copy of the same grant, agreeing nearly *literatim* with yours; and the one apparently a copy of the other, for mine has the note of the original deed, having been in the possession of Mr. Edward Herbert of Montgomery, and signed "E. E.," the initials used by the Rev. E. Evans, author of *Dissertatio de Bardis*, among whose papers I found it at Mr. Pantón's library in Anglesey, about the year 1793. Some years afterwards, I had the perusal of a great number of original grants to the same Abbey, by Gwenwynwyn and others, which had been sent to me

in order to ascertain the boundaries of Cyveiliog and Caer Einion. I returned them to the agent who sent them; but whether they remain still at Wynnstay, I cannot tell. I will here, to fill up my sheet, give a concise abstract of as many as I preserved extracts from, my object going no further than the making a catalogue of the names of men and places. I have a faint recollection of the seal appendant to this deed. The wax brown and ordinary, about the size of a silver crown piece—Gwenwynwyn on horseback, but not as a warrior in armour. But as I did not think it worth the while to take a drawing of it, I cannot say much about it at this distance of time.

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WALTER DAVIES.

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### LXXXVII.

TO MR. AND MRS. VAUGHAN, PENMAEN  
DOVEY.

*Llanrhaiadr, near Oswestry,  
Mawrth deg a digon.  
Digon o beth? Digon o Eira.*

DEAR MR. AND MRS. VAUŃ,

VAUŃ, fel y byddai y Vychaniaid yn fynych yn ei ysgrifenu gynt; ac o'r VauŃ, sef yr enw Cymreig hwn, y tarddodd, yn ddiwybod iddynt, the surnames of *Vane*—Sir Harry Vane, contemporary with Cromwell, who appears with advantage in a beautiful print by \* \* \* \*<sup>1</sup> describing the Pro-

<sup>1</sup> [Benjamin West.]

lector ordering the Speaker's mace to be removed from the table of the Commons. "Take away that bauble," he said; "I can govern without it." Upon this, Sir Harry Vane stepped forward to argue the point with his master, the Protector. But it was too late; a regiment of grenadiers at the Protector's heels commanded *silence*; the house was cleared in a few minutes, the members one and all being sent home to cook their own beef-steaks and pork-chops, as they pleased. Thus ended the "Long Parliament," to which this *long* anecdote may be attributed, though I began only with a side glance at the *Fanes*, earls of Westmoreland—*Vanes* of several English titles, pilfering their surnames from the old abbreviated form of writing *Vauñ* for *Vychan*.

There is, or was lately, a freeholder in Berriw, who writes his surname *Holl*, and is called Mr. Holl by his neighbours and others who can spell the syllable Holl. His great grandfather, no doubt, if he could write at all, wrote Hõll, an abbreviation of Howell. I can produce scores of such examples in MSS. a century old, and more.

I ba le yr eis i? Digon pell o'r ffordd; eisieu cadw y wib yn ol.

Notwithstanding you had no agreeable news to tell me in your last, yet we were glad to find that you both bore all with a fair share of Christian philosophy. We were thankful for that support which you received, not from man, but from above. Continue in that asylum; there you will remain secure from all the evils of this chequered life.

Yours, as always and ever,

WALTER DAVIES.

## LXXXVIII.

TO THE REV. THOMAS PRICE  
(*CARNHUANA WC*).

*Llanrhaiadr Mochnant,*  
Oct. 8, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I know next to nothing of *music*, yet I presume to write to you a few lines at a critical juncture upon that subject. I have had some conversation with a Teutonic gentleman, who, for the last four or five years, has become deeply enamoured with the scenery, antiquities, legends, and music of Wales. He thinks that something ought to be done in order to preserve Welsh music in its original or native simplicity. It is indeed painful to observe the various distortions our Welsh music has been compelled to undergo by the borrowed Italianized taste of self-interested publishers of periodical Welsh airs, in this and the last century; by which means, if not timely prevented, the genuine Welsh music will be entirely lost.

Then, surely, if a stranger, a sojourner in the Principality, here to-day and off to-morrow, feels the necessity that something should be done to protect our national music from such innovators; *we*, who drew our first breath on Cambrian soil, ought to exert ourselves to preserve it in its native characteristic wildness and purity. With that view, I beg to suggest that something like the following scheme be submitted to the consideration of the Abergavenny *Gorsedd* (the most influential since the days of Gruffydd ab Cynan), that an establishment should be founded for the purpose of instructing a certain number of students, natives of South and North Wales, possessing musical genius, to play upon the Welsh harp in its own peculiar style.



Sound the meeting, especially the musical part of it, from Titley Court to Llanover, Dowlais, Aberpergwm, &c.; and it is hoped that they will see the propriety of preserving, unmutilated, our native Welsh music in all the departments of the Principality.

I need not add that I wish success to your Eistedd-vod, for I am already imbued with a presentiment of its success.

I am, dear Carnhuanawc,

Yours truly,

WALTER DAVIES.

## LXXXIX.

### TO THE EARL OF POWYS.

*Llanrhaiadr, Dec., 1838.*

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship's humourous letter, as well as the enclosed and excellent epigram,<sup>1</sup> which appears to be highly seasoned with Attic salt, came to my house when I was confined by a fit of sickness, which rendered me unable, at least disinclined, either to read or write. May this be my apology for my long silence.

We need not appeal to the summit of Snowdon, or

<sup>1</sup> [The epigram referred to is the following :—

“Cambria, te nunquam magnos genuisse poetas  
Fama est; Pace tuâ, Cambriæ causa, patet  
Quamvis innumeros Ap Jones, Ap Shenkin, Ap Evans,  
Jactas, in terrâ est nullus AP-ollo tuâ.”

Its author does not appear to be known. It was given by the late Vice-Chancellor Sir Lancelot Shadwell to the present Earl of Powys, then an undergraduate in the University of Cambridge, who sent it to his father, to whom this letter is addressed.]

to the Pistyll of our Rhaiadr, for any means of punishment, for I do not see that any offence has been given, or insult offered, to any real Cambrian. I highly applaud the lines, for their causticity and the smart epigrammatic sting at their close. They are, however, entirely harmless, as far as they regard Cambria: therefore the writer cannot be impeached on the score of libel. The Cambrians have nothing to do with the Ap-ollo of either the Egyptians, Greeks, or Romans, nor of course with those of our learned universities. Our own mythology is replete with names of similar worthies or semi-divinities who flourished among the ancients at periods so remote as to be immensely out of the ken of either history or tradition. The names of three of these demi-gods are recorded in our MSS. They were *Alon*, *Plenydd*, and *Gwron*, inventors of the institution of Bardism. Some identify with this *Alon*, the *Olen* of Pausanias, who was the most ancient priest of Phœbus. No more of this: we, therefore, need not trouble our heads with the numerous Ap-ollos of Greece and Rome. Avaunt, ye upstarts of yesterday!

By the bye, *ap* is not a genuine word, or even particle. No Welshman ever used it. Shakespeare and other mimics first gave it rise about the reign of Elizabeth or James I, to ridicule Welsh pronunciation; and they did this in their complete ignorance that a word in being transferred from the Latin or English into Welsh is thereby rendered *softer* and not *harsher*: *p* is turned into *b*, *t* into *d*, *x* into *s*, &c., of which scores of instances might be produced. *Ap*, therefore, is the English mongrel corruption of the Welsh *ab*, derived from *mab* (son, mac, fitz, fils, of the Gael and Anglo-Normans).

The Ap-ollo of Greece and Rome had its name written more correctly in the *Abelion* of the East. And we have at this day a living character of some notoriety at the annual assemblies at Abergavenny, whose bardic name is *Ab Iolo*, and his Christian name

Taliesin—the *ab* or son of *Iolo Morganwg*, a fiery Cymro, whose blood would have approached the boiling heat had he seen the epigram: but as good luck, peace, and harmony would have it, he sleeps with Alon, Plenydd, and Gwron. In *Cambria* we have no epic poems, forsooth, of sufficient length to give the reader a soporific; but we have odes of different lengths from the thirteenth century to the present, whose authors need not blush at a correct translation into English or any other language. The *Cambrians*, however, seem to have had no taste for translating; and who excepting them can be equal to the task of translating their own *Cambrian* productions?

The epigrammatist has some sprinkling of *Cambrian* blood in him. Who knows but that yet he may employ his pen on the other side, by nullifying the slanderous aspersions of Holdsworth in his *Muscipula*, and write another *Cambria Triumphans* when he becomes master of the language he is now ignorant of.

I remain, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

XC.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Christ Church, Oxford,*  
January 26, 1839.

ANWYL A PHARCHEDIG GYFAILL,

GORPHENAIS o'r diweddd, trwy lafur caled  
a blin, yr ail ran o Waith Lewis Glyn Cothi, ac yr  
ydwyl yn wir ddiolchgar am gyrhaeddyd o honof ben

y daith. Ac er nad yw yr hyn a wnaethym tuag at eglurhau gwaith yr hen fardd ond amhherffaith, ac weithiau yn lled anghywir, eto gobeithiaf y bydd, ar y cwbl, yn gymmeradwy, ac yn enwedig genych chwi. Yr wyf yn awr yn ysgrifenu y rhagymadrawdd, yr hwn a gewch ei weled can gynted ag y gorphenir ef genyf, a hyny cyn y rhoddir i'r wasg.

I received a letter from Mr. Williams of Aberpergwm, regretting your inability to go there. Had you been able to go so far, I should have made it a point to meet you there. Mr. Williams is highly patriotic, and an excellent scholar, ac yn Gymro diledryw.

I have requested Mr. Parry to forward you the second part of Glyn Cothi; and perhaps you will favour the public with a short preface of your own, and leave the history of the War of the Roses to me. Your advice to me on the subject will not be lost, and I shall be guided by you and Sir Samuel Meyrick.

Hoping that this letter will find you and your family all well, and that you will be so good as to remember me very kindly to them all,

I remain, my dear Sir,  
Yours very truly and obliged,  
TEGID.

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XCI.

TO WILLIAM WILLIAMS, ESQ., ABER-  
PERGWM.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter (unfortunately without a date, otherwise I might have calculated the length of time

elapsed since I received it) is now before me. My long delay has been entirely owing to a tedious fit of sickness I have long endured. I am now enabled to rub off old scores, and begin with your kind letter.

You begin by saying that you had one advantage over me, and one only; but the advantage you refer to is not so great, for the family of Aberpergwm has been familiar to me for many years. I wonder that I never called there during my perambulations through South Wales. The first notice I took of the place was in the *Cambrian Register*, vol. ii. 1796, which contained the celebrated song, styled "Fanny blooming fair." It is there represented as a translation from a Welsh song composed by Mr. D. Nicholas, private tutor at Aberpergwm. The English song in the *Cambrian Register* is a beautiful composition, and was attributed to W. D., Esq., of Cringoed, near Neath. My old friend Iolo told me that the title of the original Welsh song was "Ffanni, Blodau'r Ffair." I confess that I did not then relish the title as a Welsh original. It does not bear the Welsh stamp, but rather an humble and free translation of "Fanny blooming fair." Some years afterwards, I was confirmed in this opinion by finding that the celebrated song in question was written by John Phillips, about the year 1736, some years probably before Mr. D. Nicholas was born. I am, therefore, of opinion that Phillips was the original author of "Fanny blooming fair;" that D. Nicholas got hold of it, and rendered it into his Welsh "Ffanni, Blodau'r Ffair;" that the English song in the *Cambrian Register* is the original by Phillips; unless it can be proved to the contrary by internal evidence.

As to the subject you proposed to the Merthyr Cymreigyddion, my opinion of its issue is somewhat flat. Our friend Tegid, in a kind of preamble to the first volume of Glyn Cothi's poems, proposed as a kind of decoy, that in his preface to the forthcoming second volume of the same poems, he would state the reasons why South Wales sided with the House of York,

whilst North Wales abetted the cause of the House of Lancaster. As soon as I saw this, I wrote to him to take care what he was about; for what he proposed was only the baseless fabric of a dream. The partiality to either of the Roses cannot be supposed to have been anything like general in either department of the Principality. Family feuds of long standing, not uncommon in those days in Wales, would prevent the union of any large district on the same side during those civil wars. If the Guelphs sided with the House of York, the Ghibelines would certainly be Lancastrians. That most of South Wales were Yorkists is highly probable; and that the majority in North Wales were Lancastrians, may be equally so. We see in one family—that of Sir Rice ab Thomas—that his brothers David and Morgan were in direct opposition on this occasion. One besieged the young Earl of Richmond in Pembroke Castle; the other roused all his energy to send the young prince and his uncle Jasper beyond the seas, out of harm's way. Sir John Wynn of Gwydir, in his history of his ancestors, mentions two of them, brothers, the one for York, the other for Lancaster. What then will become of your subject, unless lists of the partisans on both sides, written at or near the period of contention, could be found in some mouldy repository?

You will have a prize to bestow upon the winner: but what can the public expect to be benefited by the production? Among the prizes bestowed lately at Abergavenny, I find one for the best essay on the Bardic Alphabet. This was decided; but whether for proving that the said alphabet was authentic, genuine, and of course ancient, or that it is all a modern, spurious, though ingenious fabrication. Copies of inscriptions on Etruscan vases, Runic calendars, &c., may have been quoted, especially the thick folio volume of Etruscan inscriptions, published by Inghiramus in the sixteenth century, which were much prized at the time, but afterwards found to have been

an entire imposition. Again—another subject, “Prince Madog’s Voyage” to, and settlement in the Transatlantic New World, afterwards called America. Of course, the prize poem, or prize essay (I do not recollect which) settled Prince Madog somewhere between the source of the Missouri and the Straits of Magellan. This may have formed a good subject for an epic poem, but not for an essay, for the latter requires truth for its basis. No solid proof of Madog’s sailing to the West, and finding a new continent beyond Ireland, has as yet been produced; but we have a strong presumptive proof that Prince Madog, son of Owain Gwynedd, died a violent death in his native land.

I remain, my dear Sir,  
Your obliged Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

## XCII.

MR. PARRY TO THE REV. WALTER  
DAVIES.

15, *Store-street, Bedford-square,*  
*January 30, 1839.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I SEND you the second part of Glyn Cothi’s poems, by desire of our friend Tegid, who seems desirous that you should write a short preface as one of the editors. He will undertake to give the War of the Roses, assisted by Sir S. Meyrick. We are extremely anxious to bring out the book without any more delay.

Should you not feel disposed to write a preface, will you be so good as to say so to Tegid, and give him any hints on the subject you please.

When our last circular was printed, I was not aware that you had left Manavon.

Hoping that this will find you in good health, and as lively as the *Pistyll*,<sup>1</sup>

I remain, my dear Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
JOHN PARRY.

### XCIH.

TO THE REV. JOHN JONES (*TEGID*).

*Llanrhaiadr, near Oswestry,*  
Aug. 12, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,

AND QUONDAM ACTIVE CORRESPONDENT,

ON Saturday last, the 10th, Mr. Parry, the Jubal of the Cymmrodorion Society in London's parcel, containing two volumes of the second part of Lewis y Glyn's poems, came to hand; and the next day (yesterday) your kind letter arrived, for which, as well as for the parcel sent by Mr. J. Parry, I beg leave to return you my best thanks.

13th.—This morning I took the leisure of glancing over your "Historical Sketch" on the Wars of the Roses, and was both pleased and amused by the perusal. You said that if I added my approbation of your authorship to those already received, your "cup of compliments would be full." Though my com-

<sup>1</sup> [*Pistyll y Rhaiadr, near Llanrhaiadr Mochnant.*]



mentation of the work would be but as a feather in the scale when added to those of the triumvirate of general literature—Meyrick, Wynn, and Bosanquet—yet I cannot withhold my tribute of applause. Bear the cup of compliments with a steady hand, lest the fermentation cause them to run over.

I wish you joy of breathing your native air: expand your lungs well while you inhale the salubrious breezes of the Arans and the Arenigs. I am sorry that your stay in Wales is so confined as to time; but confined as it is, make the most of it, by

“Bore-godi gyda'r ehedydd,  
A rhodio pob talar.”

I find by your letter that you passed through Croes Oswallt, and I can guess your route from thence as far as Dwyrhyd by the Caer Gybi coach; but how you proceeded from Dwyrhyd to Bala, must be best known to yourself. On your return through Oswestry to Oxford, give me leave to prescribe your route.

Ascend the skirts of Berwyn from Pont Mwnwgl y Llyn: arrive at its summit: cross over to Montgomeryshire—the best county you ever were in: descend to Llangynog, and thence you will have a bowling-green road to Llanrhaidr ym Mochnant, only a few miles from Oswestry, where you will meet with such entertainment as the vicarage there can afford. I hope to be able to meet you there. Come early in the week, that is, the week following the 18th instant—your “second Sunday” from Oxford.

In or on the cover of the *Gwladgarwr*, I saw lately a proposal to give a prize to the person who would send in, by the first of July, the best account of *Huw Llwyd*, Cynvael, and his productions in verse and prose. I knew very little of Huw Llwyd, save that he was brother to Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd, author of *Llyfr y Tri Aderyn*, &c. I never knew that *Huw* wrote any work in *prose*. I have in MS. two of his

*cywyddau*, and the subject of both is the "Llwynog." The candidates were to send in their productions to the Cymreigyddion Society at Maentwrog, under cover to Mr. Aubrey (Sais yng ngwlad y Cymry), school-master at Ffestiniog.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

WALTER DAVIES.

P.S.—I intend being at Llanrhaiadr vicarage on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 19th, 20th, and 21st. On the 22nd I intend moving towards Aberdyvi.

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#### XCIV.

TEGID TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

*Christ Church, Oxford,*  
2nd October, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WRITE to say that there is a short critique in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month, on L. G. Cothi. It is a highly favourable notice, ending thus:—"We had nearly forgotten to observe that the notes are chiefly the work of the Rev. Walter Davies, vicar of Llanrhaiadr ym Mochnant, Denbighshire. The work is edited by the Rev. John Jones, M.A., precentor of Christ Church, Oxford." This is as it should be; and I propose, should another edition appear, to add the initials W. D. at the end of your notices to the work.<sup>1</sup> You will, I hope, agree to this; for the

<sup>1</sup> [Compare Letter lxi, p. 480.]

work would never, and could never, have made its appearance had it not been for your notes. This morning I received a letter from the reviewer, asking me if it was not a proper critique that he gave. His name is J. O. Halliwell, Esq., Jesus College, Cambridge. He is now in London: his address is 35, Alfred-street, Bedford-square.

TEGID.

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XCV.

MR. KENRICK TO THE REV. WALTER  
DAVIES.

*Handsworth Hall, near Birmingham,  
November 18th, 1839.*

SIR,

I HOPE you will excuse the liberty which I now take in addressing you, notwithstanding I have not the pleasure of knowing you personally; still you are not unknown to me by reputation; and I hope you will confer a favour upon me by imparting to me a small portion of the knowledge you have acquired of the history of the Ancient Britons.

I am desirous of knowing whether the name of the Roman general (Ostorius) who defeated Caractus, and sent him a prisoner to Rome, is mentioned in the annals of the Ancient Britons; and if his name is mentioned there, in what way it is spelt.

I have seen in Mr. Owen's *Dictionary* that the word Julius (Julius Cæsar) is spelt *Iwl*; and I observe in Baxter's *Glossarium* that the word Constantinus is spelt by the historians of the Britons thus—*Kystennin*.

I should very much like to know if any specific rule was adopted by the Britons in changing Roman proper names, and suiting them to the construction of their own language.

If Ostorius is not mentioned by the British historians, I should like to know how you suppose the name would have been spelt (if it had been mentioned) according to the construction of the Welsh language.

If you would be so kind as to send me an answer, addressed to me here as above, I shall feel greatly obliged.

I am, Sir,  
With great respect for your character  
and acquirements,  
Your obedient Servant,  
SAM. KENRICK,  
of Wrexham.

## XCVI.

TO SAMUEL KENRICK, ESQ.

SIR,

JULIUS CÆSAR is variously rendered *Iwl Kaisar*, *Wlkesar*, &c.; Claudius Cæsar — *Gloyw Kaisar*; Caswallawn Romanized into *Cassibelaunus*; Cynvelyn — *Cunobelinus*; Avarwy — *Mandubratius*; Gweiryd — *Arviragus*. Again, *Hercules* — Ercwlff; *Maximianus Herculus* — Macsen Ercwlff.

The genius or construction of the Latin language required, when the Romans adopted foreign names of men and places, that a terminating syllable should be added to the foreign word, for the evident purpose

of distinguishing their cases of nouns, without which distinction their Latin would have been an unintelligible jargon. As, for instance, if the Romans found London to be called Llongddin, *i.e.*, a haven for shipping, it became necessary for them to add their "tar-mark" *um*, so as to make Londin-um. On the reverse, when the Britons borrowed a name from the Latin, they threw off the "tar-mark," by casting off the terminating syllable: and if the word began with a *v*, they changed it into *gw*; as, *gwin*, for *vinum*; *gwynnt*, for *ventus*, &c.: *t* was frequently changed into *th* (sounded as in *think*, *thought*, &c.), as, *introitus*, *trothwy*; *lac*, *lacte*, *llaeth*; *Mars*, *Martis*—*Dies Martis*, *Dydd Mawrth*.

There is not apparently any specific rule that will suit in all cases. The best way to obviate this want of rule is to become master of both languages, so as to find what words are native or genuine, and what borrowed in each. *Julius* must needs be *Iwl*, or something like it, in Welsh, for the termination must be rejected, and there is no *j* in the British alphabet. The *J* in John is turned into *I*—*Ioan*, as more agreeable with the original *Ἰωάννης*; *James*, *Iago*, *Ἰάκωβος*.

I do not find *Ostorius*, the captor of Caractacus, in our ancient British history. What later historians say of him is from Tacitus. So also of Suetonius Paulinus, the vanguard of the heroine Boadicea. Galgacus, the Caledonian, is said to have been the *Gwallawg ab Llienawg* of the Triads. A late ingenious Welsh historian, though too airy in his notions, calls Suetonius Paulinus "Sywidw Paulin;" and probably he may have called Ostorius, *Ostor* or *Wstyr*, by the same analogy.

Baxter, author of the *Glossarium*, though an ingenious writer, is not to be depended on in all cases, though he may be right as to *Constantinus* and *Custenyn*.

I am, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

P.S.—It may not be generally known that the Welsh language improved the sound of every word it borrowed from the Latin, by softening *p* into *b*, *t* into *d*, *c* hard into *g*, &c.; and by getting rid of the sibilism of the *us* termination of nouns in the nominative case. For the Roman cobbled-up sound of *x*, we have the softer one of *s*; as, for *nox*, we have *nos* (night).

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XCVII.

TO SAMUEL KENRICK, ESQ.

*January 27th, 1840.*

DEAR SIR,

ACCORDING to your request I return by the same post as this your sheet of notes on the Annals of Tacitus. I have but little to say on the location of *Antona*, save only that my opinion is that the name was substituted for *Aufona* by some early and careless transcriber; the *f* and *t* being formerly, even so late as our Elizabethan age, written nearly alike; the *n* and *u* also scarcely distinguishable. In old maps of Ireland, in names of rivers, *Aufona* is the representative of *Avon*.

Etymologists should keep in their fancies with a tight curb. It was once referred to me, from a voluminous county historian, whether *Strigyl*, a ruinous castellet on the Severn near Chepstow, was not so called from the British word *rhigol*, a foss or groove, as Offa's Dike ends near the place. I could not forbear scouting the idea as highly Peloponnesian; for *rhigol*, among the Welsh, could never be applied to such a

work of labour as the foss and mound of Offa's Dike. It means no more than such a foss a child might make with his foot to turn water in a muddy road; at best, a joiner's groove in pannelling, or a flute in an Ionic pillar. Offa's Dike never went by any other name among the Cymry than *Clawdd Offa*, its appropriate name.

I think the illiterate Welsh are so ignorant of the name and origin of Wat's Dike, that if a stranger asked them the name of it near Ruabon, &c., they would answer *Clawdd Offa*. I believe it to be anterior to the Romans in Britain. Then why did not the puissant Mercian make use of it as far as it went, instead of forming another in a line parallel to it? I knew an etymologist who would have Wat's Dike to mean none other than *Clawdd-waith*, foss-work, from *gwaith*, *opus*.

Wand's Dike is thought to have been Saxon, and honoured by them with the name of their god, Woden's Dike. The common Welsh word for dike is *clawdd*: *cloddio*, to dig and throw up a mound. The English word *clod* may have been taken from *cloddio*, to dig or cut up a clod. Knighton, in Radnorshire, is called by the Welsh *Trev y Clawdd* (the town of the dike). There is a hamlet of the same name in the parish of Oswestry; and *Adwy y Clawdd*, a hamlet in the parish of Wrexham. *Adwy* means a gap or breach, as the Welsh cut an open road through Offa's boundary on their way to plunder the lowlands. *Clawdd* is of common occurrence in names of places where dikes had been thrown to guard a passage: *Clawdd Mawr*, *Clawdd Coch*, *Cloddiau Cochion*, *Clawdd Llesg*. *Clawdd Ponken* is near Corwen, on the road to Ruthin—an unfinished work. *Ponken* is quite obsolete. *Watling-street* is supposed to be Roman; but some Cymro has conjectured that the road bears the name of its planner, an ancient British king before the Romans—*Gwythelyn*, written in old MSS. *Guitelin*.

In turning to *Antona* in Stephanus's *Dictionary*, by

N. Lloyd, I found the following:—"Antona, *fluvius et oppidum* Angliæ. *Fluvium* Polydorus Virgilius *Veium* dici testatur, incolis *Wie* in Sabrinam influentem. *Oppidum Northampton* teste Lipsio nominatur," &c. Enough of conjectures, especially when made by foreigners. About half a century ago, I had the perusal of an English translation of *Tacitus*, by Arthur Murphy, Esq. I do not recollect how he rendered *Antona*. If you have access to Murphy, consult him.

If you intend bringing Ostorius and his legions to Caer Estyn, you will undertake a task of some difficulty. Had the Roman general's name been Justinus, Justinian, &c., you would obtain some foundation to build upon. Are not *all* or most of the forts on your Dike of British rather than of Roman construction? If so, is not the Dike also of British work?

Your map of the Camps in Gwersyllt Park does credit to your assiduity. Far be it from me to insult you by asking, Are you sure that the mounds, &c., in Gwersyllt Park are artificial, and not natural protuberances? If artificial, as you suppose, it seems strange that such stupendous works should escape the notice of Mr. Pennant. He notices a British encampment, an exploratory mount, and called *The Rofts*, on the river Alun, near Gresford. Gwersyllt has only an additional *t* to *gwersyll*, the common Welsh word for a camp; which speaks in your favour that the works are artificial, and formed beyond the ken of history or tradition.

As to the term *gwaen*, or *gwaun*, it has only one acceptation, that is, a flat marshy tract. In the name Castell Waen, the initial *G* is excluded by rule. The name in full is Castell *y* Waen (the castle on the *gwaen*). *Y* (of the) before a noun of the feminine gender excludes the initial *G*, and before *M* it changes the *M* into its derivative *V*; as, *Gwallt y Vorwyn* (maiden-hair, in Botany); *p* into *b*, *t* into *d*, &c. But it does not change the initials of nouns in the masculine gender; as, *march* (a horse), *carn y march* (the hoof of the horse):



but take the feminine, *caseg* (a mare), *carn y gaseg*. I could name a score of places bearing the name *Gwaen*, and all of the same flat marshy character. But where is the marsh near Chirk Castle? It has disappeared by draining and cultivation.

*Maesbury* is the southern extremity of Wat's Dike at this place. I do not recollect what you make of *Maesbury*. There is a *Maesbury Hall*, called by the Welsh *Llys Vaesir*—the *llys* or palace of one *Meisir*. *Llywarch Hen* had a daughter of this name; and many places hereabout bear the name of one of his sons to this day, especially *Prysg Gwên*. *Llywarch*, in one of his elegies, says, “Ar ryd Morlas y llas Gwên” (on the ford of *Morlas Gwên* was slain). *Prysg Gwên* is still a gentleman farmer's residence near *Cob Owen*, and the brook that runs across the road near the house is still called *Morlas*, issuing from *Sylattyn*.

I am, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

### XCVIII.

TO IEUAN AB GRUFFYDD, SECRETARY TO  
THE ABERGAVENNY CYMREIGYDDION  
SOCIETY.

ANWYL GAREDIG WENWYS,

DYMA fi yn derbyn eich ail lythyr mewn perthynas i'r “Llythyreniaeth Gymreig” a fwriedir rhoddi ymgais ar ei sefydliad, yn lle yr amrywiol-ddull a arferir yn awr. Nis gallaf lai na chymmeradwyo yr

ymgais, pe na byddai iddo lwyddo, yn ol dysgwyliad rhai, ac, ef allai, yn ol dymuniad pawb. Gallaf farnu wrth lythyreniad eich llythyr chwi, ar ba ochr y sefwch chwi yn y ddadl; canys nis gallaf ddysgwyl llai na bydd peth dadlu yn y pwyllgor ar amrai bynciau. Yr ydych chi, y mae yn dra eglur, yn un o ddysgyblion y doethawr, awdur y *Geiriadur*. Yr wyf finnau yn ei ddilyn can belled ag y meiddiaf gan bwyllus ystyriaeth. Rhoddais awgrym o'r llythyreniaeth a ddewiswn, mewn nifer (ef allai deg) o lythyrâu yn y *Gwyliedydd*, ychydig flwyddau yn ol, dan enw *Garmon*; ac hyderaf fy mod yn cynnwys eto yr un daliadau.

Yn ebrwydd, ar ol derbyn eich cylchlythyr, ysgrif enais at wr dysgedig yn ei fyw famiaith, cystal ag yn ieithoedd meirwon yr athrofâu, gan ofyn ei genad i mi anfon ei enw i'ch Cymdeithas i fod yn rhestr y pwyllgor ar y Llythyreniaeth Gymreig; ac efe a'm hatebodd heb ohir, y gwnai efe a allai er dwyn i ben amcanion eich Cymdeithas; a chwanegodd, ei fod yntau wedi derbyn eich cylchlythyr, ac iddo ei ateb yn ebrwydd ac yn gyflawn, sef ei enw a'i urdd—y Parch. Rowland Williams, Ysgeifiog, Treffynnon.

Gan ddymuno ichwi lwyddiant yn eich ymdrechiau canmoladwy (os ydynt felly mewn gwirionedd),

Ydwyf, eich gostynggeiddiaf Wasanaethydd,

GWALLTER MECHAIN.

*Mehefin* 2, 1840.

## XCIX.

TO THE REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

*Llanrhaiadr, July 21st, 1840.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD have acknowledged the receipt of your two favours of the first and second days of the Grand Gordovigion Eisteddvod at Llerpwill long before this: but why or wherefore I delayed thus far, I will not attempt to explain. However, I am much obliged to you. I am not aware that I let any person know that I was at all interested in the adjudications by the *beirniaid* upon any of the subjects proposed to competitors; until a few days after the close of the Festival, I received a long and friendly letter from *one* of the *beirniaid*, informing me of what you had informed me a few days before, namely,—that on the “Battle of Bosworth Field”—“judgement deferred that the writers may have an opportunity of revising their compositions,” &c. I had given the feigned name of *Enir Vates*: notwithstanding this, and the disguising my hand as much as I could, the *beirniad* knew from whence it came—and was shocked at finding some inaccuracies in the *cynganeddiad*: he gave *seven* lines as instances, whereof *three*, at least, were the *cynganeddiad* of your old neighbour Davydd Llwyd of Mathavarn, whose predictions, with those of other Brudwyr of the fifteenth century, I had quoted *literatim*, as quotations should be, with a N.B. in the margin, “Nid yw yr awdwr yn atebol am gynghaneddiad y Brudwyr.” And all very fair: but so it happened, that with the inaccuracies of the Brudwyr added to my own, I fell overboard in company with six others. If I ever write again, as a competitor, I must avoid the *North*, and take wing towards the *South*, where peccadillos are

not so severely scrutinized. I will write by this post to the *beirniad* to ask the favour of the Secretary to return the *cywydd* signed *Enir Vates* to me, to be corrected, but not to be returned to Dale-street. I had nearly completed an inquiry, by a familiar dialogue on the existence, or otherwise, of a tribe of Welsh Indians in America. What think you of my venturing to print "Maes Bosworth," under the feigned name of *Un o'r Saith Gysgadur*—and under the same cover, the Dialogue on the Welsh Indians, by *Nawf ab Neifion*? Pray do not mention this. Nid oes ond y fi a chwithau yn gwybod hyd yn hyn; ac os trydydd a'i clyw, ar un o honom ni y bydd y glep. Cofiwch fi at y ferch o Dref Iorwerth.

Wyf, yr eiddoch,

GWALLTER MECHAIN.

C.

TO THE REV. E. EVANS, CHRISLETON.<sup>1</sup>

*Llanrhaiadr, near Oswestry,  
July 22nd, 1840.*

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR much valued favour of the 25th ult. I duly received, and I accuse myself of ingratitude in not acknowledging it sooner. Mr. Williams of Ysgeiv-iog wrote twice to me, that is, on the second and third day of the Gordovig Festival. I find by yours that Mr. Williams should tell you at Liverpool that I was "anxious to know how the prizes were disposed of, and among others how the judges had decided on the

<sup>1</sup> [Ieuan Glan Geirionydd.]

poems sent in on the Battle of Bosworth!" This is curious. I never thought before that our friend was skilled in any of the arts that enable men to dive into the minds of others at a distance. But so it seems here. I wrote to him once about the beginning of June, on the subject of the Abergavenny Literary Society; but my letter did not contain a syllable about Bosworth. I solve this enigma thus: he must have seen the *cywydd* signed *Enir Vates*; and like yourself, from the handwriting, post-mark, &c., he guessed shrewdly at the author. I acknowledge his favours by this post.

I feel my want of words to express my gratitude to you for the part you acted respecting the *cywydd* signed *Enir*. I do not know how you could have acted with more caution and prudence, unless you had thrown *Enir's cywydd* overboard, and decided upon the best of the remaining six to receive the prize. *Enir* is conscious that he permitted several uncouth lines to slip through his hands, as he was at the same time engaged in writing a Familiar Dialogue on the Existence or Non-existence of the Madokian Indians in America, which, as luck would have it, was not sent off to the Eisteddvod.

You were so kind as to send me seven lines as instances of *Enir's* incorrect prosody, for which accept my best thanks. But you were too kind to *Enir*; you gave him three lines that were not his own, but quoted by him out of the predictions (*brudiau*) of D. Llwyd ab Llywelyn ab Gruffydd of Mathavarn, who published many of the sort, whilst the Earl of Richmond was on the eve of sailing from Brittany. *Enir* distinguished such quotations from the *Brudiau* with inverted commas, and moreover added a caveat in the margin—"Nid yw yr awdwr yn atebol am feiau cynghaneddol y Brudwyr." This marginal note perhaps escaped the notice of the *beirniaid*. But this note offers no apology for *Enir's* own faults. One of *Enir's* own he considers a mere peccadillo, scarcely worth the crying "peccavi"

for. "Heb'r un nag ein Brenin ni" sounds well enough to the ear: then put it in Sion D. Rhys's scale—there two *n*'s are found in one end, and three *n*'s in the other. Arithmetically speaking, the three *n*'s preponderate; but prosodially, two of any of the liquids *l*, *n*, *r*, in one end are not heavier to the ear than *one* of the same in the other end. Ond pa raid dysgu pader i berson? However, I have exchanged the line above for

Gwŷr enwog wnânt goroni  
Yn deyrn hael ein Gwladwr ni.

But here an objection may be started—*Tor Mesur!* *Teyrn* has been deemed by some rhymester 400 years ago a dissyllable. Very well; but are we now, in the nineteenth century, to submit to his whim? *Teyrn* may be taken *licentia poeticae* either a monosyllable or a dissyllable. So I take many words, divisible into two syllables, and yet pronounceable as one. Of these a writer may say, "*utrum horum.*" Boys, when they get the "Pymtheg bai cyffredin Cerdd Dafod" by heart in their youth, never forget them when they attain years of discretion, and ought to know better. I have done something in the prefaces to the *Powysion*, &c., towards opening the mind of the public on the inutility of maintaining the "pymtheg bai," and recommending their reduction to five or six at the most.

I have attempted to reconstruct the other coarse lines complained of; and therefore I request the continuation of your kindness in requiring R. Ll. Morris, the Secretary, to return the Bosworth *cywydd* by Enir Vates to you; and at your leisure, you will forward it by post to Llanrhaiadr. Enir has no notion of returning it in competition, but he may be inclined to give it publicity, together with disquisitions on the American Indians, under feigned names—the *cywydd* by *Un o'r Saith Gysgadur*, and the disquisition by *Nawf ab Neifion*.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

GWALLTER MECHAIN.

CI.

TO WILLIAM REES, ESQ., OF TONN,  
LLANDOVERY.

*Llanrhaiadr, June 24, 1843.*

DEAR SIR,

As to Mr. L. Morris's MSS., which Mr. Williams' told you were in my possession, the history of them is as follows:—Soon after I entered college, a London friend of mine wrote to me about them, and proposed that I should publish them. He procured a quarto manuscript, not the original, which is in L. M.'s own handwriting, and is still in the library of the Welsh Charity School, London, to which the Cymrodorion may have access. Mine is a *literatim* copy of the original, for which my friend paid £10, and which I repaid him. If I met with a customer, I would sell it for less than I gave. It appears that Mr. L. M. made it up by entering in the course of his reading or thinking, in a kind of alphabetical common-place book, all names of either men or places, then adding his own comments. Like many other fiery Cambrians, he took every opportunity of opposing Camden, and probably for no other reason than that that great man disbelieved the Trojan extraction of the Primitive Britons.

L. M.'s forte was his epistolary correspondence. From such specimens of his capacity in that line, published by the Londoners in the *Cambrian Register*, &c., I was led to entertain a high opinion of his historical abilities; but after getting possession of the MS. aforementioned, I found that I had been misled, and that he availed himself of every opportunity of establishing the credit

<sup>1</sup> [The late W. Williams, Esq., of Aberpergwm.]

of Geoffrey of Monmouth, whom Iolo Morganwg honoured with the title of "Galffrid gelwydd teg." Like the Abbot Pezron, he considered the names Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, Mercurius, to be easily accounted for as Celtic names of princes, &c.

"*Afan*—a river in Glamorganshire; hence *Aberafan*, corruptly written by Camden, *Aber-avon*."

"*Alan*—a king of Armorica about 688, when Cadwaladr deserted Britain, father of Ivor—à *ael*, and *glân*, *q.d.*, *ael lân* (fair eyebrow). Camden would have it to be a corruption of *Ælianus*: but why? is it impossible there might not be *Alan* as well as *Ælian*?"

"*Amddyfrwys*—*Llanamddyfrwys*, or *Llanamddyfri*, *vulgo Landoverly*."

As I am come unexpectedly to Llanymddyfri, I need not proceed further, but will take my leave, and subscribe myself,

Your obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

## CII.

TO THE REV. R. MOSTYN PRYCE,  
GUNLEY.

*Llanrhaiadr, June 25th, 1841.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM obliged to you for your very prompt attention to my inquiry about *Rhyd y Groes ar Havren*, as well as your invitation to Gunley. But I have now arrived at that period of life when strength, or prolongation of existence, is but "labour and sorrow;"



and therefore cannot attempt a journey in quest of the Vadum Crucis. I must, therefore, request the further favour of your writing to me what you have discovered on the subject since you wrote last, especially the distance of *Rhyd y Groes* from the *Havren*, and in what parish.

If *Rhyd y Groes* is flat arable land, the plough and harrow must have long ago erased any traces of military earthworks; and the best method of tracing is from a rising ground, when a morning or evening sun will exhibit lights and shades on the surface of the ground.

In expectation of another favour,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your obliged Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

### CIII.

#### [TO LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST?]

THREE queries sent by Lady Charlotte Guest of Dowlais for solution:—

1. "Have you any further remarks to make upon *Rhyd y Groes ar Havren*?<sup>1</sup>

2. "Can you give me any information of an island in that part of the Severn which is mentioned in the same *Mabinogi* with *Rhyd y Groes*, as being very near to it?"

3. "Whether the stone called *Maen Huail* is still within the street in the town of Ruthin, as mentioned by Jones's *Reliques of the Welsh Bards*, ii. 22?"

<sup>1</sup> [See *Mabinogion*, vol. iii. Notes to the "Dream of Rhonabwy."]

To the above inquiries the following replies were sent.

1. *Rhyd y Groes* was a name primarily applied to the *ford* in the Severn between the parish of Berriw on the north-west, and that of Forden on the south-east. On the verge of the ford, a cross or large crucifix had been erected for the devotional use of passengers, and which probably disappeared at the Reformation: hence the name *Rhyd y Groes*. The ford was a part of the thoroughfare road between the western and northern parts of Montgomeryshire, where much woollens were manufactured in webs or narrow cloths and flannels, and the chief market for the same at Shrewsbury. This was at a time long gone by, when every house in the woollen district was a manufactory, before more convenient lines of turnpike roads were formed elsewhere, and before the web and flannel markets were removed from Shrewsbury to Welshpool, and afterwards from thence to Newtown. There is a ferry-boat plying, when required by foot passengers, on the deep water just above the ford.

The field of victory (or the "battle of *Rhyd y Groes ar Havren*," fought by the valiant prince Gruffydd ab Llywelyn in 1021, the first year of his reign) lies about two miles to the south of this ford, just as, *magna componere parvis*, Henry V. called his celebrated victory in France in 1415, "the victory of Azincourt," from the castle of that name being the chief object in view at the time it was won. The farm whereon the conflict took place between the Welsh and Anglo-Saxons has ever since been called "*Rhyd y Groes*," and is the property of the Rev. R. Mostyn Pryce, who resides at Gunley, a mansion nearly adjoining.

2. The Severn, near *Rhyd y Groes*, is but a small river, excepting during floods; and no islands of any size can be expected within its course. Islets there are; one above *Rhyd y Groes*, and below *Caer Howel* bridge, in sight of the present road from Berriw to

Montgomery; the other below Rhyd y Groes and just below<sup>1</sup> Cil Cewydd bridge, on the road from Welshpool to Montgomery. These islets may be from half an acre to an acre in size. I write only from report. They must be under water during floods. I am apprehensive that neither of these will suit the transaction recorded in the *Mabinogi*. Islets of the sort above described are, and were, gradually formed by the alluvial depositions of light floods in one century, which might be entirely swept away by uncommon torrents in the next.

W. D.

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CIV.

THE REV. JOHN VAUGHAN LLOYD TO  
THE REV. WALTER DAVIES.

REVEREND SIR,

I VENTURE to send you the following translation of your beautiful lines,—

"Y nos dywell yn dystewi,—caddug  
Yn cuddio Eryri;  
A'r haul yng ngwely'r heli,  
A'r lloer yn arianu'r lli."

The stillness of the darkling night is brooding o'er us now,  
A veil of clouds is thickly spread on tall Eryri's brow,  
The sun into his ocean-bed is settled down to sleep,  
And now the lonely moon begins to silver o'er the deep.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

Gresford, Jan. 24th, 1842.

J. V. LLOYD.

<sup>1</sup> We may easily conceive the formation of both these islets—being both below a bridge.

## CV.

TO THE REV. DR. DONNE, VICAR OF LLAN  
Y BLODWEL, NEAR OSWESTRY.

*Llanrhaiadr, Nov., 1843.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE detained your historical "scrap"<sup>1</sup> (as you call it) too long: but at length I return it, with a few observations on its subject matter in obedience to your request. I never credited the fiction of "Banquo and Fleance:" it suited Shakespeare's Macbeth very well, and so did the "three weird sisters;" the latter party as much real characters as the former. The inventor, whoever he was, might have given names of a more Scottish character, so as to be easier believed. *Walter*, too, has nothing of Welsh sound in it.

Our Welsh chronicles from the seventh to the thirteenth century are quite silent on the flight of Fleance to the court of the intrepid Gruffydd ab Llywelyn. The first translation of the *Brut y Tywysogion* was published by Dr. Powell, vicar of Rhiwabon, in 1584. My copy of it is imperfect, wanting a few pages in the very part where Banquo and Fleance would have appeared. The next English *History of Wales* was by William Wynne, A.M., of Jesus College,

<sup>1</sup> [The "scrap" alluded to is the following:—"The acute pen of Lord Hailes, which, like the spear of Ithuriel, conjured so many shadows from Scottish history, had dismissed among the rest those of Banquo and Fleance, the rejection of which fables left the illustrious family of Stewart without an ancestor beyond Walter the son of Allan, who is alluded to in the text. The researches of our late learned antiquary (Mr. George Chalmers) detected in this Walter, the descendant of Allan, the son of Flaad, who obtained from William the Conqueror the Castle of Oswestry, in Shropshire, and was the father of an illustrious line of English nobles, by his first son William, and by his second son Walter, the progenitor of the royal family of Stewart."—Note 2nd, page 387, 2nd vol., *Monastery*. Cadell & Co., 1830.]

Oxford. He has the story in full, and apparently he believed every word of it. My copy of it quotes no authority. This was left to be done by his successor, the Rev. William Warrington, who relates the Banquo fiction, and for his authority quotes Buchanan, *Hist. Rer. Scotiarum*, 193—198. I have the work, but cannot lay my hand upon it, having never catalogued my collection. In a preamble to Dr. Robertson's *History of Scotland*, he gives a brief account of the works of his predecessors on the same subject—"Fordun and Major were dry chronicles of events:" "Boethius wrote in a florid style, but has been charged with detailing marvellous tales and legends, and with introducing imaginary and fictitious circumstances." "Not many years after, Buchanan undertook the same work; and if his accuracy and impartiality had been, in any degree, equal to the elegance of his taste, and to the purity and vigour of his style, his history might be placed on a level with the most admired compositions of the ancients. But instead of rejecting the improbable tales of chronicle writers, he was at the utmost pains to adorn them, and hath clothed them with all the beauties and graces of fiction—those legends which formerly had only its wildness and extravagance." So much for Hector Boyce and his feats and predictions of the "weird sisters," and for George Buchanan and his Trio of Banquo, Fleance, and Walter the Stewart! Fictions were much in vogue in ancient times among all nations, whether pagans or nominal Christians. Hesiod, Homer, and Virgil were pioneers in this line. If Virgil had not brought his *Eneas* from the ruins of Troy, our Geoffrey of Monmouth might never have dreamed of bringing his Brutus and his Trojans to colonize this island. The several nations owning subjection to Britannia's sceptre, vie with each other as to priority of settlement. The Scots have boasted of a line of 115 kings, all issuing from the same parent stock; and the first of them landed in the Highlands about the time that Alexander

of Macedon took Babylon! And our own Geoffrey stated that such a king of Trojan extraction ruled in the south of this Island, when Samuel the Prophet judged Israel. And our neighbours of the Emerald Isle bring a colony into Iernia before Noah's flood.

So much for rival antiquities. Let us return from this digression to the subject matter of the "scrap." The "Great Unknown" compliments his countryman, Mr. George Chalmers, by calling him the "learned antiquary:" he might have added, "the indefatigable and successful." And if he be already "gathered to his fathers,"<sup>1</sup> the Scottish nation would do no more than what he deserves, were they to erect a granite column to his memory on the summit of Ben-Lomond. If the "acute pen of Lord Hailes" has robbed us of the honour of having Walter Stewart being a native of Rhuddlan Castle, Mr. Chalmers has sufficiently restored him to us, by proving him to have been a descendant of our kinsmen the Alans of Armorica. We have it on record that when Maximus aspired to the purple, Conan Meriadog led an army of Britons in support of his kinsman's claim; but on the defeat and death of Maximus, Conan and his countrymen, instead of returning home, settled with their kindred in Brittany. The affinity still subsisting between the two Celtic dialects—the Breton and the Welsh—prove their springing from the same root. It is presumable that many Bretons were in William the Conqueror's army when he invaded England in 1066, and that they drew the cross-bow with "might and main" with an idea of reconquering the land wrested from their ancestors by the Saxons. The name *Alan* was common in Brittany. In Brooke's catalogue of its dukes, dedicated to King James in 1619, the first is *Alan* (surnamed *Fergant*, or the Red), Earl of Britaine, son of Hoel, second son of Alan Caignard, by Hawys his wife, daughter and heir of Alan, Duke of Britaine,

<sup>1</sup> [George Chalmers died in 1825.]

and great aunt to William the Conqueror. Alan Fergant had to his first wife Constance, daughter of William the Conqueror. The earldom of Richmond was given to his cousin Alan (surnamed *Niger*, or the Black), son of Eudo, son of Geffrey, first Duke of Britaine, of that name, by Hawys his wife, daughter of Richard, first Duke of Normandy. The said Alan Fergant died in the year 1093, and was buried in the Abbey of Rhedon in the reign of William Rufus.

"Stephen Derien, lord of Tre Guier, &c., was after his brother Alan the Black, the 3d Earle of Richmond. He married Hawys, Countess of Gwingamp, and had issue Alan the Savage. More Alans might be added; but wherefore? From Alan the Savage are descended the Fitzalans of Bidall." So far Brooke.

In the seventh century, when Cadwaladr, the last monarch of Britain, abdicated his throne for the sake of a quieter life, he passed through Brittany; and his relative Alan, then duke, sent his son Ivor with troops in aid of the insular Britons in Cornwall, Devon, &c., where he continued until Idwal Voel, son of the abdicator, arrived at maturity to take upon himself the government.

Let us now return to the "Alans of Shropshire." Their original property in the county was the lordship and castle of Clun. I cannot consent to their being lords of Oswestry during the lifetime of Madog ab Meredydd, prince of the Lower Powys, which extended from our Rhaiadr river on the west to the eastern extremity of Flintshire below Overton, which from this prince was called "Overton Madoc." In his dotage he is said to have married a *Seisnes* called Maude Verdun, who took him to Winchester, and there prevailed upon him to settle the lordship of Oswestry after his demise upon her and her heirs, whoever they were. The prince, as might be expected, quitted this mortal life very soon after signing the alienation; but he was honoured so far as to have his bones rattled over the stones to be deposited in the

cemetery of his progenitors at Meivod, near Welshpool. The disconsolate widow, soon after this ceremony, gave her hand to John Fitzalan, who in her right was lord of Oswestry—in 1159. Madog had built the Castle of Oswestry in 1146, and the Castle of Caer Einion in 1156. So say our chronicles.

What corroborates Mr. Chalmers's theory are the names of Walter's (son of Alan) followers into Scotland, and who settled there upon lands granted them by their patron "the Stewart." Among these retainers we find the names Henry de St. Martin,<sup>1</sup> Henry de Ness, Roger de Ness, Adam de Ness, Ness Cliff, Great Ness, and Little Ness. Here is a *Ness* each for Henry, Roger, and Adam.

Walter, son of Alan, transplanted a colony of Cluniac monks from the monastery of Wenlock, in Shropshire, into the monastery he founded at Paisley: and Henry de St. Martin above named retired from busy life, to end his days among the monks of Paisley.<sup>2</sup>

My sheet is expended, and I must conclude,

And remain,

Your obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

<sup>1</sup> St. Martin's parish is contiguous to that of Oswestry.

<sup>2</sup> See *Caledonia*, vol. i. p. 500, &c.



## CVI.

TO MRS. WARBURTON OWEN.

*December, 1843.*

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR letter to J. D. respecting the discovery of human bones deposited in stone chests, usually termed by the Welsh *cistveini*, at Casyford, near Berriw, is now before me; and as you request my opinion on the subject matter, I willingly give it.

My first observation is, that your letter is very well drawn up, with only one item deficient, which is, the *direction* or point of the compass to face which the bodies were originally laid—whether *east* and *west*, according to the ancient Christian position, or *north* and *south*, as such nations who paid no attention to the Christian custom, formerly may have laid their dead, or the Quakers and other Dissenters in modern times. The direction of the skeletons in which they were laid in their last earthly beds was not noticed by G. Bowen, your waggoner, or your labourers, as probably they never studied what sailors term “the boxing of the compass.” The point of the compass is a material point in this discovery, in order to judge, or even to guess, of the period of inhumation.

Originally, the mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead was by inhumation, in obedience to propriety, as well as to the divine ordinance—“Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return.” In progress of time, or the degeneracy of mortals and the increase of wars and bloodshed, dead bodies of one hostile party were raised out of their dormitories by the other party, and shamefully abused and mutilated. Then it was high time to change *inhumation* for *incremation*; and burning of dead bodies became the order of the

age. Christianity, when it was adopted as the established religion of the Roman empire, and had mollified the asperity of national manners, caused inhumation to be restored—"earth to earth, dust to dust"—which continues to be the practice to this day.

Inhuming corpses in stone chests may be supposed to be a compliment to the memory of the dead: but who these persons found at Casyford were, I dare not guess. If they were laid with their faces to the east, as it were in expectation of the final advent of Messiah, they were at least nominal Christians. On the contrary, if they were laid north and south, they might have been either ancient pagans or modern Dissenters.

That the Parish Church of Berriw once stood at Casyford, will not do at all. It always stood where the present stands. I remember well the late old Church, and it appeared so ancient that it might have stood since it was founded by St. Beuno in the sixth century. Beuno was of the Powysian line of princes, and was the founder of many Churches in North Wales, and among them Clynog Vawr and Penmorva in Caernarvonshire, Aberffraw in Anglesea, Gwyddelwern and Llanycil in Merionethshire. The festival or wake of these Churches used to be solemnized on the 21st of April, O.S. If no Church at Casyford, what could have been there? From the name, I guess there might have been a castellet or timber fortress there as a keep, to guard the entrance into the mountain valley of the Rhiw towards Manavon. Mrs. Owen, in her letter, has coined a pretty English compound of one word out of three Welsh words—*Casyford*, out of *Cas y Ffordd*, i.e., the *cas* of the road; it being on the old or original road leading from Berriw to Manavon. I remember going along the old road by *Casyford*, before the present road was formed, on the opposite side of the river. *Cas* is an abbreviation of *castell*, a word synonymous with the English *castle*, and the Latin *castellum*. Neither *castle* in English nor *castellum*

in Latin can be well reduced to primitive roots, whereas the Welsh *castell* may be reduced to *cau astell* (to enclose with planks—a plank or timber fort). *Cas* has been used as a noun substantive in other parts of Wales, such as *Cas Gwent* (the castle of Gwent), the ancient name of Chepstow, near the junction of the Wye and Severn: again, *Cas Newydd ar Wysg* (the new castle on the Usk), now Newport, in Monmouthshire: another *Cas* near Bridgend, in Glamorganshire.

The stone beds at Casyford may have been the graves of so many castellans, or keepers of the *fort on the road*—some persons who served in garrison.

There is a house on a farm near Casyford belonging to the Gregynog estate, called Cuddigle—a name apparently derived from *cuddigl*, a hermitage or monkery; but I know nothing of the history of such a place. There were two hermits at Trallwng (now Welshpool) about the middle of the sixth century—Llywelyn and Gwrnerth, father and son, the former of whom finally retired to the monastery at Enlli (Bardsey). There is a dialogue between these anchorites published in the *Myvyrian Archaiology*.<sup>1</sup>

I am wandering far from my subject, and therefore I must conclude, and subscribe myself

Yours, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

<sup>1</sup> [It has lately been published afresh from the text of the Red Book of Hergest, accompanied by a literal English version, in the *Four Ancient Books of Wales*. Edinburgh, 1868, 2 vols. 8vo.]

## CVII.

## TO THE EARL OF POWYS.

*Llanrhaiadr, Oswestry,*  
*March 7, 1844.*

MY LORD,

IN expectation that the approaching Montgomeryshire Assizes will induce your Lordship to be at the Castell Coch at that time, I venture to address you at that place. I must acknowledge that I am much in arrear to your Lordship, not in rent nor any other pecuniary affair, but in thankfulness and gratitude for your repeated remembrance of me in my exile out of my native county into this skirt of the Apennine Berwyns. Both the Apennines and the Berwyns seem to be names derived from the same root, *i.e.*, white-headed, or snow-capped. From the summit of your park you may almost any day between November and April see our Berwyns bearing their appropriate insignia, though the Apennines are lost in the distance.

I ought to have written to your Lordship long ago to thank you for the loan of *Britannia after the Romans*, a work of interest owing to the bold novelty of its assumptions; but unfortunately the author knows too little of the language of the Britons of the periods he treats of (witness his false translations): and for the loan of many of the novels of the once "Great Unknown." Whilst the venue of them lay between the Tweed, in England, or on the Continent, they may be considered as unrivalled; but when he wandered so far from his "*terra cognita*" as Castell Coch in Powys, he was completely out of his latitude. He fell flatter in his "Gwenwyn" (*venom*) than he did afterwards in

his "Waterloo." There appeared lately (some months back) in the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* a letter to the editor (I forget the signature), alluding to the novel of "Gwenwyn." He seemed dissatisfied with the locality given to the "*Gard Doloreux*" (Clun Castle), urging that the situation did not suit the description. And no wonder, for the greatest defeat given to Gwenwynwyn was under the walls of Pain's Castle in Radnorshire, as we are informed in the History of the Princes of Wales. The writer in the *Chronicle* might probably have found the localities in Radnorshire more suitable to the descriptions given than those about the Forest of Clun.

I am much obliged to your Lordship also for the *History of Ludlow* which you sent me. It is an useful work, and does credit to the editor. And again for a copy of your Lordship's speech in the Upper House of Parliament on the necessity of the repeal of the Act 6th, &c., of William IV, for the union of the two North Wales Dioceses. If the act be not eventually repealed, it is not your Lordship's fault, for you have indefatigably exerted yourself with might and main for the repeal of the obnoxious and inconsiderate act. Now I am upon this subject, I must mention that we have in this parish (Llanrhaiadr) prepared petitions to both Houses for the repeal; and we should be thankful for a hint, whether one might be permitted to be sent for presentation to your Lordship, and the other to the Viscount Clive,<sup>1</sup> whose maiden speech on the Address to the Queen was so highly eulogized in all the papers. Will the addressing of both to Berkeley-square answer our purpose? or where else?

I may be wrong, but I do not like the late creations of archdeaconries in the two North Wales Dioceses. Was it not a *ruse de guerre* of their Highmightinesses (the Ecclesiastical Commissioners) to obviate the

<sup>1</sup> [The present Earl of Powys.]

necessity for the repeal of the wilful act, of which some of the original framers may ere this be ashamed, though pride may not permit them to own it?

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WALTER DAVIES.

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## CVIII.

### AT Y CYMRO AWENYDDOL Y DR. CARL MEYER,

Y MAE G. MECHAIN YN ANFON ANERCH.—

“MAE plufyn i'm palf yn awr,” ebai Dewi Wyn o Eifion yn nechreuad ei awdl orchestol ar “Elusengarwch.” So I have a feather in my *palf* to inscribe an acknowledgement that I received your *multum in parvo* epistle, tracing your peregrination from Llan Cynyw to Llan Cynllo, and from thence to Cae yr Esgob Rhys. I am glad you found the veteran well, though he bears “blodau y bedd,” to the exclusion of other *blodau* bespangling his pate. He wrote to me a fuller account of your snowy and icy excursion among the mazes of Maelienydd, and lamented your being led to take so many circuitous steps only for the fatigue of retracing them during a dark night in deserts unknown. Experience bought is good, but not so if too dearly bought. I am glad the Llanrhaiadr shoes, though made by a Nonconformist, carried you more to your satisfaction than the orthodox “ponny.”

I want to write an acknowledgement to our friend Rhys, that I received also his very friendly epistle, though like yours a *multum in parvo*.

We remain tolerably well here, but have not heard from the Vaughans for some time, though we trust that we shall hear soon.

"Dwsen dew"<sup>1</sup> seems to lament your absence, and in faith not without cause. Her friends, since you left, are in a minority, and her "manflew" is a test thereof. Gwelais yn y *Church and State Gazette* bod eich "gwr y ty," "y gwr a biau y nenbren," yn y llys ger Gwili, i roddi gair o gynghor i ei Mawrhydi ein Buddig ar ryw Sabbath yn y mis Mawr-wth. Byddwch wyched ag a alloch.

Ydwyf, yr eiddoch yn ddiffuant,

GWALLTER MECHAIN.

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CIX.

TO LADY HALL,<sup>2</sup> OF LLANOVER.

*Llanrhaiadr, near Oswestry,  
August 6th, 1846.*

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR last packet of information came safe to hand, and was very acceptable. As to a proper subject for the modellist or sculptor (for the first prize of 100 guineas), the Society of Abergavenny Cymreigyddion must be greatly obliged to the truly Cambro-British bishop now occupying the throne of their patron saint. But notwithstanding my high respect for his Lordship's excellent character, I cannot recom-

<sup>1</sup> [See, *anté*, vol. i. p. 416.]

<sup>2</sup> [Now Lady Llanover.]

mend either of the two following subjects which he has proposed in his letter to you for the model; namely,—

1. "Caractacus in Chains." This would be too gloomy a picture.

2. "Madoc (situation from Southey)." My objection to this subject is, that it is not as yet founded upon unobjectionable historical evidence. Fable may afford subjects for *romance*, or even for *painting*, but not in these days, in my humble opinion, for *sculpture*. And in order to prove Prince Madoc's right to be sculptured, as your programme contains 43 prizes, some filled up and several as yet left blank, permit me to propose the following subject for the blank to be entered thereon by one of your subscribers (No. 38, by . . . .):—

For the best English prose Essay on the credibility or otherwise of the evidences given by former writers, that Prince Madoc, son of Owain Gwynedd, sailed from Wales in the twelfth century, and discovered a Transatlantic continent, since called America. (So much.)

It is expected, that should the above be published by the sanction of the Committee, Madoc's history would be cleared up before the end of the autumn of 1848.

Now, letting Madoc to rest with the Capulets for a short season, who can be recommended to the Committee as the subject for the modellist or sculptor, instead of "Caractacus in Chains"? May he be so *heroic* as Caractacus was!—so *persevering* for the regaining of his country from the thralldom of a foreign yoke, as Caractacus was!—one who may be represented in a model, &c. (not *in chains*), but one having *shaken them off* after a tedious imprisonment of twelve long years, escaping out of his *carcer* on the brawny shoulder of a brave and loyal subject, during the dusk of a carnival celebrated by his hostile keepers.

This hero was *Gruffydd ab Cynan*. His father,



during long and bloody commotions at home, had sought refuge in Ireland, where he married a daughter of the king of Dublin; and the issue of this marriage was the hero above named. Conan, his father, died in Ireland, and the attendants of the young Gruffydd frequently reminded him of his origin, and the crown then due to him in Wales. As soon as the young prince arrived at years of adolescence, he applied in earnest to his grandfather for aid in men and arms to recover his undoubted patrimony in Wales. This aid was readily granted by the Hibernian monarch, and in the year 1075, an unsuccessful attempt was made; and again, with better success, in the year 1082, when, at the sanguinary battle of Carno, the reigning usurper was entirely routed and slain.

But the son of Conan had not a bed of roses to rest upon in his father's native land. He had open foes to contend with, and false friends to guard against, until at length he was betrayed by a chieftain of Edeyrnion in Powys, named Meirion Goch (Rufus), into an ambuscade laid for him at Rug, in the vale of the Dee, by the two Norman earls, *Lupus* of Chester, and *Montgomery* of Salop. He was conveyed to Chester Castle, and confined there for twelve years, as mentioned above.

From the vale of the Dee came Meirion Goch to betray his prince; and from the same vale, in twelve years time, came Cynvrig Hir (Kenrick the Tall) to release the same prince from Chester Castle. After his release, the prince was four years before he could muster recruits sufficient to make head against his numerous antagonists. He at length succeeded, so as to procure some respite from the attacks of the Norman barons, and was even well received at the court of the English monarch. He now stole some leisure hours and days to cultivate the arts of peace. He brought Irish musicians over into Wales to improve the declining taste of his countrymen. He published

a code for the regulation of bards and minstrels, still known by the name of "Ystatud Gruffydd ab Cynan;" and a Welsh tune still exists called "Hoffedd Gruffydd ab Cynan." His statute was published in his folio *Grammar* by Dr. John Davydd Rhys, about the year 1592, and again in a small 12mo at Shrewsbury, early in the last century. "His congresses of bards and minstrels," says one of his biographers, "were open not only to the people of Wales, but also to those of Ireland and Scandinavia, where processions from each country attended; and what was found peculiar to one people, and worthy of adoption, was received and established in each of those countries."

In the latter part of Gruffydd ab Cynan's reign, he had more prosperity than adversity, in which his Welsh subjects shared. From his first attempt to recover his Welsh diadem in 1075, to 1137, the year of his death, shews a length of reign not frequently occurring. He was succeeded by his son, Owen Gwynedd, a prince worthy to succeed so celebrated a father. Owen reigned 32 years, during which eventful period he laboured successfully "to produce an union among the chieftains of Wales, for opposing the incessant policy of the English government to subdue them. He acquired much glory in repulsing the repeated attempts upon his country by one of the most puissant of England's monarchs, Henry II."

My sheet is expended, and I must conclude before I had finished what I had to say of that noble Welsh prince, Gruffydd ab Cynan. If any Welsh prince deserved a statue, he did. The legacies he left in his will for pious uses might be added; but I have no room. In the model, if such a thing be proposed, let Cynvrig, who bore him away from Chester, be proportionally taller. Gruffydd was of middle size, says his biographer (a Benedictine monk of the thirteenth or fourteenth century), "with a full and intelligent eye," &c.

Alas! alas! "Dwarkanauth Tagore" is no more! I lament it much.

My daughter unites with me in best regards.

I am, dear Madam,  
Your obedient Servant,  
WALTER DAVIES.

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# CX.

TO THE REV. THOMAS RICHARDS.

*Llanrhaiadr, Feb. 9th, 1848.*

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR epistle by Gronwy came very opportunely. I expected some pleasing news, as customary in ages, years, and months now long gone by—news so agreeable as the snows of Lebanon to the inhabitants of the warm regions surrounding its base. But no! our young friend Cynddelw is apparently in a very declining state of health. The Great Disposer of all events seems to be drawing him gently to Himself, where this world's woes can have no access—where they must "cease from troubling," and where the "weary will be at rest."

How rapid is the revolution of time! It is not long since I was lamenting the too early departure from us of Cynddelw's father.<sup>1</sup> I little thought then that his then infant son should continue but so short a time after him. But as the Arabs exclaim, "*Allah* is all-wise." He knows what is best for us his creatures!

<sup>1</sup> [The Rev. D. Richards, Vicar of Llansilin. See vol. i. p. 301.]

May His grace prepare us for the awful change. It may be near some of us! Who is rapping at the door? Is it the last enemy that shall be destroyed?

I am running away as in olden times; but I must stop short. Gronwy is buckling his shoes tight, so that he may trot away. Say something soothing to Cynddelw. How is his state of mind? Does his state of body affect it? May he be able to use Pope's words in his "Dying Christian" to his soul,—

"Cease, fond nature,—cease thy strife;  
And let me languish into life!"

My best regards to all your circle.

I remain,

Yours, &c.,

WALTER DAVIES.

# CXI.

TO MRS. BERRINGTON.

*Llanrhaiadr, Oswestry,  
October, 26th, 1849.*

DEAR MADAM,

It is with great regret that I look upon the date of your kind letter to me, and find it so far back as July last. For this long delay I have only one apology to make, and that is, my declining age, clogged as it commonly is by decaying state of health.

Your most prominent inquiry in your letter is about Bees. Our authority for their exalted pedigree is

taken from Wotton's Latin version of the Laws<sup>1</sup> of Howel *Dda* (Bonus)—the edition of 1730, p. 254, where it is stated in the chapter on Bees:—"They had their origin in paradise, and for the sin of man they were thence expelled. But God blessed them, and therefore it is that sacred mass should not be celebrated without their wax-light." The idea of White Bees is new to me. I had once an old poem, wherein the bard petitions the lord of some manor to be appointed his wood-ranger, in quest of bees and honey. I cannot now recover the poem, so as to discover whether the bard had any notion of bees having primævally any colour different from their present one.

I lately put my hand on Dr. Schulz's prize Essay at Abergavenny in 1840. German I know nothing of, but by the elegance of style, &c., in the English, I think that it cannot well be otherwise than a good one in the original. The subject is one of difficulties; but the translator seems to have surmounted them with an ease that surprises me. Whatever the original may be, it is very like an Irishism to say—but let it be said—the translation is excellent. But to the subject.

I knew something from one fugitive tract after another, of the Twenty-four *Arthurian* Knights, some three score years ago; but the Knights of the *Graal*—the *Gräal*—let me try to pronounce it again, and see whether I can catch a glimpse of the term and its origin. But no! no! no Graal! Everything respecting it is as dark as Erebus, or what somebody has termed, "Darkness visible."

The writer of *Britannia after the Romans* has very cavalierly thrown overboard, not only his Twenty-four Knights, but the nonpareil Arthur himself also; and some few of his forerunners on the cobweb throne of Britannia, Uthr Pendragon, and Emrys. Whether this self-sufficient theorist has been successfully opposed by any Briton, I do not know, nor care much.

<sup>1</sup> [Sec, *antè*, vol. i. p. 126.]

Being among Arthurians, permit me to add, I am informed by Lady Hall that your son's name is *Arthur*, to which is added *Vendigaid*. Very good! may he be so, in time and in eternity! And I am further informed that he is given to the study of "Celtic lore." Good again—another Trojan in camp. Dr. Meyer, by his own predilection, might lead his pupil to the reading of the Cambrian bards from Taliesin to Gwalchmai, or from the sixth to the thirteenth century. Too far into the clouds of antiquity! Let him begin with Davydd ab Gwilym, the Cambrian Ovid, in the fifteenth century, and from thence down the stream of time to Tudur Aled and his class in the reign of the popular Queen Bess. I would not wish to lead the pupil further downward into the age of decline under the withering influence of the German Brunswickers. The *Awen* may be said to have died in Wales when it was transported to be famished and buried in the wilds of North America with Gronwy Owen, the last genuine bard, about the year 1767.

Some repeated attempts have been made to resuscitate the Welsh *Awen* of late years, but with what success time will show.

Alliterative consonancy seems to have been the main stay of Welsh versification since the days of Davydd ab Gwilym (1400).

The bards stuck too long in the middle ages to an useless mode of beginning every line in the poem with the same consonant. Thus D. ab Gwilym complimented his fair Morvydd with a poem of twenty-two lines, each line beginning with H; his Dyddgu with forty-four lines, each beginning with the initial of her name, D.

RH, or aspirated R, by D. ab Edmund, 48 lines.

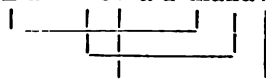
D, by the same ... 38 lines.

H, by the same ... 50 lines.

B, by the same ... 52 lines.

But this species of false refinement in poetry has been deservedly abandoned by later writers. We see no more of them. The distinguishing characteristic of Welsh poetry for many centuries was that of a complicated rhyme, called *Cynghanedd*, or alliterative symphony of consonants rendered harmonious by a correspondent antiphony of vowel sounds. This system was the reigning favourite with the Cymry until of late, when a new race of readers and writers sprung up who knew not Davydd ab Gwilym nor Gronwy Owen; and they found it easier to compose without *cynghanedd*. As the grapes to the fox who could not reach them, were too sour for his nice palate, so is *cynghanedd* to these schismatics,—the “prose-run-mad” writers. *Cynghanedd* is too high, and therefore above their reach.

Duw Nev a'u dianavo.



That is, “May God above restore them.” After the two first words there is a pause, having three consonants—*d*, *n*, *v*—on the left of the pause; and the same consonants—*d*, *n*, *v*—on the *right* of the pause in equipoise, no other consonant interfering. This may be taken as a sample of *Cynghanedd Groes*.

I remain, apologizing for my garrulity,  
Your obedient Servant,

WALTER DAVIES.

# WALTER DAVIES AND WELSH LITERATURE.

BY DR. CARL MEYER.<sup>1</sup>

WALTER DAVIES was born in the year 1761, in the parish of Llan y Mechain,<sup>2</sup> and he was baptized there in the parish church, with water from the well of St. Garmon (St. Germanus), a fine spring, which as well as the church, is dedicated to the Gallican Apostle, who is said to have visited that part of Great Britain towards the middle of the fifth century of our era. It was with reference to his birth-place, and to its patron saint, that Walter Davies afterwards adopted the bardic name, Gwallter Mechain, and also marked many of his contributions to Welsh journals (particularly to the *Gwyliedydd*) with the signature Garmon. Mechain, now in Montgomeryshire, formerly belonged to the kingdom of Powys, and so also did the three places, Meivod, Manavon, and Llanrhaiadr ym Moch-nant, where Gwallter Mechain successively was curate and held livings. He therefore was both by birth and residence a true Powysian, which deserves notice, particularly with reference to the kind of Welsh accent peculiar to him. Of the four great Welsh dialects—the Silurian, Demetian, Venedotian, and Powysian—he spoke the last, which, in general, differs from the other three, by a higher key and a greater clearness and strictness of articulation, and which in

<sup>1</sup> [From the *Times*.]

<sup>2</sup> So called from the river *Cain*, which name forms, together with the word *me* or *ma*, *place*, the compound *Me-chain*, the word *ma* being one of those after which, in compounds, an initial tenuis becomes aspirate. Coll. *Ma-thraval*, *Ma-chynlleth*.

[The parish here denominated *Llan y Mechain* is usually called *Llanve-chain*, but more correctly *Llanarmon ym Mechain*.]



his mouth showed these distinctive features to its full advantage, and sounded, indeed, especially when he recited Welsh poetry, incomparably beautiful. All the peculiar phonic qualities for which the *Mountain Greek* is so remarkable, the primitive impressiveness, and (if I may say so) imitative raciness of words, their harmonious concatenation, and the melodious undulation of phrases, became through his speaking at once audible to the hearer, who did not wonder any longer that such a language will force recollection and thought upon every mind, and will almost compel the stammering to speak.

When the writer of this memorial had, five years ago, the good fortune of making the personal acquaintance of the old bard of Llanrhaiadr, he appeared to him, by the vigour of his thoughts and feelings, like one of those mythological bards of former times—like Homer, Ossian, or Llywarch Hen, with whom the winter of old age only proved a fresh nourishment to the divine spring of youthful poetry in their mind; and, as if Nature had intended to reveal that intellectual youth of her favourite bard by a visible emblem, he still preserved, when I saw him, and continued to preserve until his death, the full fresh colour of his light-brown hair, which formed indeed a singular contrast with the rest of his appearance, with his furrowed brow, and the inclined carriage of his tall and powerful frame. I have just now before me a lock of his hair which was cut a short time before he died, and which certainly looks much more like the tender pledge received or given by some fair thoughtless Morvydd, than like the venerable relic of a head bent by eighty-eight years of thought and study.

The poems of Gwallter Mechain are by far the greater part written in the ancient bardic style, as it was handed down by a continuous line of poets from the School of Aberffraw in the twelfth century, to Edmund Prys in the seventeenth (he died about 1623), and was resumed a hundred and thirty years later by the

greatest Welsh poet of the century, Gronwy Owen. A small portion of Gwallter Mechain's poems are Dyrivau, *i.e.*, numbers or rhymes, being lyrical compositions in a style less severe and more adapted to popular singing, and of which Huw Morus, the greatest Welsh poet in the seventeenth century, was the chief cultivator. As beautiful specimens of the different kinds of poetry which Gwallter Mechain composed in the old style, we may quote the epico-lyrical poem on the Fall of Llewelyn, the Elegy on the Death of Iolo Morganwg, and the Englyn, or lyrical epigram, on the Harp. As specimens of his Dyrivau, we shall mention the Song on the Bees, and the Lamentation of David over Absalom.

The introduction, lately attempted, of English metres into Welsh poetry (especially of the blank verse) found in Walter Davies no imitator, but a severe censor, who eagerly protested against that innovation, as being contrary to the genius of Welsh language and poetry, detrimental to their preservation, and in regard to its motives, a proof only for the *Awen* of the poet not being the right one. And if, with him, we understand this word to denote the instantaneous activity at once of three poetical faculties—impulse of feeling, wit of expression, and professional skill, all three combining in the very act and moment of poetical composition—we cannot but acknowledge that the being possessed with this kind of *Awen*, which, indeed, in every other literature would characterise the good poet, in the old style of Welsh poetry is the *conditio sine quâ non* of poetical qualification; since without it no Welsh writer would be able happily to conquer the condensed difficulties of a versification, which in its alliterative strictness may be said, by way of comparison, to involve that the pointed rhyme, which in the English heroic metre unites a couple of lines, be repeated even as much as five times between the two halves of each separate verse, each of seven syllables only. Gwallter Mechain was undoubtedly possessed

of the real *Awen*, and thereby differed from most of his patriotic friends, who, however eager in promoting the cause of ancient bardism, yet were themselves not bards by birth, but only by name and acquirements. But although well aware of this divine power in his mind, Walter Davies never spoke otherwise than with great modesty of the degree in which it had been bestowed upon him, and when comparing himself to other Welsh poets, he always warmly acknowledged the superiority to him of three of his cotemporaries, two of whom, Davydd Wyn o Eivion, and Davydd Ddu o Eryri, were of his own age, and the third, the greatest of all, Gronwy Owen, emigrated to America three years before Walter Davies was born. Without calling here into question the fairness of the judgement which the latter thus pronounced against himself, we shall content ourselves with stating that, with the exception of the three bards mentioned, the Bard of Mechain was certainly equal to all, and superior to most, of his contemporaries; to which statement, however, we must add, that in one species of poetry, the *Englyn* (lyrical epigram), he is, no doubt, equal even to the greatest Welsh bards, modern or ancient. Several of his compositions of this kind are, indeed, of such a striking energy and classical conciseness and beauty, that they recall to our mind the best epigrams of Martial and the Anthology.

The prose writings of Walter Davies consist for the greater part in prize essays, and in contributions to the Welsh magazines and reviews—*The Cambrian Register*, *Cambro-Briton*, *Cambrian Quarterly*, *Y Greal* (Magazine), and *Y Gwylledydd* (Watchman)—every one of which is indebted to him for some of the most valuable portions of its contents. With the exception of the two first successful prize essays of the author—the one of 1789, "On the Life of Man,"<sup>1</sup> and the other, of 1790, "On Liberty," which,

<sup>1</sup> [This is not an essay, but a poem: see, *anté*, vol. i. p. 381.]

however, are both written in Welsh—all these essays and articles refer to subjects connected with the Principality, whose topography, history, and language they tend to illustrate, and whose state of existence, past and present, they are, perhaps, better suited than any of the kind justly to introduce to the acquaintance of the Welsh student, being not less remarkable for the clearness and liveliness of the style in which they are written, either in Welsh or English, than for the extent and accuracy of knowledge and the soundness of judgement which they exhibit. The latter quality (soundness of judgement) is the more deserving of notice, as we scarcely should have expected to find it to be the distinctive mark of the scientific works of a man whom we have acknowledged as a true poet, when compared with those of most of his friends, who had, indeed, no claim to the possession of the *Awen*, and who, notwithstanding, by the way in which they have carried on their literary pursuits, seem to have intended to furnish the public, besides a great many valuable results of their researches, with a proof also for the lasting truth of a fact which we find stated in one of the allegorical Mabinogion—the fact that King *Pryderi ab Pwyll*—which means Good Understanding, son of Good Sense—was slain in Wales many hundred years ago by *Gwydion ab Don*, the god of wild imagination and enchantment. Although fully participating in the productive enthusiasm of his bardic friends, Walter Davies always endeavoured to keep himself free from their unsound fancies, both historical and philological, and he was supported in this endeavour partly by the comparatively greater solidity and extent of his knowledge, partly by a certain innate disposition to intellectual scepticism, which is indeed characteristic of the Welsh nation in general, and may, when well directed, serve as a corrective to another predominant disposition of their character, that of being led away by imaginative excitement. Impulsive energy, and sanguine quickness both of feeling and understanding,

but, at the same time, imperturbable perseverance and tenacity in retaining customs and opinions once adopted; sceptical doubtfulness and ironical cautiousness, when reflecting on intellectual and political questions, but stern, determined faith in every letter of their religious creed: these may, perhaps, be considered the four principal qualities out of which, and the contrast between which, the Welsh character consists; although not many Welshmen probably will be found who, like Walter Davies, have succeeded in bringing those qualities into harmony, as well with each other as with the general facts and laws of human truth, virtue, and religion.

All we have said about the merits of the smaller essays and articles of Walter Davies, also applies to his greater scientific works—one referring to practical topography, namely his *General View of the Agriculture and Domestic Economy of North Wales and South Wales*, published by order of the Board of Agriculture, four [three] volumes, 1810—1818 [1814], a work full of shrewd observation, lively description, and excellent practical advice; and two in the line of literature, which are, his edition of Huw Morus, and, by order of the Cymmrodorion Society, that of Lewis Glyn Cothi, a historical poet of the sixteenth century,<sup>1</sup> whose poems he edited in conjunction with a younger friend of his, Tegid (Rev. John Jones). Both editions, more particularly the latter, are uncommonly useful, and they are, in fact, the only good editions of Welsh poets which we have.<sup>2</sup>

The late Vicar of Llanrhaiadr had the satisfaction of witnessing, during the last ten years of his life, several acts on the part of the Church Government, by which they seemed to subscribe anew to those maxims which Dr. Morgan, in the Dedication of his Welsh

<sup>1</sup> [Lewis Glyn Cothi flourished in the fifteenth century, having died not long after the accession of Henry VII. in 1485.]

<sup>2</sup> [A complete list of Mr. Davies's publications will be found in the preface.]

Bible, was allowed, two hundred and sixty years ago, to lay before his Queen, "that uniformity and convenience never ought to be considered of higher value than truth and piety, nor unity of language of greater importance than unity of religion in heart and spirit." The latter of which maxims, many of our readers, we trust, will agree with us to enlarge, even by asserting that the time is past when one nation might have felt justified in suppressing and absorbing the existence of another, and that, in our days, the power and glory of an empire is justly deemed not to consist in the moral and intellectual uniformity of its population, but in the multitude and variety of races and national individualities which it embraces, and in the independent activity with which each of them concurs to strengthen and magnify the life of the great political body of which it forms a member.

The vicarage of Llanrhaiadr, in the possession of which Walter Davies died, was held two hundred and fifty years before him by Dr. Morgan, whom Queen Elizabeth afterwards rewarded with the bishopric of Llandaff, from whence he was translated to the see of St. Asaph. He is the same Dr. Morgan to whose words we referred just now, and who is so duly celebrated for his translation of the Old Testament from Hebrew into Welsh, which he undertook on the impulse of his own pious feelings, preparatively to his edition of the Welsh Bible. This he published in the year 1588, seven years before he was made a bishop, whilst he was still holding the vicarage of Llanrhaiadr, of which place in the eyes of the last of his successors this fact highly increased the value. He died at St. Asaph, in the year 1604, and lies buried in the choir of the Cathedral Church, but without either monument or inscription marking the spot. It was one of our departed friend's favourite ideas, which he also took several steps to bring to execution, that the want of justice and gratitude which the Welsh Church had shown in paying no monumental honour to so

great a man, should be supplied by the erection of a monument in Llanrhaiadr Church, this being the church which Dr. Morgan administered during the longest and the most significative part of his life and activity. As the emblem best suited for the monument, he proposed a Bible open, and showing on its twofold pages the first verse of Genesis in Hebrew on one page and in Welsh on that opposite. Having died before he saw his wish realised, he has left it as a pious legacy to the surviving generation, together with the duties of gratitude which his own death imposes upon them. The thought will at once suggest itself to our readers whether the memory of the two Welsh divines, who were united not less by their patriotic zeal in promoting Christian piety and knowledge, than by the locality of their pastorate, would not be honoured best by a united monument. In the large and venerable old Church of Llanrhaiadr, a double column out of Cambrian granite or porphyry might be erected, bearing in one part the name and emblems of Morgan, the great translator of the Welsh Bible, and in the other those of Walter Davies (*Gwallter Mechain*), the Christian bard, who was equally zealous to promote both the spiritual and the national regeneration of his country; and was equally successful as a scholar in fully sharing in the enthusiastic activity of his bardic friends, but avoiding their errors; as a poet, in reproducing the style and genius of the old Welsh bards; as a pastor in preserving his flock from the double danger of irreligion and dissent; and as a warning prophet in pointing out at once the wounds which afflicted his Church and his country, and the means of redressing them.

## ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

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### CYFROL I.

#### DEWCH I'R FRWYDR,

YN YR HEN AMSER.

DEWCH i'r frwydr, dewch yn brysur,  
Mae ein brodyr ar y bryn;  
Dewch, cydunwn, brysiwn, rhedwn,  
O na oedwn hwy na hyn!  
Anwyl wlad, cei ryddhâd,  
Gelynion Brydain—gwnawn eu brad!

Daw y Seison lygaid gleision,  
Daeniaid duon o wlad Orch;<sup>1</sup>  
Cyfarfyddwn, cad ergydiwn,  
Dewch, ymdrechwn am y dorch!  
Anwyl wlad, cei ryddhâd,  
Gelynion Brydain—gwnawn eu brad!

---

#### BEDDARGRAFF UN IEUANC.

CYN caled dynged do'i angau—i'w dwyn  
Hyd wiw-nef yn forau;  
Yno o hyd i fwynhau  
Iechyd, heb ddim gwael feichiau.

<sup>1</sup> Orkney Isles.



## BEDDARGRAFF AR FEDDFAEN PLENTYN.

ANFFYDDIAETH hy! diflana—marw'n lân;—  
 Is law gorwedda llychyn maban gwan;  
 Colledig?—ai nid yw?  
 Os angeu ddaeth trwy bech—hwn pechu wnaeth;  
 Os nef trwy waith—hwn i'r nef nid aeth.  
 O Reswm! pa mor wyw!  
 Y gyfrol lwys y clwm ddadglyma'n wiw:—  
 Trwy Adda'n farw mae—trwy Grist yn fyw.<sup>1</sup>

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Tudalen 77. Yn y *Gwyllydd* am Ionawr, 1829 (vii. 28), ymddangosodd "Ail Argraffiad o 'Gwynfan Prydain,' ar y Llong-ddrylliad a ysbeiliwyd gan drigolion arfordir Ceredigion yn y fl. 1818, gwedi ei gymhwyso at gyffelyb *Gyflafan* a weithredwyd ar golliant y llong *Enma*, llwythog o *rum*, *coffi*, *siwgr*, &c., ar ei mor-dwy o'r India Orllewinol i Ffrainc, gan Drigolion cymmydogaeth Traethell Cefn Sidan, ger llaw Cydweli, yn swydd Gaerfyrddin, ar y Sadwrn a'r Sabboth, 29 a 30 o Dachwedd diweddaf."

Yn yr ail argraffiad gadewir allan y degfed pennill ("O'r ddu aflan awydd ddieflig," &c.), a gosodir y pennill a'r nod canlynol yn ei le:—

" Mae glan moroedd tair o siroedd<sup>1</sup>  
 Yn dra chyhoedd mewn drych chwith,  
 Am ddrwg gastiau—'sbeilio llongau,  
 El yn ddrylliau, plaeau i'w plith.  
 A *Chefn Sidan*—Och! arswydus!  
 Mae'n g'wilyddus fod mewn gwlad  
 Fath chwiwladron, anghrist'nogion,  
 Meddwon bryntion mwya'u brad."

<sup>1</sup> "Sef Aberteifi, Penfro, a Chaerfyrddin. Gadawyd allan o'r argraffiad hwn enwau y *Munt* a'r *Ferwig*, *Penbryn*, *Llan Garanog*,

<sup>1</sup> [Cyfieithiad yw y Beddargraff uchod o'r Seisoneg. Gweler ymgais arall i gyfieithu yr unrhyw yng *Ngwinllan y Burdd*, t. 208; ac yn y *Cylchgrawn*, i. 257.]

&c., o herwydd ein bod yn gobeithio na chlywir byth mwy son am eu glan-mor ladradau, gwedi eu hanferth gwmp yn y fl. 1818. Uwch ben yr ysbeilwyr diweddar ar Draeth *Cefn Sidan* y cyfodir yn awr y fflangell.

"*Chwi, Bregethwyr y Gair*—a ydyw y cleddyf llym daufiniawg wedi pylu ei awch, fel na roddo friw ar gydwybod yr adyn a dorodd glust yr enethig ddeuddeg mlwydd oed, er mwyn meddiannu y dlws fodrwyawg oedd ynddi? Y mae esgymmundod yn eich dwylaw—esgymmunwch—nes y gweloch arwyddion edifeirwch cyrhaeddbell i'r galon.

"*Chwi, Gymry diledryw*, epil Brython cyntefig ein hynys—ymddydolwch, rai anwyl, deuwh allan o'u canol hwy—ymddydolwch, ac na chyffyrddwch â dim aflan, â dim gwaharddedig yng nghyfraith Dduw ac yng nghyfraith y tir; ymddydolwch oddi wrth epil yr hen Wyddelod—cansys diau nid Cymry o'r Cymry ydyw ysbeilwyr eiddo ereill ar draethau môr, ond hiliogaeth y morwilliaid Gwyddelig, a ymsefydlasant ar orllewinawl fordired Cymru ar ymadawiad y Rhufeinig o'r Ynys, yn y 4edd ganrif, nes y deolwyd y lladronach gan dylwyth Cunedda Wledig. Ond er eu halltudo, gadawsant ar eu hol eu cywion a'u *Sibboleth* leferydd. Ymddydolwch, ac na bydded i chwi gydgyfeillach â gweithredoedd anghyfreithlon, ond yn hytrach argyhoeddwch hwynt.

"*Chwi, blant yr Awen Gymreig*—cynhenid i chwi onestrwydd; ni ymbalogwch, fel mab Carmi, â gwaharddedig bethau eich hunain, ac ni oddefwch yn ereill yn ddigerydd. Os nad yw ofn Duw, nac ofn dialedd y gyfraith wladol, na bygythion na gwahoddiadau yr Efengyl, na gofal teimladwy am eu geirda eu hunain; os nad oes dim o'r rhai hyn yn effeithiol i attal y gwilliaid rhag troseddau eto, fel y troseddwyd mor ddiweddar ar Draeth Cefn Sidan; ynargydwch folttau cynghanedd, nes y cocher â gwrid a chywilydd wynebaw yr euogion, fel y delont i'r iawn ffordd allan o fagl diafol: ond—

"Rhoddwch i'r fall yr eiddo—oni phwyllant

A phallu ysbeilio;

Ni cheir (chwaith i'r diffaith do)

Trugaredd ond trwy guro."

Tudalen 95, llinell 24. "Morgeiliau heb restrau'r ia."

*Morgeiliau* sy fynydd uchel ym mhlwyf Llangynwyd, Morganwg. Y mae yn ddywediad cyffredin gan drigolion y parthau hyny:—

"Pan welir pen Morgeiliau

Yn gwisgo ei chlog y borau,

Odid fawr cyn hanner dydd,

Ceir ar ei grudd hi ddagrau."

Tudalen 144 (nod), llinell 3 (o'r gwaelod), yn lle *Kar' ἐξοχήν*, darllener *Kar' ἐξοχήν*.

Tudalen 156. "Anerch i Gymdeithas y Gwyneddigion." Gwedi argraffu yr awdl hon, a hyny o adysgrifen led ammherffaith, cafwyd hyd i'r unrhyw yn llawysgrif yr Awdur ei hun, yn y Gywreinfu Brydeinig yn Llundain, yr hon a ddyddir yn "Llanfechain, Gorph. 11, 1792." Gosodir i lawr yma y cyfryw linellau ag y sydd yn amrywiaw oddi wrth y gerdd argraffedig:—

Llinell 7 (o'r gwaelod). "Frdw wŷr o Gynfrodorion."

Tudalen 157, llinell 2. "Enaid y mawl, i Ned Mon."

Wrth "Ned Mon" y mae yn debyg y golygir Edward Jones, awdur y llyfrau a elwir *Cyfraith Plwyf* (1794), ac *Index to Records* (1795).

Llinell 5. "A Hywel, frawd hael ei fron."

Llinell 9. "Agoriad iaith, gwir od yw."

Llinell 24. "Ceiriog â'i dafod y crogwyd o efydd."

Tudalen 158, llinell 8. "Bu *Wgan* fraeth bywiog-hardd." Cyfeiriad sydd yma at "Araeth Gwgan," yr hon a welir yn argraffedig yn y *Cydymaith Dyddan*, t. 47 (arg. Merthyr, 1824), ac yn y *Taliesin*, ii. 108.

Llinell 11. "Os hyawdl arab-awdl bur."

Tudalen 163, llinell 21, darllener—"Gresyn, er maint yw'n groeso."

Tudalen 171, llinell 2 (o'r gwaelod), darllener—"A diodydd godidog."

Tudalen 235 (nod) llinell 2 (o'r gwaelod), yn lle "Chaerlleou," darllener "Chaerlleon."

Tudalen 305, llinell 4, yn lle "*Syr*" darllener "*Sir*."

Tudalen 368, llinell 6, yn lle "Gorfoledd," darllener "Gorfoledded."

Tudalen 437, llinell olaf, yn lle "gwahaniaethau" darllener "gwahaniaethu."

Tudalen 444, llinell 6; tudalen 456, llinell 9. Y mae y rhif VI. wedi ei gofnodi ddwywaith.

Tudalen 464—466. Y mae rhif XVI. wedi ei adael allan; ac felly y mae y rhifau yn gywir o hyny ym mlaen.

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## CYFROL II.

Tudalen 136, llinell 5, yn lle "*ysholheigion*," darllener "*ysgolheigion*."

Tudalen 187 (nod), llinell 1, darllener "blynnyddoedd 1826—27—28—29."

Tudalen 243 (nod), llinell 9, yn lle "rhaf o'u gwŷr," darllener "rhaf o'n gwŷr."

Tudalen 278, llinell 8 (o'r gwaelod), yn lle "Gwercys," darllener "Gwerclys."

Tudalen 424, llinell 27, yn lle "Eglwysi Gadeiriol," darllener "Eglwysi Cadeiriol."

Tudalen 457, llinell 18. "Tyrfa wan yw *Trefenni*." Felly yr ysgrifennodd Ieuan Deulwyn y llinell; felly yr argraffwyd hi yn Llythyr Idris Fychan yn *Seren Gomer*; ac felly y troswyd hi i'r gwaith hwn; ond yng *Ngorchestion Beirdd Cymru* (t. 135), y mae wedi ei chamargraffu yn y wedd ganlynol:—

"Tyrfa wann, yw *Trefenni*;"

ac ar yr anghywirdeb hwn y mae grym ymresymiad yr ysgrifenydd yn ymddibynu. Darllener gan hynny "*Frefenni*" yn y llinellau 18 a 19, a "*Tre Fenni*," neu "*Trefenni*," yn llinell 23. Cymharer cyf. iii. 141.

### VOLUME III.

Page 16, line 17, for "Elglwysau," read "Eglwysau."

Page 212 (note 2), line 5. Tegid died in 1852.

Page 360, line 6 (from bottom), for "near," read "new."

Page 372, line 27, for "back," read "bark."

Page 457. Letter L. has been erroneously numbered LI. Since this letter was printed, I have been informed that it was addressed to the late Mr. W. Davies Leathart, Secretary to the Cymmrodorion, and author of a history of that Society.

Page 541, Letter C. The *Cywydd* on Maes Bosworth referred to in this letter, notwithstanding the repeated applications made for it, was not recovered until 1857—seventeen years after the Gordovigion Eisteddvod, and eight after the death of the Author—when it was found among the papers of I. G. Geirionydd, one of the adjudicators, some time after his demise. Into the motive to this unwarrantable detention, it is now unnecessary to inquire.

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